

★PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

May
15¢

ne Crain
Paul Hesse

husband and I—"
ntic report from
NE ALLYSON

See Page 38

OM-M 2/47 BY R
MRS C GLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46

Just One Cake of Camay and Skin's Softer, Smoother!



It's captivating—the clearer, fresher, softer complexion that comes with your *first* cake of Camay! So tonight, change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one* cake of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin.

MRS. CALDEMEYER'S STORY



Maryland Hayride: Off on a fun-filled hayride, under bright Baltimore skies, Muriel and Dan pair up. It's his hand, and heart, to "the loveliest girl of all"—to Muriel of the softly luminous complexion! "I thank Camay, and its mild care, for my skin's fresher glow," says Muriel. "My very *first* cake brought a new, clearer look."



Coming — a home for two! A Colonial—in Evansville—with wide terraces planned for buffets and barbecues. "I'll go to Evansville as Dan's bride—and to look the part, to keep my skin's sparkle, I'll stay with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." *Really mild — Camay cleanses without irritation.* Make your skin lovelier, too—full directions on every Camay wrapper!

MRS. DANIEL F. CALDEMEYER
the former Muriel Lunger of Evansville, Ind.
Bridal portrait painted by *Bolegard*



Please—be Camay-careful. Make each cake last, for precious materials go into soap.

"Loafer! Miser! Tightwad!"



CUPID: Loafer, huh? And who was it just now helped you catch the bride's bouquet? And who—

BRIDESMAID: *Bouquet*, hah! Listen, Cupid, I've caught enough brides' bouquets to start a florist shop! I want to catch a man!

CUPID: You'd never know it the way you go around glooming at people! Don't you know what a sparkling smile can do for a girl... and to a man?

BRIDESMAID: Sure... but who's got the sparkling smile? Me? Nuh-uh! I brush my teeth, but... well, dull, dingy...

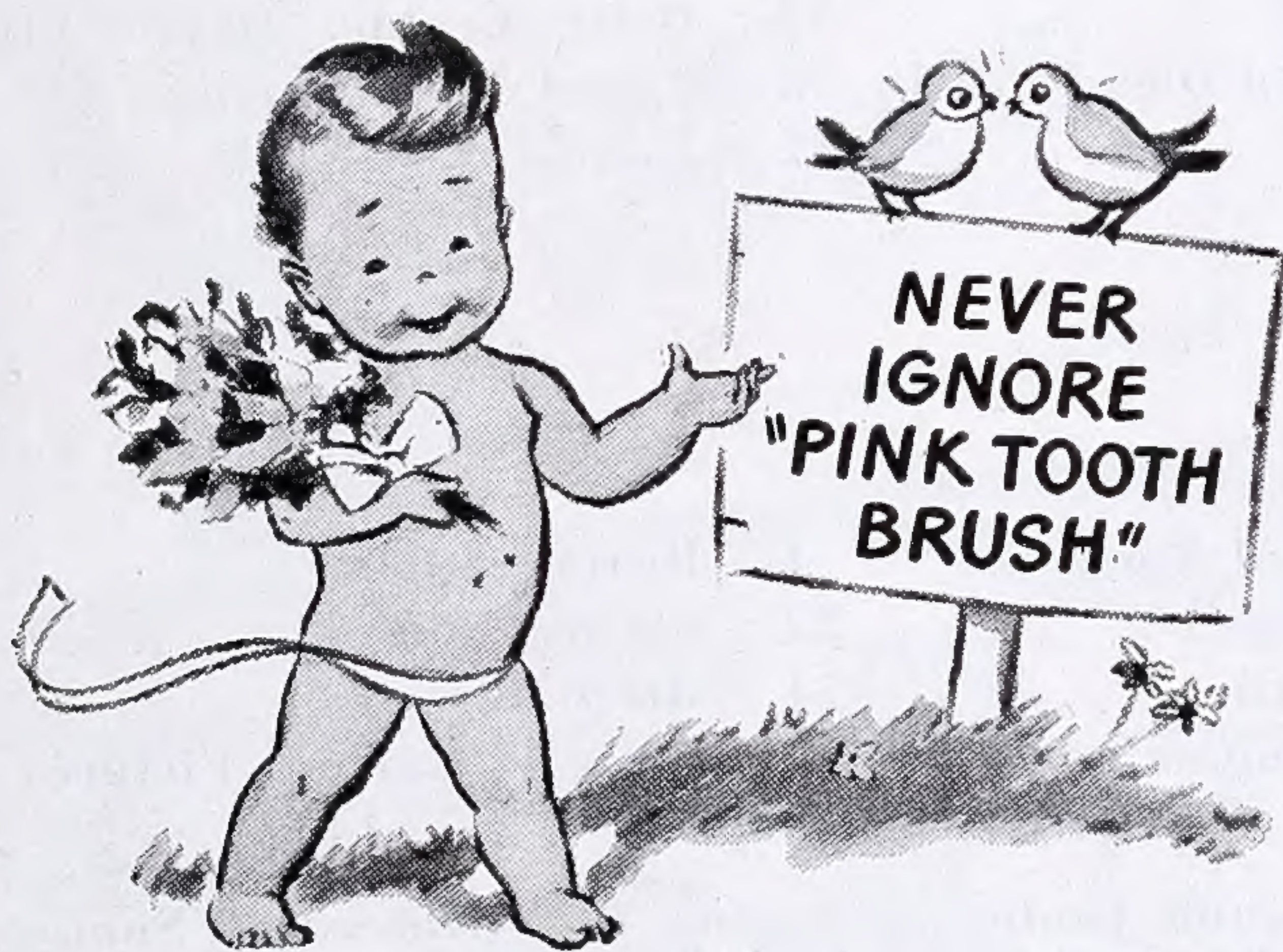
CUPID: Oh? And "pink" on your tooth brush, too?

BRIDESMAID: Only since last week.

CUPID: Well, didn't the dentist—

BRIDESMAID: What dentist?

CUPID: *What* dentist? Listen, you sweet little idiot, don't you know that "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away? He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



BRIDESMAID: ...so then the cute little rabbit went lipperty-lip down the road, and—look, Little One, what's all that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: In a word: Plenty! A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you'll help yourself to healthier gums and sounder teeth. And a smile full of sparkle! Start today, Sugar!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE



We're off on our tandem in a whirl of delight! We've just seen M-G-M's high-spirited new musical hit. "Two Sisters From Boston", and—oh, those sisters!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a youthful, exuberant romance of New York at the turn of the century—those flamboyant days when it was definitely naughty for a young lady to show her limbs—no matter how attractive!



Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson are thoroughly delightful as the two capricious Back-Bay sisters who venture from their quiet, cultured world into the hurly-burly world they're curious about. And we do mean hurly-burly!

★ ★ ★ ★

Jimmy Durante shouts delirious ditties in a Bowery beer hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

The great metropolitan Opera tenor, Lauritz Melchior, throws his magnificent voice into the finest songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Peter Lawford figures in it, too. He meets one sister, falls in love, meets the other sister, falls in love, and—well, it's a story as flip and flirtatious as a bustle.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the songs! Tunesmiths Sammy Fain and Ralph Freed have spiced some swell new melodies with a trace of nostalgia that suits our taste to perfection. And everybody sings!

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced by Joe Pasternak (the "Anchors Aweigh" man), expertly directed by Henry Koster, filmed from the original screen play by Myles Connolly, with additional dialogue by James O'Hanlon and Harry Crane—"Two Sisters from Boston" definitely belongs in the M-G-M family of hits!

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you gather we've gone and fallen for "Two Sisters From Boston"? In the immortal words of our friend Schnozzola: "Ha-cha-cha-cha!"

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Miss Crain's costume by Kay Nelson of 20th Century-Fox
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M-G-M
PRESENTS
**TWO
SISTERS**
from
BOSTON



KATHRYN
GRAYSON
THE SIZZLING SONGSTRESS



JUNE
ALLYSON
THE BOSTON BEAUTY!

M-G-M's marvelous musical
entertainment... romance,
songs, heart-throbs, fun!

"IT'S
SO TERRIFIC -

WORDS
FAIL ME!

I YAM
SPEECHLESS!

BUT FOLKS...
HA-CHA-CHA-
CHA!"



JIMMY
DURANTE
THE BIG SCHNOZZLE!



Laurence
MELCHIOR
THE GOLDEN VOICE!



PETER
LAWFORD
THE HANDSOME LOVER!



A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION • Original Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY
Additional Dialogue by JAMES O'HANLON and HARRY CRANE
Directed by HENRY KOSTER • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

INSIDE STUFF



Contrasted candidly: Cornel Wilde and wife Pat dine at Ciro's

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Lana and Latins: Three of Lana Turner's best beaus were at her farewell party when she took off for South America with Photoplay's own Sara Hamilton—but nobody could guess which one would be at the plane to meet her when she got back. Her wardrobe was a sensation—and some of the gifts (including a llama for Lana) that those South American swains sent her during her tour would have your eyes popping. And here's a giggle—and as someone said—quite a break for the Brazilians. When Lana left Hollywood, about the only words she could say in Spanish or Portuguese were "Si, si!"

Blessed Eventfuls: Well, kiddies, the newspapers missed entirely the best sidelight on the blessed-evening of Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont. Of course, you know Maria had her baby, christened Maria Christine, almost to the minute when her astrologer long since had told her she would—on Valentine's Day morning. But you haven't heard about what a nervous wreck the whole thing made of Charles Boyer! He and Jean Pierre are pals, you know—and, if possible, Charles worried more about the baby's arrival than the floor-pacing husband did. In fact, it was Boyer who pounded on Aumont's door the night before saying, "Hurry, hurry! You'll be late!" That was at 4:00 A.M. of the morning the stork arrived. Then he and Aumont dashed to the hospital where Pat Boyer joined them—and they all (Continued on page 6)



Turhan Bey, to be sent Pacific-way, and Yvonne de Carlo

ALAN LADD · VERONICA LAKE · WILLIAM BENDIX

CROSS LADD...AND
YOU'VE DOUBLE-CROSSED
YOURSELF!

Fool around Ladd's woman
... and you're a fool! For
Ladd's gun and Ladd's fists
say you can't get away with
that, brother — not in his
territory!



"The

BLUE

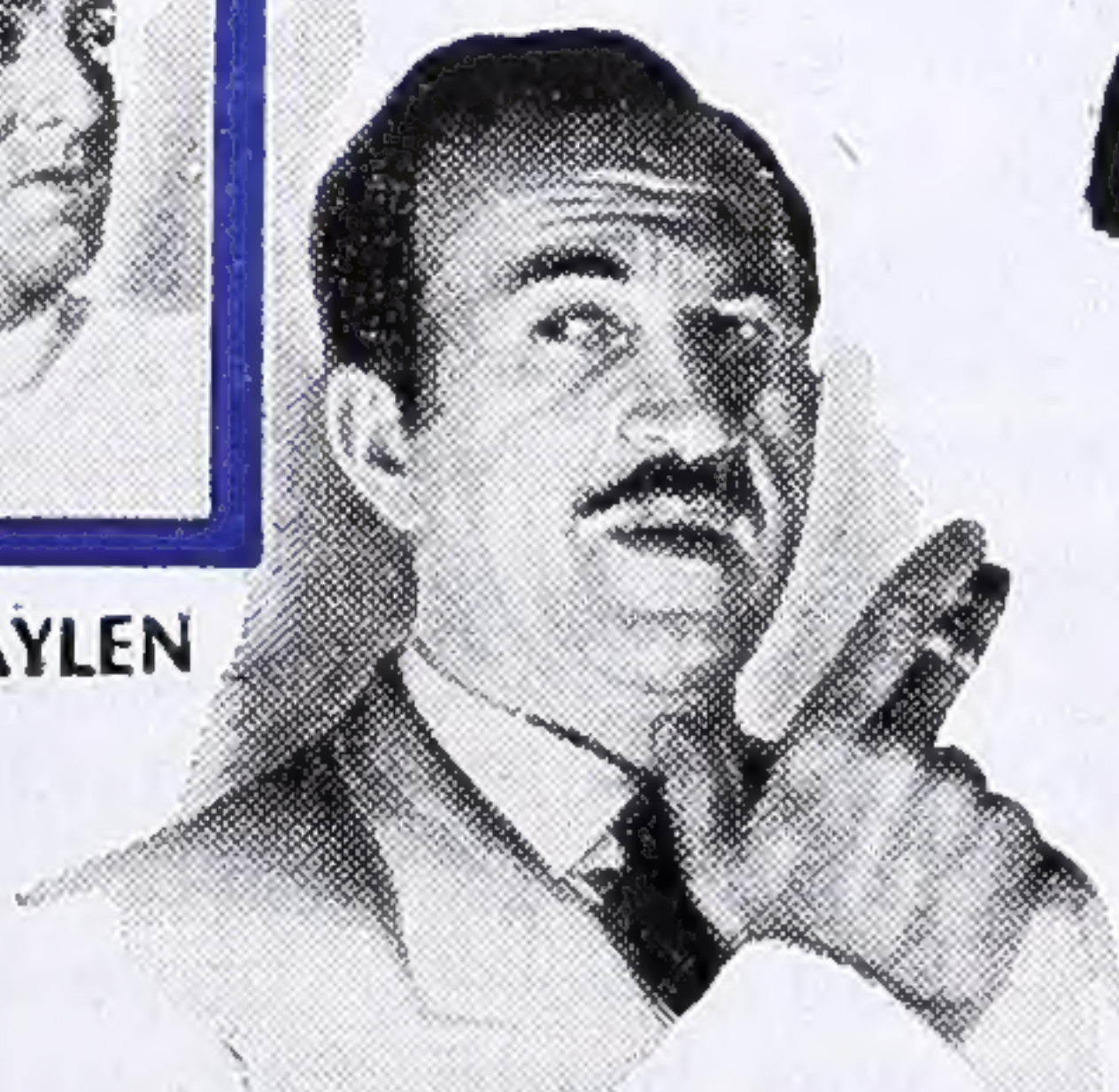
DAHLIA"



DORIS DOWLING



FRANK FAYLEN



HOWARD da SILVA

With the three famous finds of
"The Lost Weekend" including
that now-famous 'natch' girl!

A GEORGE MARSHALL Production

with
Howard da Silva

Doris Dowling · Tom Powers · Frank Faylen

Produced by John Houseman · Directed by George Marshall

Written by Raymond Chandler

A Paramount Picture

"I'm too busy to bother with men"

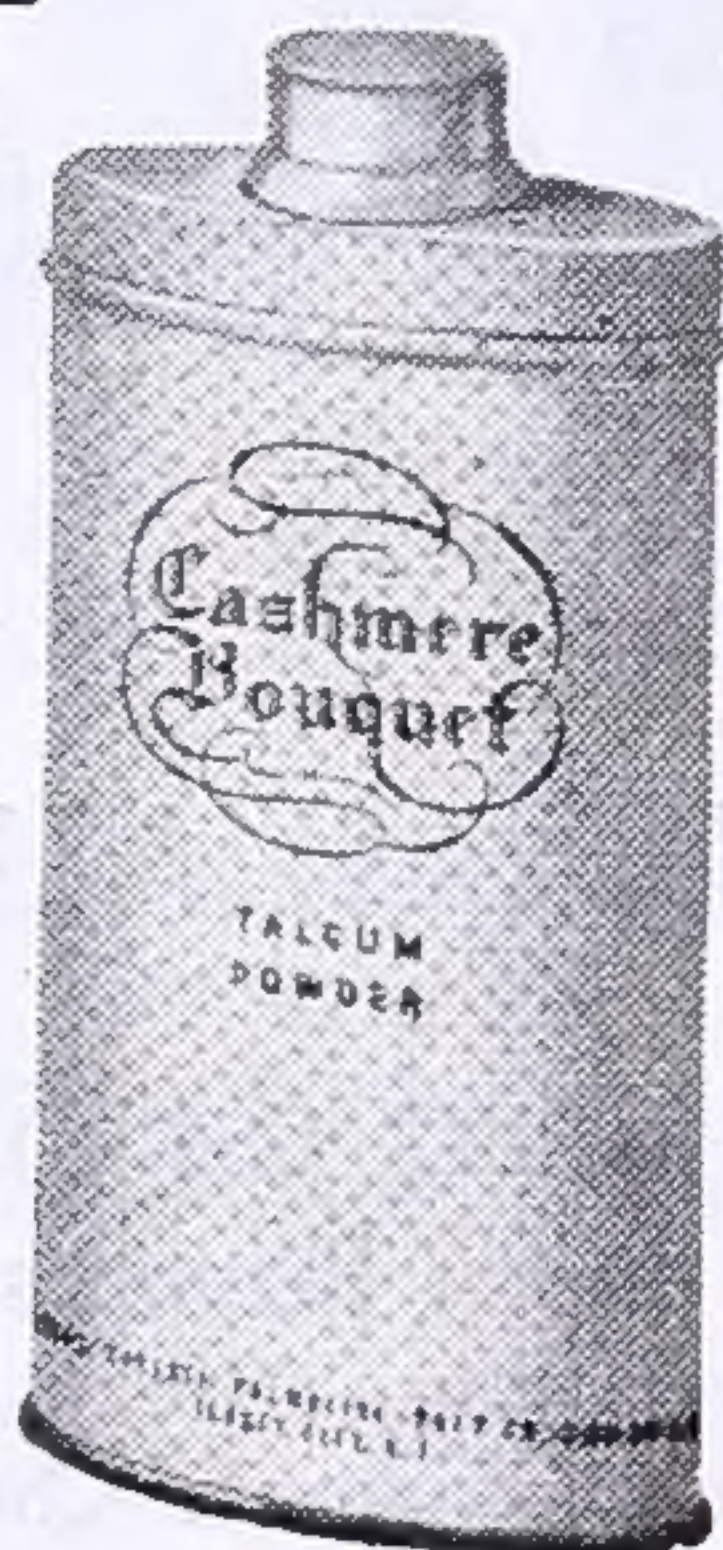


KEEP FRESH: After your bath dust Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body. It sweetens your skin, leaves you excitingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH: Pat some *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places to give sensitive skin a pearly smooth sheath of protection.

STAY DAINTY: Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc *often*—for coolness, comfort and because it imparts to your skin *the fragrance men love*.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC



In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes
For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65¢

INSIDE STUFF

Academy Awards



Joan Crawford, winner of the Academy Award as best woman star for her "Mildred Pierce," was home sick with flu the night the Awards were given, but felt better the next day. "The Award was all I needed," she cheerfully admitted



Ray Milland won the Academy Award for the best man star with his forceful "drunk" performance in "The Lost Weekend"

(Continued from page 4) paced together! Just before the baby was born, Jean went in and kissed Maria and when he came out of her hospital room, he sneezed. Boyer almost had a fit! He said, "How could you do such a thing? Your baby isn't born yet and you will give it a cold!" And the moment the little girl arrived, Boyer rushed Aumont home, telling him positively to stay in bed for two days and not go near that hospital until there wasn't a sniffle left in him.

We-Told-You-So Department: About that radio show that Ginger Rogers would do with her husband Jack Briggs producing, Ginger has been against radio work to any extent for a long time—but with Jack giving up his movie career to concentrate on radio production, guess she figures the best way to prove her devotion is to give him a fine start by starring in his first series. And that she will do . . . And how about that prediction months ago that Brian Aherne was really serious about Eleanor Le Brot—and no one else—even though at the time he was being seen around quite a bit with Garbo—

and being "linked" in the columns with her? Now Brian and Eleanor are man and wife.

Sorry, Jean: Sorry to have to tell you that it will be many a day (if ever) before Jean Arthur returns to movies. That swell little actress had to leave the cast of the Broadway hit "Born Yesterday" because of illness—and she had a big hunk of interest in the show too. But that isn't all. Jean is much more seriously ill than supposed, and may have to go away somewhere for several months before she can work at any kind of entertainment.

Fun Facts: More fun at the tremendous party that the Eddie Robinsons gave. It all started out with a big dinner to a gypsy orchestra—but soon someone yelled, "Throw the Gypsies out!" and first thing you know—the party had turned into a star-studded jam session. And a lot of people suddenly discovered that Ray Milland is really a thwarted crooner and piano player! You should have heard him doing his own version of a Sinatra—to say nothing of that "Tea for Two" (Continued on page 8)

Strange woman...

The lonely one... she kept her shadowed secret as long as she dared!

Strange Sweetheart...

He loved her... he loved her sister... but he couldn't belong to either!

THE SISTER...

In her heart, a dangerous yearning for a desperate love!

THE "FRIEND"...

They couldn't fool him — they couldn't trust him!

FOUR UNFORGETTABLE DRAMATIC STARS IN THE DRAMA YOU'LL REMEMBER THEM FOR!

IDA LUPINO • PAUL HENREID
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • SYDNEY GREENSTREET

IN THE NEW
WARNER
TRIUMPH...

DEVOTION

PICTURE
OF THE
MONTH!
REDBOOK
MAGAZINE

WITH NANCY COLEMAN • ARTHUR KENNEDY • DAME MAY WHITTY • VICTOR FRANZEN
DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT

Screen Play by KEITH WINTER • Original Story by THEODORE REEVES
Music by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD

"Answer fairly...
are you giving in to
Periodic Pain?"



If your answer is "NO", chances are you *know about* and use Midol.

If your answer is "YES", and you haven't tried Midol, you may be passing up comfort which millions of women now enjoy!

You see, Midol tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. Their action is *prompt* and *sure*. They contain no opiates, yet get to work quickly in *three ways* to bring welcome relief from menstrual pain and discomfort: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Let Midol prove that you can enjoy life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" might make you miserable. Get Midol today at any drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-56, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



They're off! Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard on Howard Hughes's Constellation flight to New York

Shanghaied: Connie Moore, with Walter Pidgeon, was on the plane when the door slammed—so she went, too

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 6) stuff at the ivories. He loves it—but it isn't often he gets around to giving out with the hidden talent.

Speaking of Swimming: Here's how Katharine Hepburn may be getting that inexhaustible supply of energy. She gets up around 6 A.M.—rain or shine, winter or summer—and takes an hour-long swim! Of course, we mean when she's in California. The swims are followed by a really brisk rubdown. And when she's making a picture, she sometimes has to get up before it's light to leap into her pool.

Where's There's Smoke: In "Laura" Dana Andrews smoked pack after pack of cigarettes in a long soulful way, if you remember—and in "Fallen Angel" it was the same story. But it looks as if his weed days are gone. He's been smoking a corn cob pipe all through "Canyon Passage" and he's developed a mad passion for the thing. Even drags it around to parties.

Hereabouts: After all that to-do about career versus marriage, Ann Miller and Reese Milner tied the knot when everyone thought they would despite all that ridiculous, exaggerated publicity. She'll be Mrs. and make that movie too—and personally we don't think the groom really gives a darn whether she spends a lot of time in front of a camera or not . . . David Niven is still waiting for his "Primmie" to arrive with the two babies—and excitedly telling all his chums, "Wait till you meet her—you'll be crazy about her." . . . Joan Caulfield back from New York with her pockets full of the wonderful press notices she got in "Miss Susie Slagle's"—her first picture to be released although she has already made three!

Wardrobe Blues: June Haver loves those period pictures she's been playing in—



but she has just one little peeve about the whole situation: They don't give her a chance to build up her own personal wardrobe as a lot of stars can do—enriching their closets with gorgeous gowns they've worn in a movie and then arranged to buy from the studio. Junie says, "About the only thing I've been able to salvage in my whole career so far is a bathing suit I wore in 'Home in Indiana'—and there was nothing old fashioned about that!"

Bing and Bob: Isn't it swelegant having Bing back on the air? But listen to this! The latest is that Crosby and Bob Hope will co-star in a radio series in the near future. Both are nuts about the idea—but the show would cost the sponsor about thirty thousand a week. Don't doubt any sponsor would be glad to pay it for these two—"an American institution" they are, by golly.

Of Van and Fans: Van Johnson discovered something new in bobby-sox devotion when he came out of a drugstore on Sunset Boulevard to his parked car. It had been there about twenty minutes—and of course when he returned to it, (Continued on page 10)

Wrapping your heart with happiness...



...tying it tight with love!

Two grand people
made for each
other... and having
such a wonderful
time finding it out.

They get married
for fun... and have
it for the BEST
of your life!

JACK H. SKIRBALL · BRUCE MANNING present

MYRNA LOY · DON AMECHE

So Goes My Love

A UNIVERSAL RELEASE with

RHYS WILLIAMS BOBBY DRISCOLL RICHARD GAINES

Directed by FRANK RYAN Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL

A JACK H. SKIRBALL-BRUCE MANNING Production Screenplay by Bruce Manning and James Clifden
Based upon "A Genius in the Family" by Hiram Percy Maxim Director of Photography Joseph Valentine

INSIDE STUFF



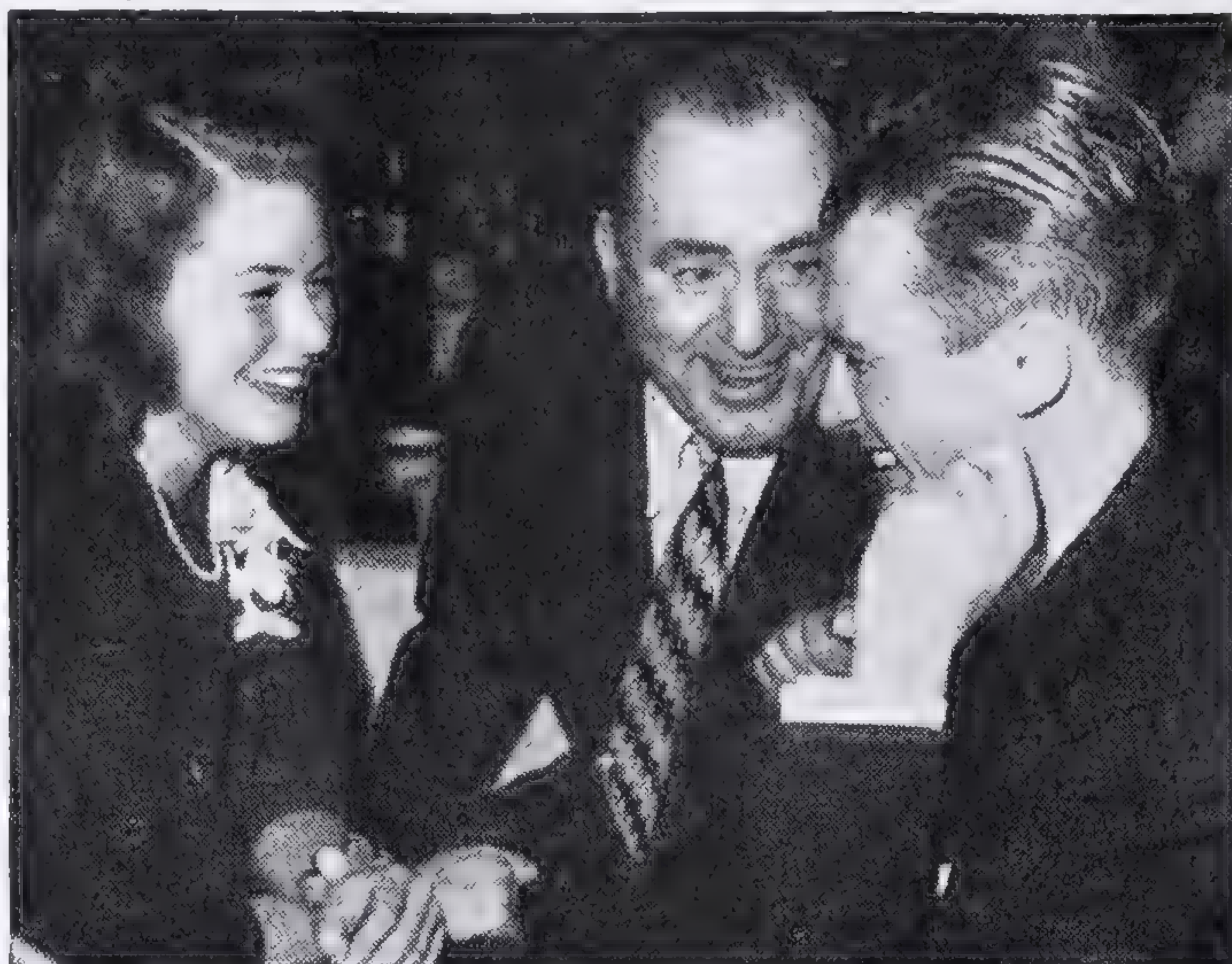
Let the Glamour of
"Make-up"
 add a Garland of
 brightness to
Your hair

Use Your Head . . . and make the most of your hair! It can be one of your loveliest features, as flattering to your complexion as the lipstick and dress shades you choose with such care . . . so color-bright that you're always at your best. And it's all so easy.

3 Minutes, at Home . . . does the trick! That's all the time it takes to use Marchand's wonderful *Make-Up Hair Rinse*. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — it's absolutely harmless, as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much more for your hair!

Here's All You Do . . . After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. In seconds, all trace of soap film is gone! Your hair shines with new color, sparkles with dancing highlights, and is easier to manage, too.

For Every Shade of Hair . . . Yes, with Marchand's 12 smart Rinse shades, you can achieve a variety of interesting color effects. For example, you may highlight your natural hair color, or even tone down overbright hair. Sound interesting? Try it — after your next shampoo!



Candidly funny—Ingrid Bergman and Pat O'Brien join the laugh riot with Jimmy Stewart — dining at 'Ciro'

(Continued from page 8) there was the usual swarm of followers. Van stopped and autographed all of their books and then got into his crate. As he stood on the running board, he glanced at his light-colored convertible top—it was covered with lip-prints!

Newsome: Don't want to disillusion you—but even though they were a romantic screen pair in "Her Highness and the Bellboy"—don't be expecting to see June Allyson and Bob Walker teamed as lovers in any more pictures! Just what caused all the friction between these two while working nobody will vouch for, but the desire not to work together any more is mutual. And the other day when they were called into the boss's office about doing another movie together, both flatly refused! . . . Ida Lupino's new romance has her studio bosses crazy—for fear the rest of the world will find out who it is . . . Helmut Dantine still rushing Marguerite Chapman . . . Poor Joan Fontaine, taken so very ill—just as she was throwing a big party (for over a hundred people) as a "farewell for myself." She was headed for a month's vacation in Cuba—on doctor's orders. But had to call both the party and the

trip off at the last moment. It will break her heart if she isn't well enough to start "Viennese Waltz" opposite Bing Crosby in April. Never have seen her so excited about any role yet. Well, who wouldn't be? . . . Cute and talented Marsha Hunt and Bob Presnell Jr. had a wonderful honeymoon in a mountain lodge up in the snows that look down on warm and sunny Hollywood. If their theme song wasn't the popular "Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow!" it should have been!

Atomic: Expect a startling announcement from the direction of Greer Garson and Dick Ney! . . . There's a wow of a feud already started between Joan Crawford (the new queen of the Warner lot) and Bette Davis.

Strictly Miscellaneous: Paul Brinkman's giving Twentieth Century-Fox some headaches by spending so much time on the set and on location with Jeanne Crain. You can't blame Paul for wanting to be with his pretty bride, but the studio feels it would be just as well if Paul didn't give her so much advice on her acting . . . After a careful scrutiny of Peggy Ann Garner, Cal doesn't see any need (Continued on page 12)



Martha Vickers does a turn-about and makes up make-up man Perc Westmore

HER EYES PROMISE *Love...*
HER LIPS SNEER *"Death!"*

Savage priestess of the Leopard Men
... sworn to bring back Tarzan's body
for her fiendish jungle ritual!

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'
"TARZAN"
AND THE
Leopard Woman"



Starring

JOHNNY

WEISSMULLER

BRENDA

JOYCE

JOHNNY

SHEFFIELD

ACQUANETTA

with

Produced by
SOL LESSER

Associate Producer and Director
KURT NEUMANN



Original Story and Screen Play by CARROLL YOUNG — Based Upon the Characters Created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

*Through Thick
and Thin...*



No matter whether your hair's soft and baby-fine or heavy and sleek . . . DeLong Bob Pins will be your tried and true friend. Trust them to keep every shining strand neat and note-worthy.



These wonderful Bob Pins with the Stronger Grip cope with the most stubborn hair because they're made of better quality steel that keeps its gripping ways longer.

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



Beauty from Britain—Richard Greene shows off English wife at Atwater Kent par

INSIDE STUFF

Gene Tierney, modern lass in old-fashioned dress—at same party. For up-to-date Photoplay fashion news in striking color, please turn to page 80



(Continued from page 10) for her going to Terry Hunt to streamline her figure, but Peggy Ann, who's determined to grow up to be a glamour girl, evidently thinks it's necessary. Maybe we're getting old . . . Bing Crosby's not only the most popular star in America, as proved by our own Gallup poll, but he was also voted the most popular star in Britain. Guess everybody loves that guy . . . Keenan Wynn's hobby is overhauling an old car until it runs like new. In these days of broken-down cars and flat tires, that's a handy guy to have around the house . . . Clark Gable wants to make "Fountainhead," but Warners own the book. Metro won't loan Gable, and Warners won't sell the novel, so everyone's quietly sulking . . . Cornel Wilde's wife Pat is high up on the fan mail list at Twentieth Century-Fox, Cornel's studio. Reason for all the mail is that the fans want to see her co-starred with Cornel . . . Paul Henreid's starting construction on a twenty-four-unit apartment building. When it's finished he'll rent only to ex-service men and their wives who have at least one child and one pet. That's Paul's way of helping out the service men who are having a

bad time with the housing shortage . . . You'll hear Cary Grant sing for the first time in "Night and Day." Good too . . . Bob Alda's getting up a book of his private Italian recipes. Bob's the best Italian cook in town, and everyone clamors for an invitation to dinner . . . Wayne Morris can't buy shirts large enough to fit him, so he and Grant Withers and Forrest Tucker, all big men, have pooled their supply. That's why Wayne was wearing that handsome white shirt on the lot the other day. Only strange thing was that it was initialled FT . . . James Brown is rapidly catching up with the Bok Youngs, who have four daughters. Jim and his wife just had their third daughter.

Offs and Ons: Alan Curtis and pretty model Sandra Lucas flew to Las Vegas and were married at the Last Frontier Hotel. Let's hope the third time is the charm for Alan, who's been married twice before.

Too bad Gail Patrick's marriage to Arnold White ended in a divorce action. You'll remember that Gail met the handsome Navy Lieutenant on a War Bond tour, and (Continued on page 14)

What a TREASURE they're after!

GROUCHO
The Look!
HARPO
The Ogle!
CHICO
The Leer!



The Marx Bros.

"A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA"

THEIR 1946 HOWL-RAISER

with

CHARLES DRAKE • LOIS COLLIER

LISEITE VERA • SIG RUMAN • DAN SEYMOUR • LEWIS RUSSELL

DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO • Released thru United Artists

A DAVID L. LOEW PRODUCTION





a Coloratura— OR JUST A CANARY? ... THE TESTED TWELVE WILL TELL!

Canaries *like* to sing. Keep them healthy and happy, and they just naturally *will* sing. Usually, the difference between a listless bird and one who fills your home with his sweetest trills is a matter of *diet*. That's why most canary owners always feed French's Bird Seed and Biscuit, the diet containing the *Tested Twelve* ingredients.

A proper canary diet must be blended of many ingredients—must be carefully proportioned and thoroughly tested. French's Bird Seed and Biscuit is all of these things. Feed it to your bird—always. He'll be happy because it's tasty; he'll be healthy because it contains the ingredients that are proven to be good for him—the *Tested Twelve*. Millions of singing canaries have made French's the most popular bird diet in America.

These are the Tested Twelve

Canary Seed	Soy Bean Grits	Corn Syrup
Red Millet	Yeast	Cuttlebone
Yellow Millet	Sesame Seed	Charcoal
Rape Seed	Poppy Seed	Wheat Germ

—IN ONE ECONOMICAL PACKAGE! ➔

French's

BIRD SEED ➔
and **BISCUIT ➔**



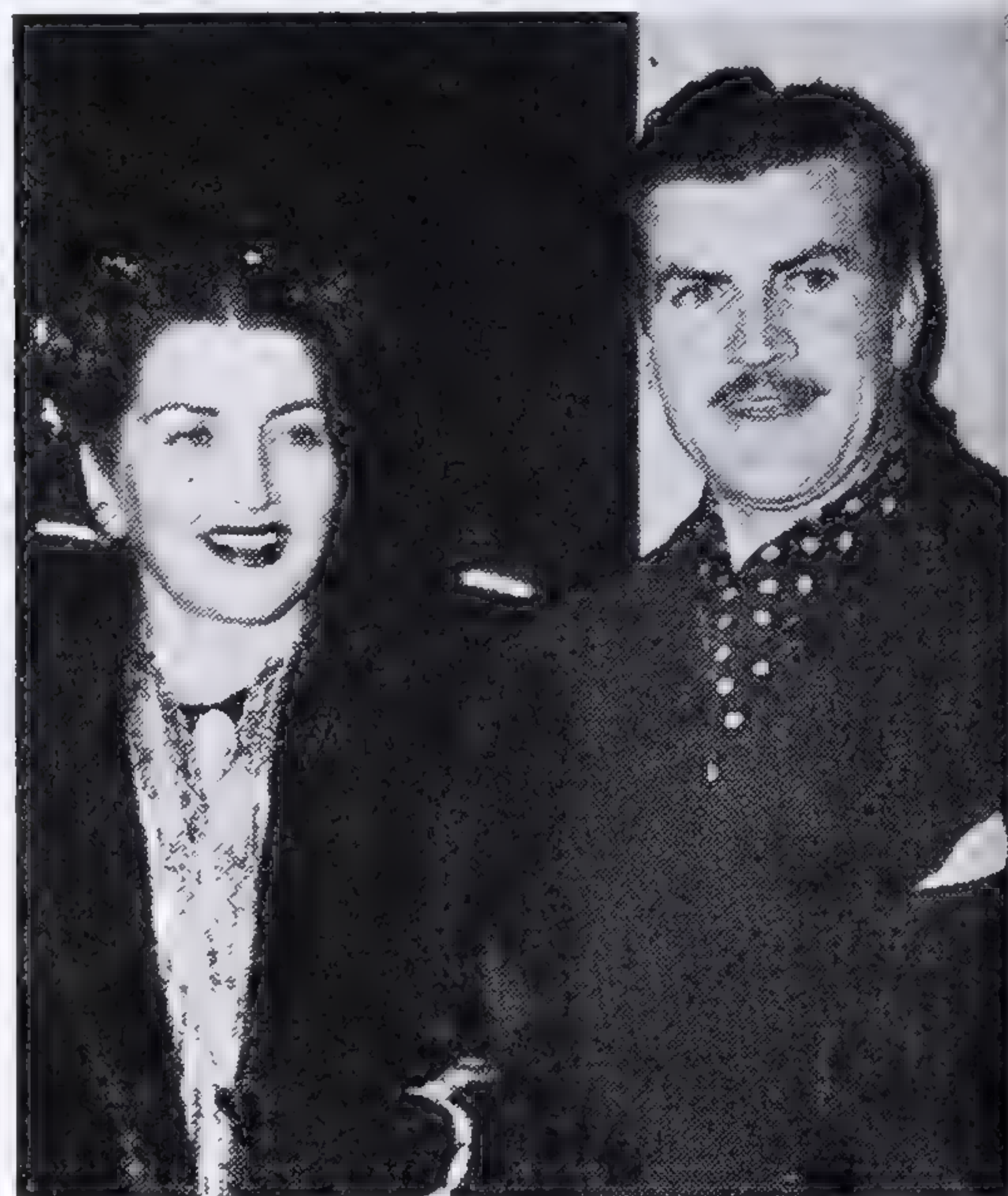
(Continued from page 12) that they were so much in love then that White overstayed his leave before returning to his post.

Nancy Kelly eloped to Las Vegas on Valentine's Day and married cameraman Fred Jackson Jr. They met on the set of "Follow That Woman."

Sonja Henie alleged in her divorce suit that Dan Topping deserted her although she had given him no reason to do so, and so won her divorce. The pros and cons on the romance situation between her and Van Johnson are hot and heavy. But just because they waltzed on the ice doesn't mean they'll waltz to the altar.

The wartime romance of Kim Hunter and Marine Capt. William Baldwin couldn't survive the peace, so Kim di-

Handsome two-ing—Robert Preston and his Mrs. in attendance at Carthay Circle



vorced him on their second anniversary. Too bad that even their one-year-old daughter couldn't save this marriage.

Peggy Cummins, whom you'll see as Amber in "Forever Amber," decided that marriage with Bob Landry wouldn't work out because her career demands so much of her time, so the two have dropped all plans to wed.

Home Is Where the Hat Is: Lana Turner's beautiful Bel-Air home has been sold over her pretty head. That means when Lana gets back from South America she'll find herself homeless.

Jane Withers has been going crazy trying to find a house for John Dall who's heading back to Hollywood. Janie swears the house is for John and not John and Jane.

Home is also where the husband is. Bette Davis's new groom, William Grant Sherry, is an artist and prefers to live in Laguna Beach, so Bette has sold her house in the Valley. She's rented a place in Brentwood, but will live in Laguna when she isn't working.

Nearest thing to bedlam is Ida Lu-

STUFF

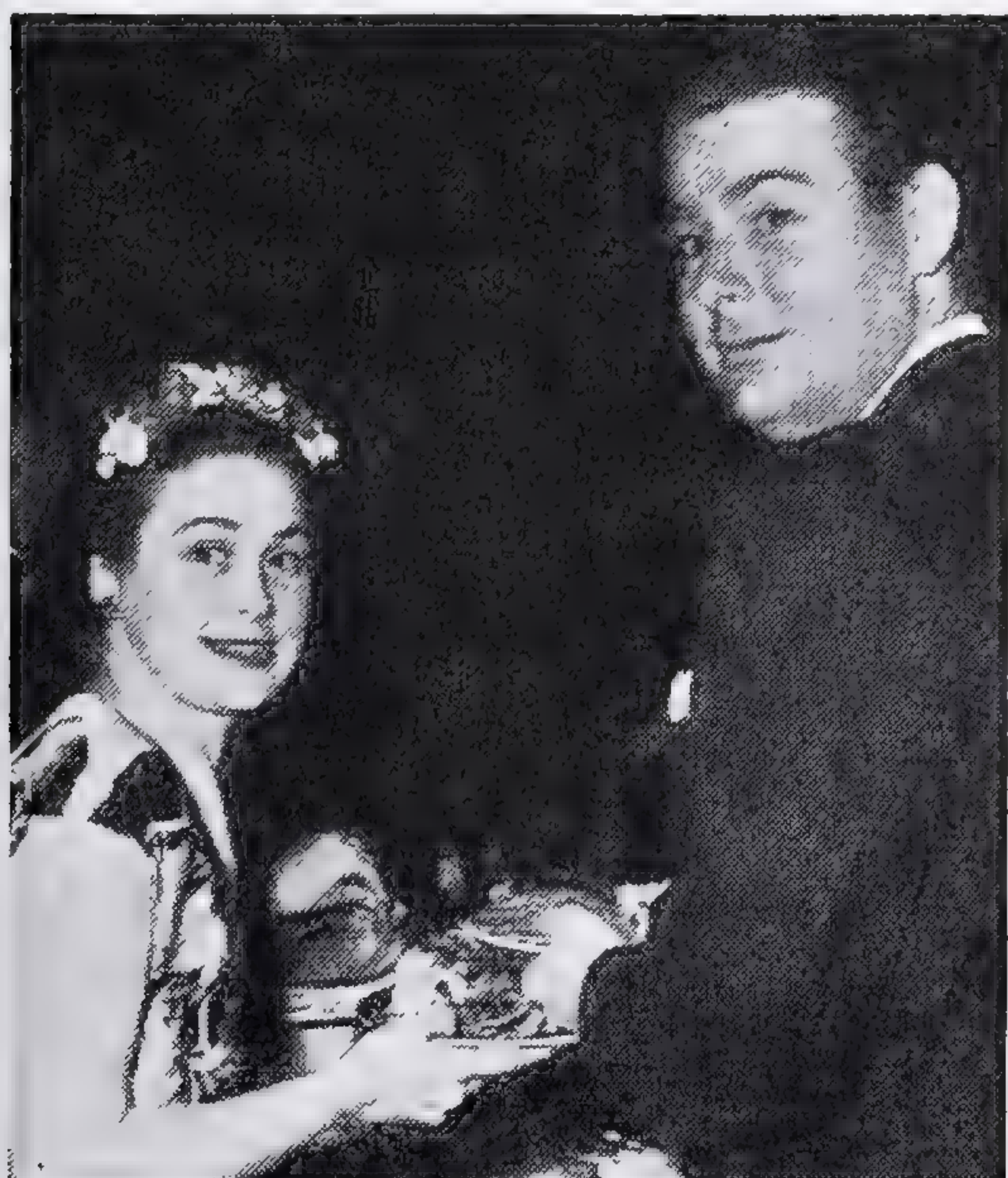
pino's house. She's taken in five people who couldn't find a place to live.

And poor Lizabeth Scott! She's been evicted for the seventh time, and now thinks it's a waste of time to even unpack her trunks.

Worst of all is Susan Peters's predicament. She's been given notice to move out of her Malibu home and has to go back to the hospital to live until Richard Quine can find another place.

Stork Feathers: It was a boy for Marjorie Weaver and Donald Briggs. You'll remember that Marjorie married Briggs after her first husband, Kenneth Schacht, was reported missing in action during the war. But the report proved in error. Schacht turned up

New and notable: Don De Fore and his pretty wife dine out at Ciro's



alive and returned to Hollywood. But Marjorie had been Briggs's wife for two years at that time and was expecting her baby, so Schacht agreed to leave his wife to her new happiness.

Bob Cummings and his pretty wife welcomed a son, Robert Richard, who'll have Jack Benny for his godfather. Jack has offered to give the baby violin lessons, but Bob has refused to allow it.

Deanna Durbin joined the ranks of glamour girls with daughters when little Jessica Louise was born. Funny how so many of our stellar beauties have daughters instead of sons—Hedy Lamarr, Ann Sothorn, Gene Tierney, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Maria Montez—to name a few.

Looks to Cal as if the stork will be running his long legs ragged before this season goes by. The Van Heflins are on his list. And so are the Gregory Pecks. And then there's Ginny Simms and Hyatt Dehn (he is listed as Hyatt von Dehn in New York's Social Register)—just back from a trip east and shopping for a basinette. And Edgar Bergen and Frances Westerman should be pa and ma before May is over.

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PERFUMES TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY
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they say
it's pure
white magic—

This combination of moonlight, a leaf-hung terrace, you — and Yardley English Lavender! There is a gentle spell about a scent so heavenly fresh — so young, so exquisitely feminine — but you're the one to see that it's as magic as they say!

Yardley English Lavender, the gay-hearted fragrance, \$3.75, \$2.50, \$1.50. Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c, box of three tablets, \$1. Prices plus tax.

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ADV. BY R. W. AYER



If you could
count the users
of Tampax



If you could count the millions of users of Tampax, you would find them living in country houses, city apartments, even tents. You would find them on trains, boats, planes and islands—in both hemispheres, six continents, seventy-five countries, and speaking dozens of languages. The sun never sets on them.

Those who have followed the history of Tampax are astounded by the number of women already using this monthly sanitary method, because the change from external protection to *internal* protection seems so decidedly revolutionary . . . Just imagine discarding the harness of belts, pins and external pads by the one swift decision to use Tampax! . . . No odor, no chafing, easy disposal. In place you cannot feel it and you need not remove it for shower or tub.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator. . . . Sold in 3 "absorbencies" at drug stores, notion counters. Month's supply slips into your purse. The economy box contains enough for 4 months' average needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

3 absorbencies

REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland were scheduled to have their babies the same week of the same month—but the stork flew in at Deanna's four weeks earlier than expected.

Weather Report: Gail Russell-Guy Madison: Gail blowing cooler.

Kurt Kreuger-Cathy Downs: Fair and mild.

Janis Paige-Rod Cameron: Chilly winds, icy weather.

Ella Raines-Philip Reed: No storms in sight, just gentle Raines.

Barbara Hale-Bill Williams: Hale melting, temperature rising, forecast sunny skies ahead.

Cary Grant-Betty Hensel: Weatherman out to lunch. No prediction available.

Olivia de Havilland-Major Joe McKeon: Mercury rising, temperature torrid, heat wave approaching.

Joan Leslie-John Howard: Breezes balmy, but forecast uncertain.

Ida Lupino-Helmut Dantine: Brrrr!

Around the Town: Hedy Lamarr's planning to establish her own cosmetic business very soon now. But don't expect to look like Hedy, girls, that's expecting too much of make-up. . . . Of all things, burglars made off with the knob of June Haver's front door. When she returned home from a party, June found the doorknob missing and signs that the door had been jimmied. Luckily the burglars were unable to get into the house . . . Not so lucky was John Garfield, who reported to the police that burglars had made off with all his patio furniture stored in the garage . . . Bette Davis calls her husband by his last name, Sherry, instead of William Grant. Maybe she picked up the habit from Nora Eddington, who always calls Errol, Flynn. So did Lili Damita—pronounced Fleen . . . Will Rogers Jr. will portray his father

in "The Story of Will Rogers" on condition that his salary for the film will be turned over to charity tax exempt. After this picture, he sticks to politics . . . Sight of the month is Harvey, the boxer puppy given to Lauren Bacall and Bogart as a wedding present from Louis Bromfield. Harvey had his ears clipped and kept pulling off the tape, keeping the ears from healing. So Lauren put a snood on the dog to give his ears a chance to heal . . . A fan of Helmut Dantine's managed to get a pass key made for his apartment, but the manager caught the girl as she was about to make an entrance. She won't tell how many pass keys were made and now Helmut is wondering who else is liable to drop in unexpectedly . . . Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are about to become a husband and wife team on the screen. The picture will be a comedy, and the studio hopes it will be the first of a series . . . Tony Martin went back to the Chez Paree in Chicago at \$5000 a week. When he first appeared there before getting into the movies, his salary was \$50 a week. Bob Walker gained ten badly needed pounds on his last visit to New York. He did it the hard way, too. Quantities of cod liver oil . . . The story goes that Maria Montez had a violent quarrel with her oldest sister Adita and ordered her out of the house. Adita flew back to the Dominican Republic immediately and now Maria's so sorry about it all. No one concerned even remembers now what the fight was all about.

Lawford on Matrimony: Peter Lawford doesn't plan to get married for at least six or eight years, he says, but he has definite ideas as to the kind of girl he hopes to marry then.

"She won't have to be beautiful—just nice looking, with a sort of wind-blown naturalness. (Continued on page 19)

Mature lost for an answer? Vic and June Haver at CBS Frigidaire Star Time



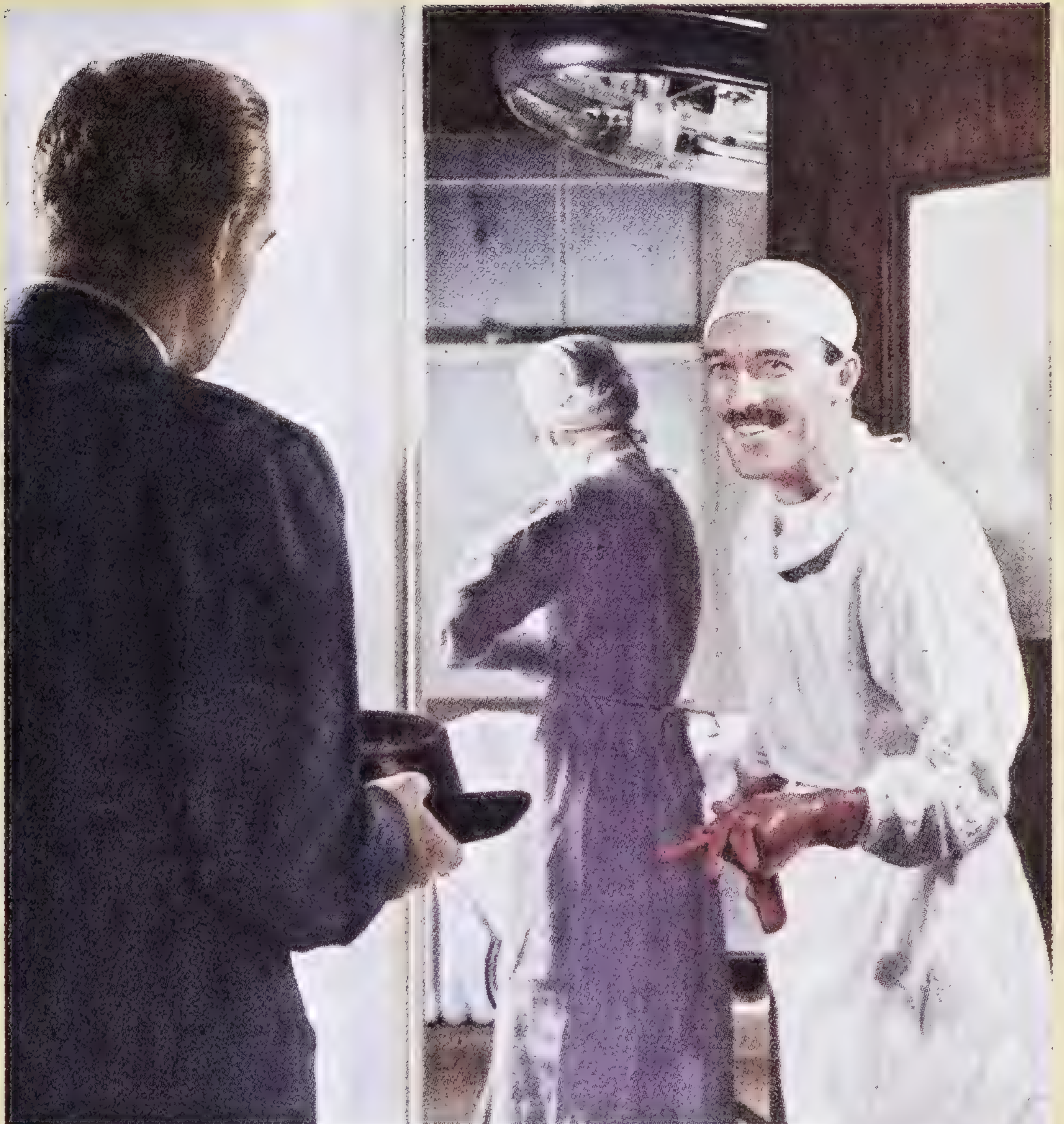
"It's a Boy!"

—and his life expectancy
is brighter, and longer
by 15 years
—thanks to medicine's
"men in white"

Cold figures... with a warm, wonderful significance. This table based on figures from several leading insurance companies tells in seven lines as much as a five-foot shelf of volumes on the amazing strides modern medical science has made in protecting and prolonging life.

AVERAGE LIFE EXPECTANCY IN U. S.—1900-1943

YEAR	MEN	WOMEN
1900-02	48	51
1901-10	49	52
1909-11	50	53
1920-29	57	60
1930-39	60	64
1939-41	62	67
1943	63	68



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

THAT's the significant showing made when three leading, independent research organizations put this question to 113,597 physicians in the United States: "What cigarette do you smoke?"

Figures were checked and re-checked!

And more doctors named Camel as their smoke than any other cigarette!

Doctors, like all of us, smoke for pleasure. Camel's rich, full flavor appeals to their taste... Camel's cool mildness registers with their throats...just as with smokers the world over!

CAMELS

Costlier
Tobaccos

The "T-Zone"—
T for Taste
and
T for Throat



The best proving ground for a cigarette is your own taste and throat. Your taste is the place to "test" the flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Your throat will tell you most conclusively how Camel's cool mildness agrees with it.

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DARK 'N HANDSOME

*new
mystery
color*



It's dark... it's exciting... it's the new Cutex color for intrigue. Put it on your long, temptress nails... wear it—then let men beware! • And when in lighter mood try the new Cutex Proud Pink:

INSIDE STUFF



Vera-Ellen, hyphenated wonder of "Three Little Girls in Blue," is that rarest of rareties, a cute tall girl

(Continued from page 16) And she won't be clothes crazy, either. I like a girl who wears the casual sort of clothes that look all right either indoors or out.

"She'll have plenty of personality and she'll have a good mind. I want to marry someone who can talk intelligently and listen intelligently about a variety of things. She should have a sense of humor, too. That's one of the most important things of all."

Peter wants to get all youthful impulsiveness out of his system before he settles down and marries. When he weds, he says firmly, it's going to last.

Personality of the Month: You can walk right up to Miss Vera-Ellen and with our permission say, "You are a paradox." And if she asks why, and of course she will, for Vera has an inquiring mind, you can say she's that rarest of rareties—a rather tall girl with curls and dimples who really looks cuddly. In a nutshell, that's Vera-Ellen.

On the screen you saw her first in "Wonder Man" with Danny Kaye, especially in that wonderful Balinese number with Vera and Danny dislocating their necks in the fascinating fashion of the natives. You'll see more of her in "The Kid from Brooklyn" where she goes from one specialty to another.

Work? The girl's a fiend for it. Long, long hours—no, days and weeks—of practice for her routines leaves her disheveled and droopy, her hair sticking out like animated daisy petals, but does she care? Never. Vera-Ellen is a professional, has been since childhood.

Dancing is her creed, her life and to it she gives her mind and strength and never frets about the time involved.

Her one ambition is to dance professionally in Cincinnati, her home town, but every time a stage production in which she's dancing hits the Ohio town so do the floods. Back in Cincinnati she began dancing at nine, became the chief amateur entertainer at all the local functions, and then moved on to New York to try out with Billy Rose.

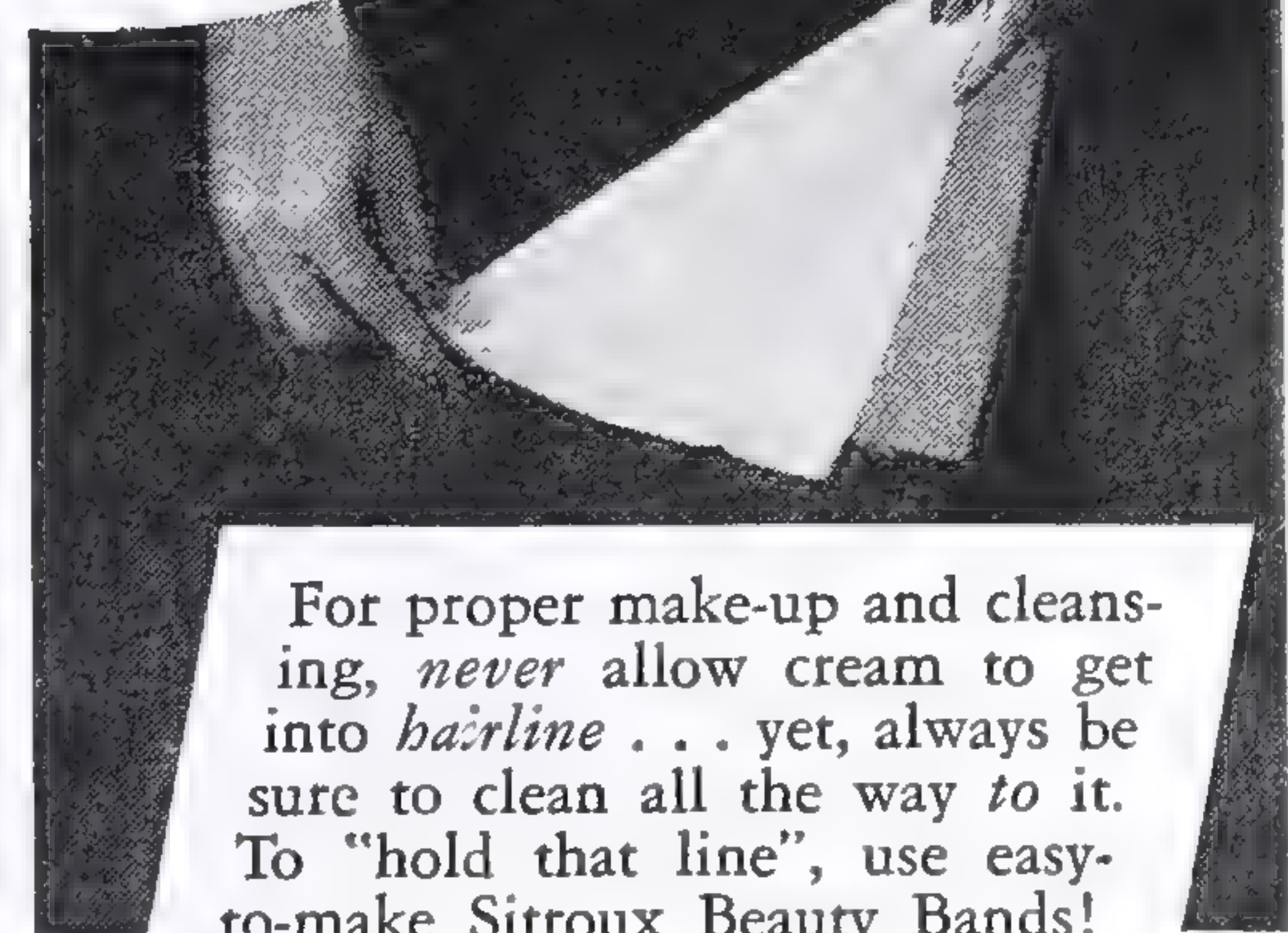
"I don't want a job in the chorus," she sassed him. "I want a specialty number."

Three weeks later she became a specialty dancer in Billy Rose's night spot Casa Manana, and eventually moved on to the musicals "Panama Hattie," "By Jupiter" and eventually "Connecticut Yankee" where Sam Goldwyn saw her, liked her, signed her.

Things she reluctantly admits to are that once she was a part of a Major Bowes unit, that she loathes shows on the road and that in her very first dramatic job she spoke one line: "There it is." The show was "Very Warm for May." Her mother dreamed up the name Vera-Ellen replete with hyphen and all. Her complete name was Vera-Ellen Rohe. In 1943 she married Lieut. Robert Hightower but recently separated from her handsome husband.

Food? She ate the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary out of food the day we lunched with her and looked about inquiringly for more. Her dancing, of course, keeps her down to the 111 pounds which is a nice balance for

BEAUTY BANDS TO "Hold that Line!"



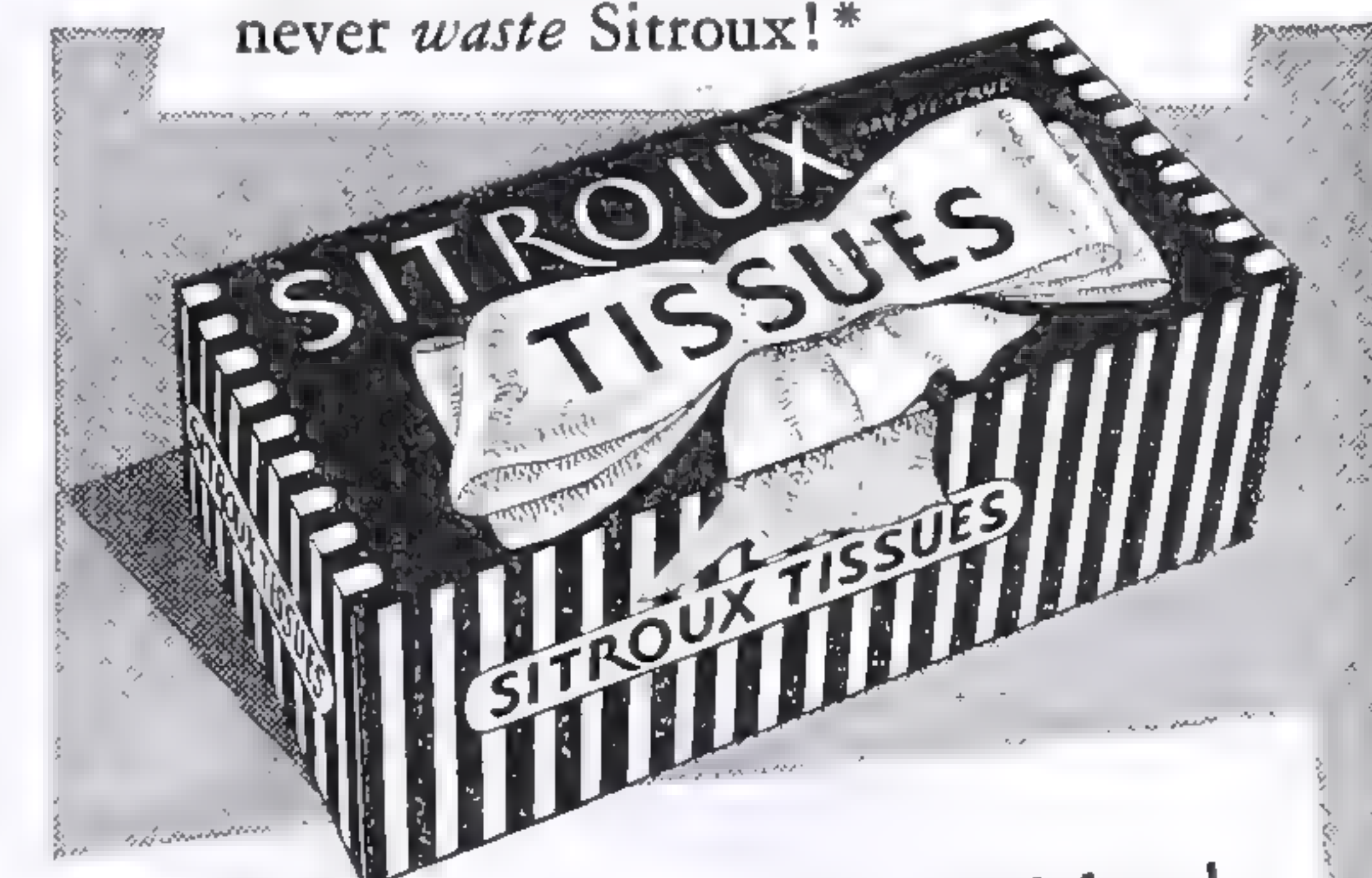
For proper make-up and cleansing, *never* allow cream to get into *hairline* . . . yet, always be sure to clean all the way to it. To "hold that line", use easy-to-make Sitroux Beauty Bands! First, fold Sitroux Tissue diagonally, to form triangle as above.



Second step—pin Sitroux Tissue triangle securely to hair on each side, with hairpins or bobbies.



Third—tuck top flap under and you're all set! Soft, absorbent Sitroux is ideal for *removing* cream, too—for toning down make-up—and dozens of other daily "beauty-duties". Caution: *never waste Sitroux!**



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

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SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

her five foot five. Her tiny nose turns up just a bit, her blue eyes dance with her feet, her natural blonde hair won't stay curled two numbers at a time and she has earned a pilot's license. She can swim, too, skate, ride and sail. She brought her mother on from her home town of Cincinnati to keep her company. At present she's dancing in "Three Little Girls in Blue" for Twentieth Century-Fox, who agree with Goldwyn that Vera-Allen is a hyphenated wonder.

Romance Ramblings: Turhan Bey and Yvonne De Carlo are a new and constant twosome . . . Suzi Crandall and Rory Calhoun are seen everywhere together . . . Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are reconciling after that quarrel which hurt them both . . . It looks serious between Louise Allbritton and Charles Collingwood. He's a war correspondent just back from France. Louise is so afraid she might lose the cigarette lighter he brought her from London that she keeps it in a special case. It's no larger than a quarter and almost as thin . . . It's news when Errol Flynn takes his wife anywhere, so eyebrows were up when Flynn and Nora Eddington went Mocamboing a few nights ago . . . Eleanor Parker's rich husband hangs a new hunk of jewelry on her every month



Knit one, purl two—John Garfield takes knitting lessons from amiable Joan Crawford on set of "Humoresque"

his film career to return to England at the outbreak of the war. Twentieth Century-Fox, where Greene is under contract, is testing Pat, who's very pretty and looks like a brunette version of Cornel Wilde's blonde wife.

You'll see Joan Crawford's personal wardrobe in "Humoresque," in which she'll be wearing her own Adrian-designed clothes. Joan also insisted that Adrian be given screen credit for them. Incidentally, since her parting from Phil Terry, Joan's been one of the most popular girls in town. All the wolves are howling around Joan, who looks more beautiful than ever.

Stirling Hayden will be back in pictures again as soon as his divorce from Madeleine Carroll is final. He's going to Reno because Madeleine couldn't get there until April or May and Stirling wanted it over with before his return to the movies.

INSIDE STUFF

on their wedding anniversary.

People and Things: Richard Greene returned to Hollywood with his pretty wife, Patricia Medina, and a hunger for hamburgers, which he hadn't had in England. You'll remember Richard was one of the first Hollywood stars to drop

Red Apple Department: Lon McCallister's version of the little red schoolhouse is the Actor's Lab in Hollywood, which he's attending under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

George Montgomery and Dinah Shore plan to build a ranch house in Montana, so they're attending night school. George is studying architecture and Dinah interior decorating.

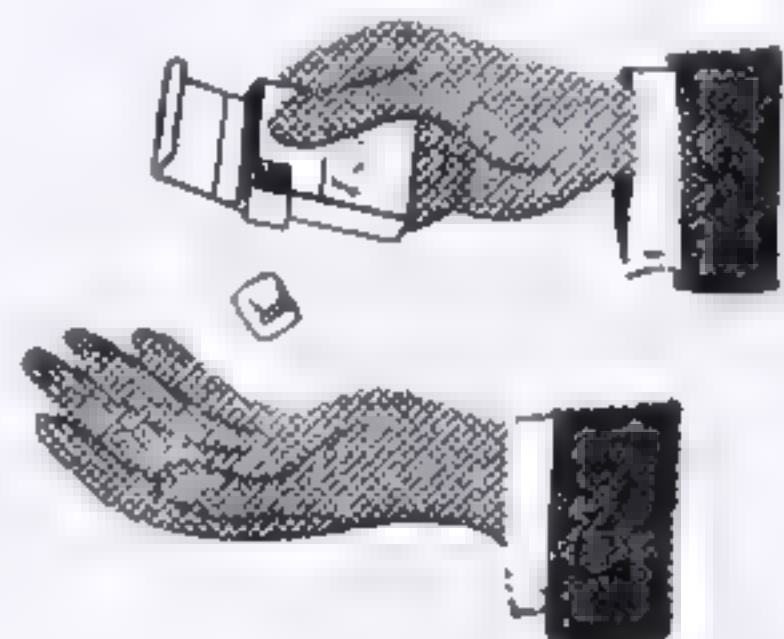
"You don't have to love your neighbor" says ALAN LADD

starring in "THE BLUE DAHLIA," a Paramount picture



"If he's a right guy, you like him; if not, you don't. The important thing is to judge people as individuals . . . by their words and deeds, not by their religion or race or color. Give him a chance to show his stuff...the same chance you'd want!"

One of a series of messages presented by Flee's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.



FLEER'S is the delicious candy-coated gum, with the *extra* peppermint flavor. It's attractive, delightful! Five cents for twelve flavorful fleerlets that pop out one at a time from the handy package. You'll like Fleer's...Try it today!



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

INSIDE STUFF

Blissfully memoed—Shirley Temple and her husband, happy civilian John Agar



Fair Exchange, etc.: David Niven is driving Laurence Olivier's car in Hollywood. Olivier left it in storage when he and Vivien Leigh left for England four years ago. David left his own car in London when he returned to America, so Olivier is using that one in England.

Wayne Morris, out walking his dog one evening, met another man walking his. The two got into some general conversation about dogs and finally got on the housing shortage.

"We're expecting our second baby in June," said Wayne. "And we'd give anything to find a larger house."

"Well, my kids are off to boarding school," said the stranger. "And ours is much too big for us now."

Upshot was they switched houses.

Sweden's Popularity Poll: Photoplay's movie-goers' poll for 1945, conducted by the eminent Dr. George Gallup's American Research Institute, as you know, awarded Gold Medals to Greer Garson and Bing Crosby. A nationwide, year-round vote proved Greer and Bing to be, without doubt, the most popular stars. It also showed Ingrid Bergman and Bette Davis vying with Greer for first place and Humphrey Bogart vying for first place with Bing.

Mark those names well . . . It isn't only in these United States that they are firsts. Almost without exception they also top a 1945 poll conducted in Sweden exclusively for Photoplay. Sven Blomquist, Director of the Swedish Gallup Institute, cables that Ingrid Bergman was voted the most popular actress over there and Gary Cooper the most popular actor, with Greer Garson and Bette Grable contenders for first place among the women and Bing Crosby and Humphrey Bogart for first place among the men.



More than your feathers say "Ostrich," Angel

You're playing "Ostrich," too—when you fail to guard against underarm odor.

YOU CERTAINLY know your negligees, Honey—as that smooth little ostrich number reveals.

The trouble is you're imitating that bird in more ways than one. Why act like an ostrich and close your eyes to underarm odor? Others will notice—even if *you* don't.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration—leaves you fresh as a primrose. But for protection against *future* underarm odor, smart girls go for Mum.

Snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you safe all day or evening. Keeps you nice to be near. And who doesn't admire *that* charm in a girl?

Gentle Mum is safe and quick to use, even *after* dressing. Harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins — Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

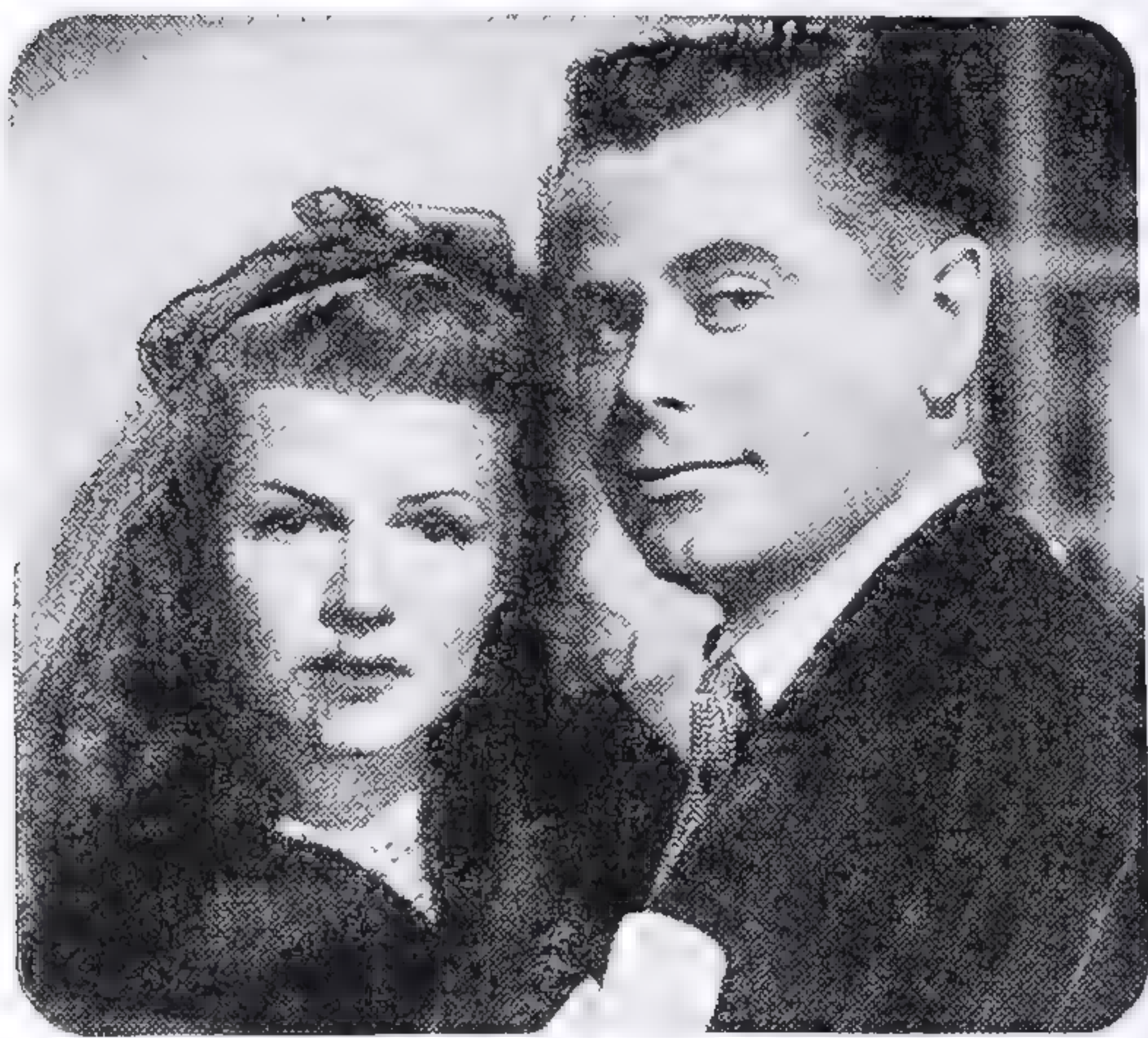
Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ Gilda (Columbia)



Dangerous intrigue—for Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford in South America

DON'T worry, kids. Despite the threat of solid drama—and there's plenty of that—she actually does do two songs and dances as hot as the smoke from a swamp fire. Who is she? Rita Hayworth, of course, more luscious than ever even though the picture isn't in Technicolor.

And there's more exciting news about "Gilda." You'll see a Glenn Ford you never saw before. The Marine Corps seems to have given this talented actor added strength and stature, not to mention attractiveness.

He plays the role of a young American whose embittered love affair has set him on the shady course of loaded dice and marked cards down in Buenos Aires just before the end of the war. He is saved from a wharf hold-up by the sinister operator of a gambling casino, splendidly done by George Macready, and goes to

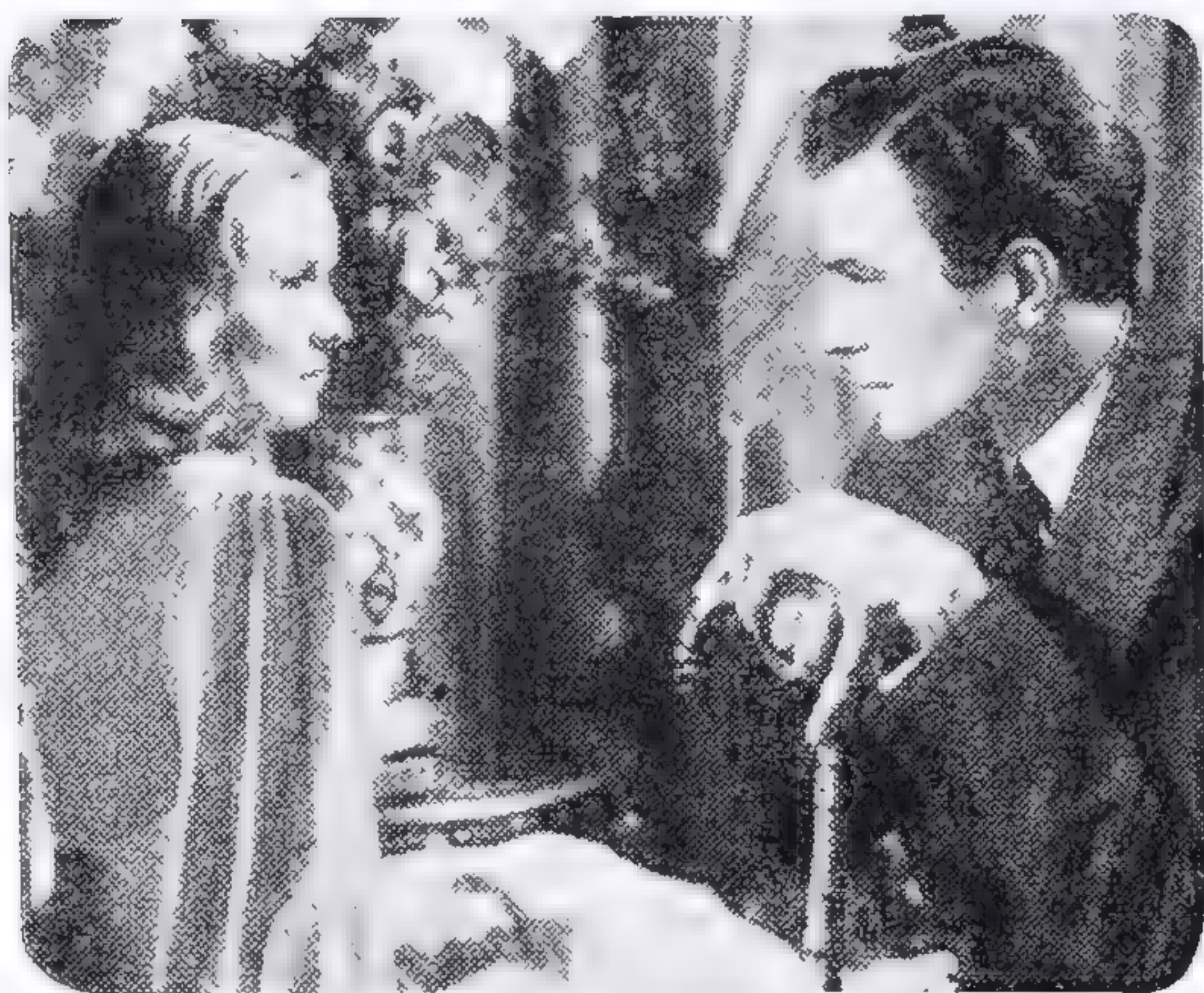
work for his rescuer. They become fast friends until Macready comes back from one of his mysterious trips with a wife—none other than Rita as *Gilda*, the girl who Glenn thinks betrayed his love. As embittered as Glenn himself, she has married Macready to goad Glenn and win him back.

The melodrama then moves through a maze of German cartels, Argentine police and jealous lovers—never a dim moment! Yet for all its story holes and questionable characters, you'll find the picture engrossing from the first to the last flicker.

Special mention should be given Steven Geray for his charming characterization of *Uncle Pio*, the philosopher of the casino washroom, and Joseph Calleia for his sympathetic chief of police.

Your Reviewer Says: "Gilda" will haunt you

✓✓ The Seventh Veil (Sydney Box-Ortus—Universal)



Psychologically speaking—Ann Todd and James Mason in splendid British film

HERE is the English counterpart of the American "Spellbound." Both pictures are based on what happens in the subconscious mind and the ways of psychiatry in dealing with its curious quirks. And both are exciting in their different approaches. The American story takes a murder as its motivation and becomes in effect a first-rate whodunit, whereas the British, who are fonder of what goes on in the recesses of the human soul, choose emotional conflict for theirs—in this case the veils which enshroud the subconscious mind and obscure its operations.

"The Seventh Veil" tells the story of an English girl, Ann Todd, who becomes a great pianist under the guidance of her crippled guardian, James Mason. Because of his physical handicap, he will not allow himself to think of love, but neither will he permit her to have any other love in her life. He spirits her away from an early

romance with an American music student, tries to break up an affair with a noted painter. In her flight from her guardian, the girl suffers an accident which unleashes the psychological turmoil of her years of frustration. It is then that the psychiatry enters the picture to solve the riddle of which man she really loves.

Ann Todd, known abroad as the English Garbo—and you'll catch a resemblance when you see the film—gives a lovely, sensitive performance (with Eileen Joyce, England's leading woman pianist, expertly doing the offstage job on the keyboard). You won't forget James Mason—Britain's number one heartbeat—who plays the dark, dynamic, cripple. Also excellent are Herbert Lom, as the psychiatrist and Albert Lieven, the artist lover.

Your Reviewer Says: It's good—so are the other six.

✓✓ Dragonwyck (20th Century-Fox)



Sinister and strong—this film moment between Vincent Price and Gene Tierney

DRAGONWYCK, high on a hill, is a house of hate, presided over by Vincent Price, patron of a fabulous estate, whose mind nurtures evil spirits of greed and scheming. To this home of subversive currents comes Gene Tierney, fresh from the farm, as companion to the young unloved daughter. Price is the first aristocrat she has ever seen and naturally the innocent, imaginative lass falls in love with him.

They are married after the strange death of Price's wife, contrary to the wishes of Gene's simple, Bible-reading family, who caution her against the illusions of ele-

gance and splendor. Sinister developments brought on by the loss of their son and heir cause the romantic scales to drop from her eyes. Glenn Langan is interesting as the doctor of the feudal farmers of Dragonwyck's lands, who also loves her.

Vincent Price gives a masterful portrayal of the decadent, power-mad monarch, and Gene Tierney is lovely as the winsome idealist. Walter Huston and Ann Revere are very earthy as Gene's parents, and a brief character bit by Jessica Tandy as a crippled maid is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong melodrama.

(Continued on page 24)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 136

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 143

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 138

By Sara Hamilton



“Did I dare to tell her?”

AS Spencer said “Good night” I could tell from the troubled look in Marian’s eyes that he was walking out of her life as so many other attractive men had done. And I knew it was for the same reason! As one of her older friends, dared I tell her what this intimate reason was? Or should I stand mutely by seeing her make the same mistake that so many women make over and over again?

For a long time I hesitated then I broke it to her as tactfully as I could. She flushed scarlet.

“Why, Ann, it’s unthinkable! I’m so fastidious! It can’t be true. It *can’t!*”

“But, Marian,” I protested, “surely I would not put myself in this humili-

ating position if it were not.”

“Of course. Forgive me.”

“Do you remember Blake . . . how quickly he drifted away? And Tompkins? How eager he was to meet you and how soon he lost interest?”

Marian nodded.

“Well, darling, *that* was the reason. Blake came right out and said so and Tompkins and two or three others hinted as much. I wanted to tell you then but the subject* seemed so delicate I just couldn’t.”

Marian gulped. “I’m ever so grateful,” she said. “What a fool I’ve been. Wait and see how different things are going to be—and *I’m getting Spencer back!*”

Don’t make the mistake of assuming that your breath is always agreeable. It might be off-color this very moment

without your knowing it. That’s the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath)*. You may offend others without realizing it.

Don’t Take Chances

Isn’t it silly, then, to risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution? This wonderful antiseptic helps to make the breath sweeter, more appealing. Never, *never* omit it before social and business engagements.

While some cases of off-color breath are systemic, some authorities declare that most cases are caused by the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. At once your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember to use Listerine Antiseptic the next time you have a date. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



'Teen age

or double 'teen . . . young fig-

ures choose a Wispese to style

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(Continued from page 22)

✓ Little Giant (Universal)

AT last, here's an Abbott and Costello picture minus people running into doors, falling downstairs and being hit on the head in dismal efforts to make you laugh. This one will give you laughs for far more legitimate reasons, because Costello really comes into his own as a comedian playing a vacuum salesman who thinks he's a psychic. Abbott has a dual role as Lou's employers—they're cousins, not twins (thank heavens for small blessings).

Lou is a farm boy from Cucamonga, California, who comes to the big city after having taken a correspondence course in how to sell vacuum cleaners. He is a big failure at first, but when he is thought to be psychic, then there's no stopping him. We admit that one prospective customer throws a shoe at him and that he gets sick on a cigar, but somehow these situations seem possible rather than just slapstick. Abbott does all right, too, as both the employers, and Jacqueline deWit plays his wife who thinks Lou's cute.

Your Reviewer Says: It'll take your mind off the atom bomb.

Rebecca (Selznick International—U A)

(NOTE: This picture is now being re-issued. If you missed it the first time, below is a condensation of the review ran in Photoplay in May 1940.)

PSYCHOLOGICAL studies are always difficult to screen so that they make sense to the lay mind and still maintain pace. "Rebecca" poses even a greater problem. The main character never appears, is, in fact, dead. Yet she dominates the whole. Rebecca, the corpse, was the first wife of hero Laurence Olivier; she has been drowned in a small boat and Olivier, wandering around Europe, meets and marries Joan Fontaine, a shy but pretty professional traveling companion. Back to his great country estate *Manderley*, Olivier carries his bride and there she discovers . . . but that's the secret of "Rebecca's" recurring surprises and plot twists. The mood of haunting fear is magnificently contrived. Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine handle their roles expertly

Family sentiment: Connie Marshall, Maureen O'Hara and John Payne in dramatic "Sentimental Journey"

and all the supporting cast is good, especially Judith Anderson, George Sanders and Reginald Denny.

✓✓ Sentimental Journey (20th Century-Fox)

HERE is a poignant, sensitive departure from the usual tear-jerker woman's picture that will not disappoint those drawn to the box office by its title.

Maureen O'Hara gives a sympathetic portrayal of the young actress who, knowing of her imminent death, adopts a child in the hope that it will give her husband, John Payne, something to cling to after she is gone. Although Payne is a talented producer of her New York plays, she feels that his immaturity will preclude any readjustment to life without her. After her death, her plan seems doomed to failure because the little orphan's world is one of fantasy and Payne fails to understand her.

Even though she dies in the first half of the picture, Maureen, especially beautiful, reappears before the child advising her how to gain her foster father's affections. Payne's performance is strong and William Bendix is capital as the comic *Man Friday* of the trio. Connie Marshall, a talented youngster, definitely makes a mark for herself. Also effective are Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the doctor, Mischa Auer, Glenn Langan, Kurt Kreuger and Trudy Marshall.

Your Reviewer Says: A four-handkerchief picture.

✓ The Hoodlum Saint (M-G-M)

THIS doesn't make a great deal of sense and it's packed with hokum, but the sure-fire performances by William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest.

Powell is his usual polished self as the aggressive newspaperman who leaves his job to make more money and ends up as a millionaire with faith in nothing but money. Then he hears the legend of St. Dismus, patron saint of toughies and, with no faith in the Saint's teachings, sermonizes the story to discourage pals from borrowing money from him.

Esther Williams is so attractive as the girl who turns down Powell and his mil-

(Continued on page 26)



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screen star.

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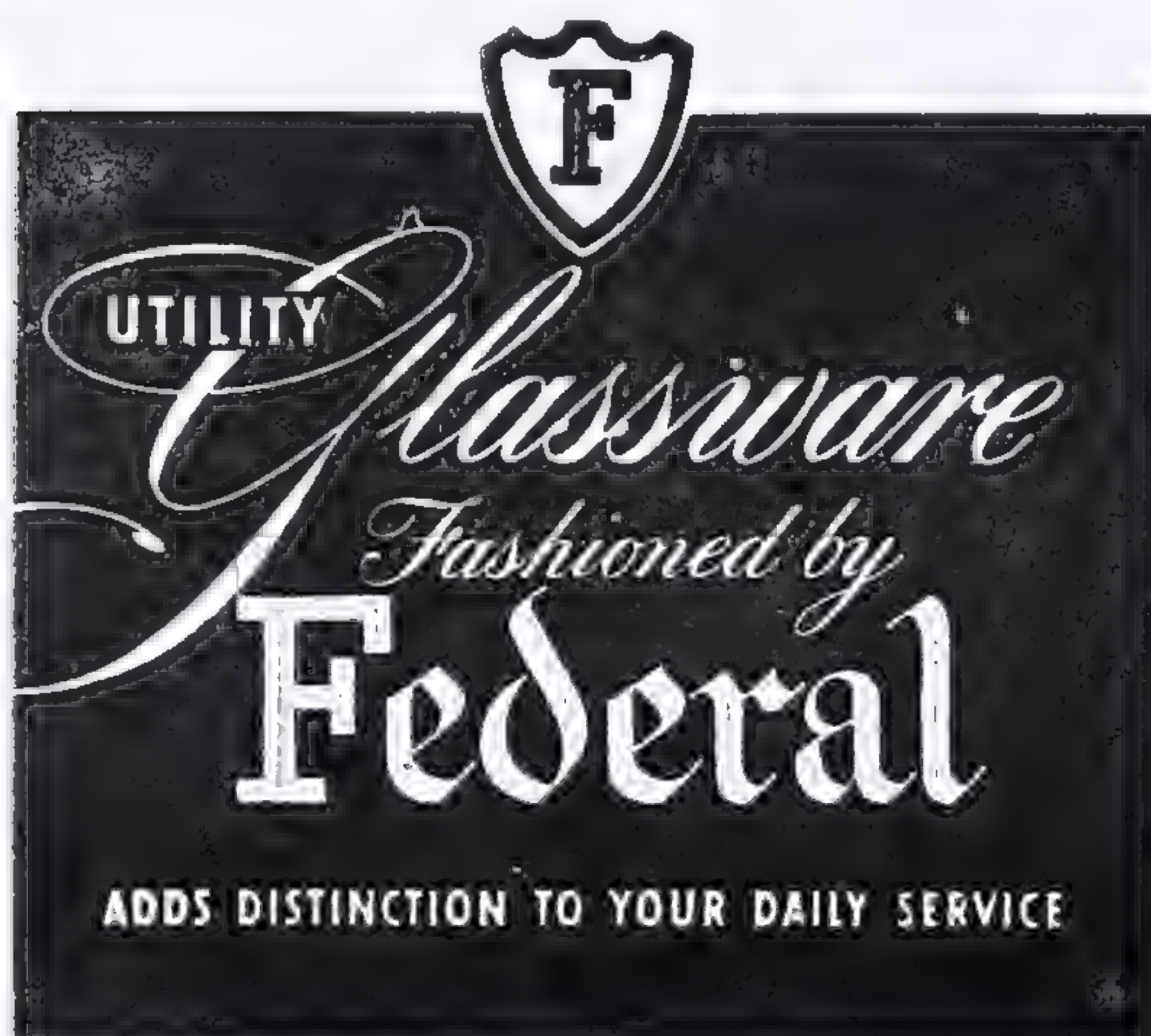
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(Continued from page 24)

lions because of his lack of idealism, and Angela Lansbury as the torch singer who tries to put out Powell's torch for Esther is excellent. James Gleason, Lewis Stone and Rags Ragland head the very good supporting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: What have you got to lose?

✓ The Bandit of Sherwood Forest (Columbia)

NO flavor is lost in the romance and adventure of your favorite legend as Cornel Wilde rides through fairy-tale hazards in this picture-escape from reality.

As the fabulous *Robin Hood* ages, his son, played by Wilde, takes up the sword and bow and arrow when an unscrupulous regent, Henry Daniell, attempts to dethrone the youthful king of England. With the artistry of his famous father, Cornel makes an energetic and colorful hero.

Anita Louise supplies romantic interest as a lady in waiting of the court who helps Wilde track down tyranny. Jill Esmond is the queen mother, Russell Hicks plays the elder *Robin* and Edgar Buchanan is the comic *Friar Tuck*.

Outdoor technicolor has seldom been equalled in richness.

Your Reviewer Says: The kids will love it—and grownups too.

✓✓ A Yank in London (Corporation Ltd.—20th Century-Fox)

IN trying to bring about a better understanding between the English people and the American GI, this British picture does a good job. One gets a most enlightening view of the life and inner emotions of the English people during the war.

Dean Jagger, the Yank, starts off on his London furlough with a chip on his shoulder towards all English subjects, only to cool off, warm up and end by falling in love with Rex Harrison's girl, played by the capable and charming Anna Neagle. The furlough begins in the gorgeous mansion of Robert Morley, a duke who has turned over the major part of his home to the Americans and lives with his small

family and housekeeper in a small suite of rooms. A touching part of the story is how Dean gets under the cold exterior of the hard-boiled housekeeper, who falls under his charm and eventually mothers all the boys in the house.

Dean, as the Yank from Texas, has a chance to come into his own and proves capable of capturing everyone's heart.

The only possible reservation is that the film might have been a bit shorter.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's get to know our British friends better.

✓✓ The Well Groomed Bride (Paramount)

THERE are giggle-bubbles a-plenty in this Army-Navy race for a girl and a bottle of champagne. In search of sparkling stuff for a carrier launching, Navy Lieutenant Ray Milland falls in love with Olivia de Havilland, who's also in search of the same champagne for her wedding to Army Lieutenant Sonny Tufts. A light and airy comedy of errors, the picture has some hilarious moments as the trio out-chase each other to see that the best man wins.

A far cry from his emotional starkness of "Lost Weekend," Milland's comedy has zest and sparkle. Miss de Havilland is a crisp, delightful foil for the sparrers, and Tufts is amiable as the beautiful but not-so-sharp second. James Gleason has some funny scenes as a harassed Navy captain, and Constance Dowling comes in to make a beautiful complication.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun in the services.

✓ Young Widow (Stromberg—UA)

AT last you'll see the much-publicized Jane Russell, whose only other screen appearance was four years ago in "The Outlaw," as yet not generally released. Miss Russell still has a lot to learn about acting, but we think you'll like her very much as the young widow grieving for her dead husband and unwilling to accept a new love.

The picture takes overlong to get under way, but picks up momentum and interest when Jane meets Louis Hayward on the

(Continued on page 136)

Louis Hayward offers consolation to Jane Russell in "Young Widow"



A BRAND-NEW ALBUM OF COLE PORTER HITS!

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Includes:

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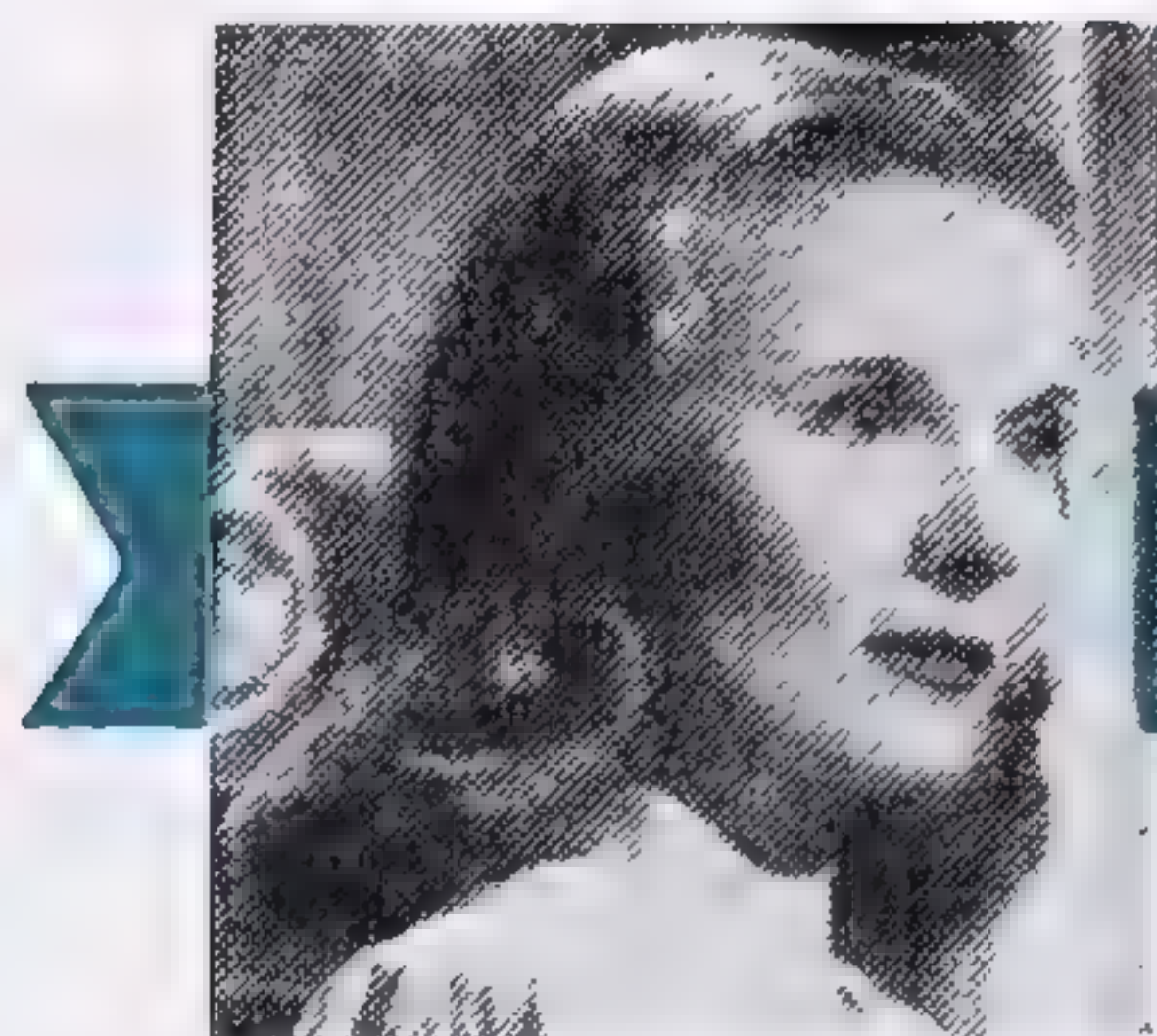
with
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RICHARD HAYDN · MARGARET BANNERMAN · SARA ALLGOOD · ERNEST COSSART

REGINALD OWEN · SIR C. AUBREY SMITH
FLORENCE BATES · UNA O'CONNOR

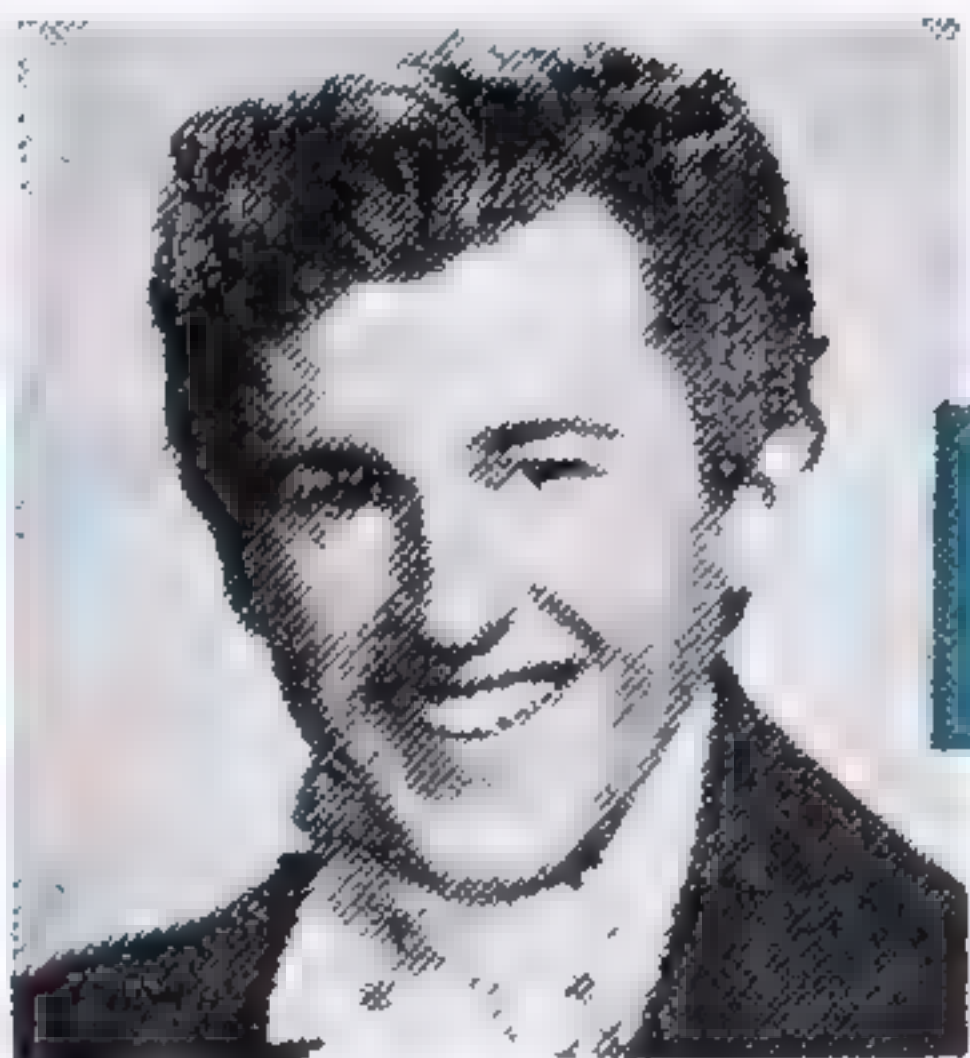
Produced and Directed by **ERNST LUBITSCH** · Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt · Based on the Novel by Margery Sharp



Here Come The British



Ann Todd



Stewart Granger



Deborah Kerr



James Mason



WHILE Britishers during the war years were adjusting themselves to our gay and garrulous GI's, England has been subjecting us to a similar invasion in motion pictures. And in these days when friendship and understanding among nations can mean the difference between a world of happiness and a world dying of self destruction, it's good to have English films in our American movie theaters.

It doesn't, of course, make that much difference whether you like the newest British movie stars. But as a rooter for the UNO, you can afford your curiosity about the new faces and new accents you're beginning to see on the screen of your neighborhood theater.

There's James Mason, about whom some of you already are writing Photoplay. Dark, handsome, and frequently saturnine, he'd just as soon be villainous as heroic. In "The Seventh Veil" he's both. Mason is tall, has brown eyes and hair, is thirty-seven, not married and took his Master of Arts degree at Cambridge while playing the sinister *Marquis of Rohan* in that other British cinematic drama, "The Man in Gray."

Ann Todd is just a year younger than James Mason. Married three times, currently to Nigel Tanye, author, she has a five-year-old daughter whose pert nickname is "Pippin." Besides the distinction of playing opposite Mason in "The Seventh Veil" she competes in "Vacation from Marriage" for the favor of Robert Donat with another impressive British actress, Deborah Kerr.

Deborah (she pronounces her last name "car") portrayed three different ladies, all attractive, in "Colonel Blimp." In "Love on the Dole" she played a London slums girl and in "Major Barbara" won the prize role of the Salvation Army girl by her reading of the Lord's Prayer.

Other heartbreakers among the men besides James

Mason are Stewart Granger who performs with great distinction in both "The Man in Gray" and "Madonna of the Seven Moons," and Rex Harrison, the fellow who's in Hollywood now starring in "Anna and the King of Siam."

Granger isn't conventionally handsome but is tall—over six feet—and passably dark with brown eyes. At the beginning of the war he served in the Black Watch. He's thirty-three as of this May and his real name is Jimmy Stewart which he changed for obvious reasons.

Rex Harrison is known as the Gary Cooper of Great Britain, probably because he's the silent type and is tall, lean and lanky. He's thirty-seven, married to Lili Palmer, Viennese actress, and distinguished himself during the war as an officer of the Royal Air Force. We've seen him over here before, notably in "Night Train" and "Major Barbara" and currently in "A Yank in London" and "Blithe Spirit."

Another British leading lady worth noting is a lovely young actress, Patricia Roc, of whom Walter Wanger thought so well he chose her as the first to be brought to Hollywood as part of the deal between Universal Studios and J. Arthur Rank, Britain's leading film impresario. You can see her now in "Madonna of the Seven Moons" and "Millions Like Us" and next summer in the Wanger production, "Canyon Passage." Pat is quite small, blonde, blue eyed, actually named Felicia Laine (being married since 1940 to a fellow with good judgment named Murray Laine), likes music, antiques, swimming, riding and boating.

Yes, there are many new screen faces about which Photoplay readers should know and for which England's to be thanked. And put this in your memorandum book—several of those mentioned on this page will soon be on your list of favorites. (If we turn out to be wrong, please don't mention it in front of the boss.)

Fred Sammis

Intermission

With courage she faced her break with Orson Welles. To



Return engagement at Mocambo—before her marriage she and Tony had fun dates

for Romance

dance time, Rita Hayworth has regained her gaiety—with Tony Martin

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

THE ballroom spotlight made a halo of burnished gold around the head of the red-headed girl as she stepped onto the floor to the tune of "I Can't Begin to Tell You."

The good-looking, dark-haired man who circled her waist with his arm began to sing softly the words of the song. "So take the sweetest phrases the world has ever known, and make believe I've said them all to you."

Except for a few admiring glances in their direction, the hundreds of bobby-soxers and their partners left the redhead and the black-haired boy to their dancing and soft singing.

It wasn't a swanky ballroom—not the exclusive Mocambo, the famous Trocadero or the jumping-jive Palladium. On the contrary, it was just a popular spot outside Culver City which featured a good band at popular prices.

Suddenly, pandemonium broke loose. Four "candid cameramen," who had just entered the door, started loading their cameras and popping flashlights into the air. "Hey, Rita—" one of them called, "how long has this been going on? How long have you been coming down here to dance with Tony Martin? Trying to give us the slip?"

The redhead and the man stopped dancing. But they were laughing. "All right, boys," said Rita Hayworth, "go ahead and take your pictures. What do you mean, give *you* the slip? That can't be done for long."

"Gee," said one of the little bobby-soxers standing in the circle watching the excitement, "Rita and Tony have been coming down here about ten nights now and having lots of fun dancing just like us kids. They were having fun—just like us. After her divorce from Orson Welles and all the trouble Tony's had—the war, 'n' everything—I feel," she hesitated for the words she wanted and finished, "*—kinda sorry for them!*"

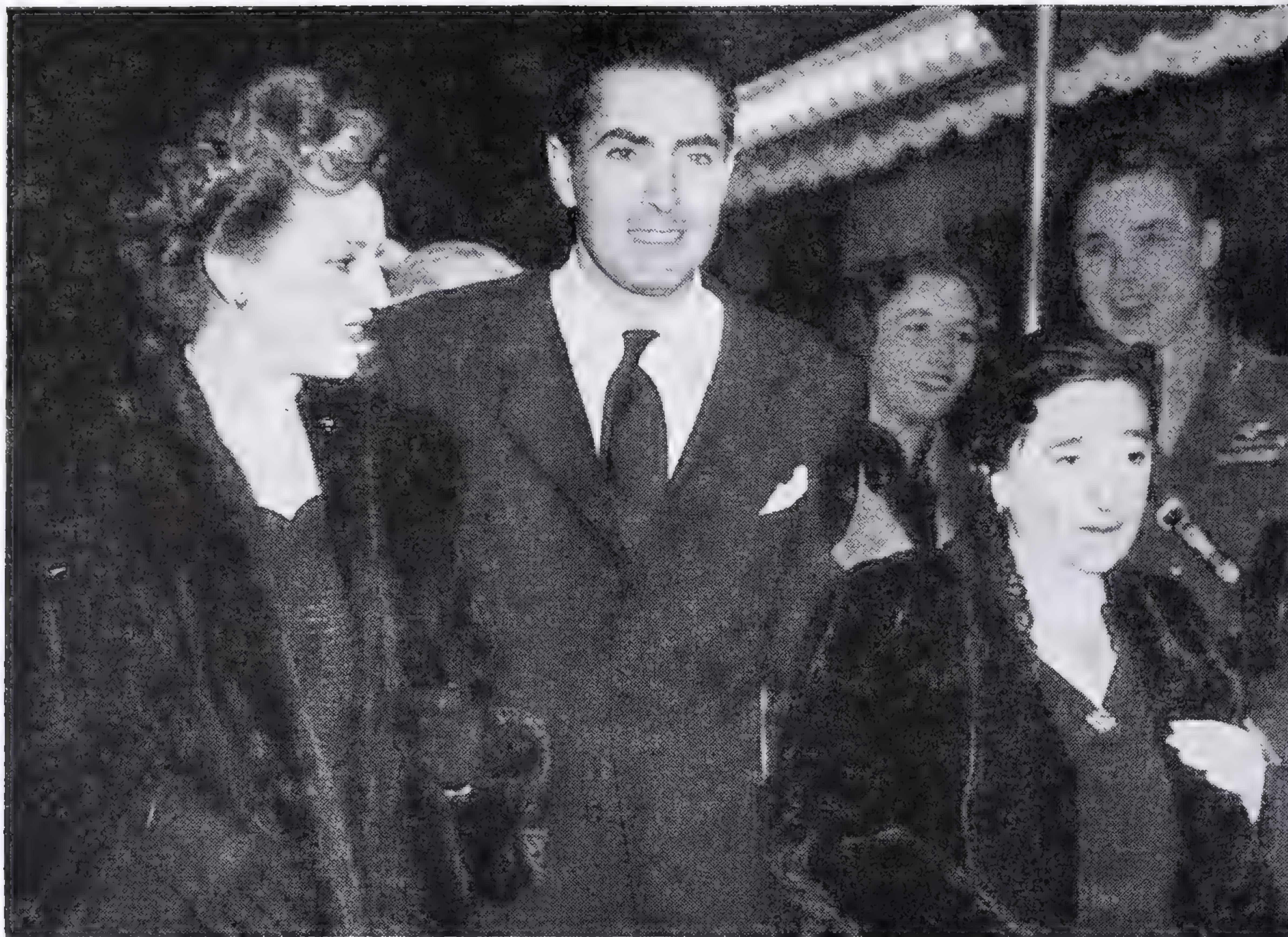
(Continued on page 109)



The very heart of her—little Rebecca

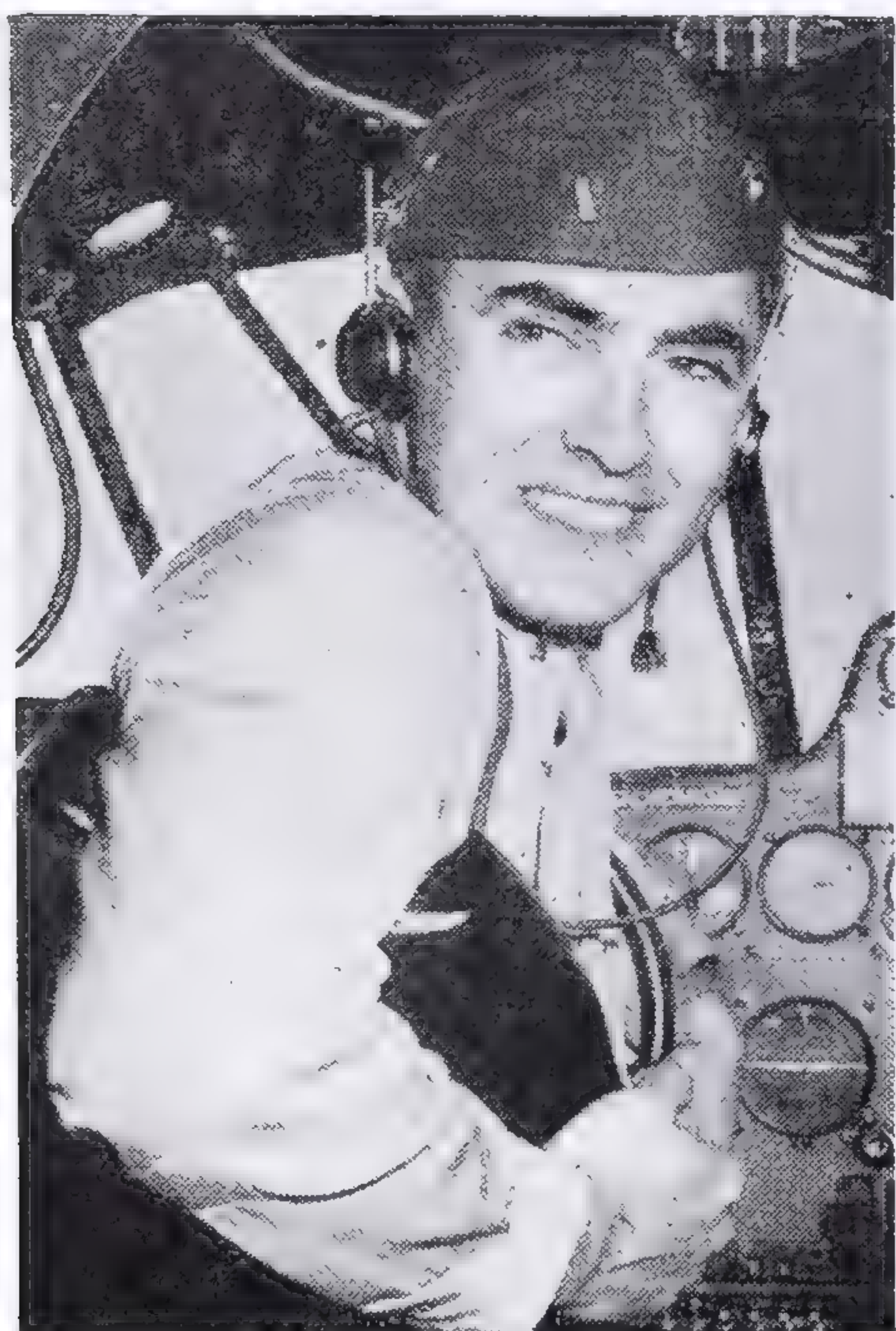


Rita and Orson Welles before the breakup—at Romanoff's



His "now" is a new life, he says. Ty, of "The Razor's Edge," with his wife and her mother

RETURN OF THE



USMCR pilot Power at the controls

OF course the guy started with two strikes on him, being who he was. They sort of waited for him, if you know what I mean. But now he's the most popular man at Quantico, and that's as it should be, but believe me it takes something for a movie star to make the grade with this gang we've got here."

I had come across the letter, written from the Marine Corps OCS, by one of my younger brothers, Thorny.

The guy he referred to was Tyrone Power.

I kept thinking about what Thorny had written as Ty and I sat talking. It takes a good deal to make a home run with two strikes on you. Usually it takes a champion.

The young man sitting opposite me looked like a champion. I found myself staring at him, trying to estimate the change. For it was there, a marked and vivid change, one you

would always have to take into consideration. He looked even handsomer than I remembered him and I had always thought him by far the best looking of any of the young men on the screen. He looked lean and hard and in fighting trim; he looked as though he found life a fine thing. But the difference lay deeper, for, as you remember, Tyrone Power was always like that.

Then I knew what it was. Even in civilian clothes, even in dark brown slacks and a light brown tweed sport coat and a most flamboyant tie, you thought of Tyrone Power as a Marine, not as a movie star; you thought of him as a pilot landing medical supplies in an area where the atomic bomb had landed not so long before. It occurred to me that by the time he got to Quantico the Marines from boot camp had probably forgotten he had ever been a movie star. It occurred



Saipan days—when Ty was with Air Control

MARINE

to me that probably Ty Power had forgotten it too.

I said, "My brother Thorny wrote me once that you had kind of a rough time in boot camp."

Ty's dark brown eyes twinkled at me. He said mildly, "Everybody has a rough time at boot camp."

"But you had it rougher," I said.

"In a way," Ty Power said with a chuckle. "They made me do everything twice. They never believed me the first time."

The way he said it I could see the top kick not quite believing his eyes when Marine boot Power without a murmur sweated it out the hard way, but in the end, paying him the highest compliment known to the Corps: "That guy Power—he's a *Marine*."

From the big chair where he lounged easily, Ty broke into my thoughts. He said gently, "I felt bad about Thorny. I knew him awfully



"The top moment of my life was when I saw Annabella on the dock," says Ty

It took Tyrone Power to live this story.

It took this gifted writer to tell it

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

RETURN OF THE MARINE



Sun, snow and skis for Ty and Annabella's happy vacation in Montreal

well. In the Marine Corps they do everything by the alphabet and my name began with a P and Rogers' began with an R and there weren't any Quackenbushes in our outfit, so we were always in the same group. Until he made Aviation and Intelligence and went to Quonsit and I went to Corpus Christi for my flying, we were together all the time. I lost three close friends—and Thorny was one of them. I wish he had come back."

I wished he had come back, too. He was one of the finest brothers any woman ever had. I said, "He would be so pleased to know—"

We didn't say anything for a minute. What I had meant to say was that I knew how pleased Thorny would be that Ty Power had appeared at my front door soon after he got back to say, "I'm sorry about that. He was a great guy." It was a tribute and an act of kindness my brother would have appreciated—does appreciate, perhaps. Those who went over in this war must always be glad to know their comrades do not forget them.

As I watched Ty's young face, I thought—he is one of the men who really suffered in this war, he has too much imagination not to, he would see the smiling mask put on over fear, he would break his heart over the incredible bright courage of a boy in pain, he never got really

impersonal over Saipan and Okinawa. Setting his transport down between artillery bursts, landing aid of all kinds on airfields where bombs were still falling, he would always have known those fighting were men and his brothers. Some pilots could shut out the little things—the way a boy fell with one young hand outstretched, the faces of men going in to take a beach—but Ty Power wouldn't be able to shut them out. He would have to go ahead knowing all of it.

That must have hurt. Yet he had come back to us all stronger and, in an odd way, gayer and more charming and more in love with life than ever.

ANNABELLA, his beautiful French wife, had said to me, "You will find Tyrone changed." (She pronounces it Teerrrone and she never calls him Ty.)

"For the better?" I had said.

She had looked at me seriously for a moment, her enormous, dark brown eyes in strange and lovely contrast to her gold hair. Then she had nodded. "Oh yes—for the better. You will see."

I was seeing.

Perhaps he read my thoughts, for he said suddenly in a warm voice, "I never knew it would be so good to be home. We were too busy out there to think as much about home

as perhaps you at home figured we did. It was another life. One life had stopped and you had crossed into another that was war. You lived with other men, you lived in ways you would never have thought possible, you had a job to do and it took everything you had to do it, all your thought and energy and time. But that moment when I saw Annabella standing on the dock in Seattle—well—" He stopped, he laughed a little, wanting to explain, yet a little embarrassed as young men always are in telling of a deep emotion. "Well—that was it. It was the top moment I've ever lived when I stood there at the rail and saw her waiting for me and knew it was over and I was back in one piece and my other life would begin again. It was as though once you'd died and gone to hell and then you'd come back and there was an angel holding open the door of a heaven you'd ceased to believe existed at all."

He waited a moment and then said, "That was a great life, too, that other life—and what got you through it in spite of hell was the other guys. Once you've seen what men can be—men—once you've seen how brave and decent and unselfish they can be in the damndest spots you can imagine—it makes you love humanity because it can rise to those heights. But—getting home—you know I always thought Annabella was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. But when I saw her there on the dock—I tell you that was something! And the thing is—when I looked around at the other guys—I knew they were thinking the same thing about the women that were waiting for them."

The way he said it made me, for the first time, feel sorry for the women who hadn't waited. They missed something.

"Now you're home," I said, "and pretty soon you'll be back at work."

"Yes," he said, and hesitated a little.

"They've got a great set-up for you," I said.

Over at Twentieth Century-Fox, Mr. Darryl Zanuck, the man who made "Wilson," which I think is still my favorite motion picture, had been getting ready for Tyrone Power's return for some time. No young star in the history of the motion-picture industry ever had such a break. "The Razor's Edge," that incredibly deep and beautiful novel by Somerset Maugham, who had been so pleased when they cast Tyrone Power as *Larry* that he had consented to come out and work on the script himself—Tom Costain's best-selling romance of "The Black Rose"—and the dynamic adventure thriller, "Captain from Castile." That was a lineup (Continued on page 113)

Lana Turner



Carpenter

Violets for Lana, star of "The Postman Always Rings Twice"



Jeanne, starred in "Centennial Summer," is an avid reader

RUNAWAY BRIDE



COVER GIRL

WHEN Jeanne Crain ran away from home on Christmas Eve and seemingly disappeared, she actually went only about fifteen miles away to the Marshall Kester ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

The choice of her hiding place was typical both of her romanticism and her good breeding. A giddier girl might well have stayed at the Brinkman household, which would have meant, although Paul's parents were there, mean-minded people whispering about her. A less romantic girl might have registered at some hotel.

Jeanne, however, chose wisely. She had originally met Paul at the Kesters'. They were Paul's friends, and henceforth, his friends were to be her friends. In the Kester household, she could see Paul exactly as she had seen him in her mother's home, well chaperoned but in an atmosphere which was domestic and informal.

Although she was hardly twenty, Jeanne knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted marriage with the man she loved, and she would do nothing that might throw the slightest cloud upon that marriage. When she had said to her mother on parting, "It was fate that Paul and I met. It is fate that we shall marry. You lived your life. I've got a right to live mine," she had spoken her truest beliefs.

Possibly, Jeanne would have conceded that her original meeting with Paul, and the immediate flash of attraction between them, was accidental, but when they had passed one another in the traffic, and when next they bumped into one another at the Farmer's Market, Jeanne regarded it as Divine intervention. Her faith in Di-

This was her choice—this was the way
Jeanne knew it must be—to take
the hard road to happiness

BY RUTH WATERBURY

vine guidance is so strong that she is completely fearless and beyond worry.

For instance, once on location at Laguna, where she and a photographer had driven for some picture taking, she lost the keys to the car in a big open, grassy field. The photographer was immediately frantic.

Jeanne was not. She moved away from him quietly and stood for a few moments with her head bowed in prayer to St. Anthony. Then raising her head and smiling, she walked swiftly across the field, turned slightly right, stopped and quickly stooped down. When she stood up again, she had the keys in her hand.

This very faith made her believe in the rightness of her love, once it had come to her. The fact that Paul was a Catholic strengthened her decision and even though, by the time she was settled at the Kesters', it was Christmas day, she sought out a priest, after attending the earliest mass, and asked for his help. And right there again, she got what was to her Divine aid.

For ordinarily, under the laws of the Catholic Church, those desiring to be wed must wait three weeks—or for the passing of three Sundays, at least, on which occasions the bans are read. But Jeanne and Paul went straight to the Bishop and secured a special dispensation, allowing them to be married without the usual bans being read. They were then able to be married Monday, the last day of 1945.

In every other respect, however, the week between December twenty-fourth and January first was very trying on all concerned. The distracted Mrs. Crain kept calling Paul but he would not talk to her. Neither would his parents. She called all Jeanne's girl friends but none of (Continued on page 121)



Honeymoon happiness in a dream house—Jeanne and Paul

Corner

You think of fairy dust and
dreams when June talks of
her home with "my husband"

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

Color Pictures by Fink



The "tough" guy took a wife—June, of "The Sailor Takes a Wife"



Cornered—by June. Dick's in "Cornered"

on Happiness

IF June Allyson Powell opened the door of her charming Brentwood home to admit you clad in skeleton leaves and with her hand covered with fairy dust, there would be nothing startling about it. For more than a touch of *Peter Pan* clings to this girl who is one of Hollywood's foremost stars. She is a wife filled with a sense of wonder at her happiness, a woman filled with a sense of high adventure as she assumes the duties of her first home. She brings a clear-eyed candor and wisdom to her problems and yet you are sure, as you talk to her, that she will never, never be that humdrum thing, completely grown up.

Somehow you know that, although she hastens to tell you she has been married only "seven months day before yesterday," she will always refer to Dick Powell softly as "my husband" at every opportunity, for the choice of phrase comes, not from its novelty, but because that is the way she thinks of him. And that when she speaks to him she will always call him "Richard."

"He calls me 'wife' or sometimes 'buzzard,' but I'm not much good at nicknames. Old-fashioned, I guess." She adds ruefully that being old-fashioned can sometimes get her into trouble. As when she told Dick shortly after their marriage that she believed every good wife should run her own house. He agreed and now she is running hers. "By the trial and error method," she grins. "I'm in the 'error'

Dick catches her before she orders any more bread or wood



June's dressing room in her first "own home"



Their ironclad rule helps keep them smiling



They were thrown out of their hotel, lived on a yacht, moved into their house before it was ready



Husband cooperation: Dick lends a hand in cleaning patio furniture

CORNER ON HAPPINESS

stage right now, I'm afraid."

For this is literally her first house. She does not remember ever living in a house before and the thousand and one responsibilities that rest on a housewife's shoulders amaze her.

"I have enough bread in this house right now for an army," she said. "I ordered four loaves every delivery from the bakery man and it turns out he delivers every other day. I've simply got to catch him and make him stop. And yesterday I bought a cord of wood. It looks so marvelous stacked up in the wood shed so high," and she flung her arms to the ceiling, "and I got so entranced with the idea of all the fires we could have that I wanted to know immediately when he delivered again. He said anytime I needed him, so I told him every Saturday would suit us! Thank goodness Richard is so patient! He seems to get a kick out of it."

She had a little trouble with the cleaning. She, personally, wished to send her husband's suits to the cleaner. She told the driver firmly that she wanted them back the next evening. He looked so startled she relented a little and added that the morning would do, or whatever time the following day suited him. She chuckled gleefully. "Where you been, lady?" she mimicked the driver. "If you see these suits again in two weeks you'll be lucky."



Richard rates this proof of June's appreciation

She has enough pigs to supply plenty of ham—it's a hobby



But I'm learning," she added triumphantly.

Her most heart-breaking experience to date was the first dinner she cooked for her husband. She had been wanting to try her hand in the kitchen and finally the big day came. She wasn't working and the house-keeper was off. Steak, baked potatoes, Brussels sprouts, a salad, a bakery cake seemed simple and good man food. She started dinner about 2:30. She had read somewhere that potatoes went in first so she duly started these while she prepared everything else and arrayed herself in a charming dirndl, "like brides in the movies," she says. When Richard came home she had the fire blazing, she settled him in his big chair with his slippers, his cigarettes, and a book, although there was no light as yet for him to read by, "but it made it look light," she pointed out, and she tossed on the steak.

When she served dinner the steak had curled at the edges and would have broken the jaw of a strong man, the potatoes were raw, and the Brussels sprouts whimsically enough were either hard as marbles or like mush. Her eyes get wistful and sweet as she says, "And Richard thought the best thing to do was make a joke of it. So he tossed the potatoes in the air and said, 'What do we care about food?' and I started to laugh but they made such a thud when they hit the chair (Continued on page 117)

Orange juice for breakfast, of course, from their own tree



It's like this to be
Mrs. Gregory Peck



Both dogs are tolerant, especially Perry, who believes in humoring humans—in this case Greg of “Duel in the Sun”

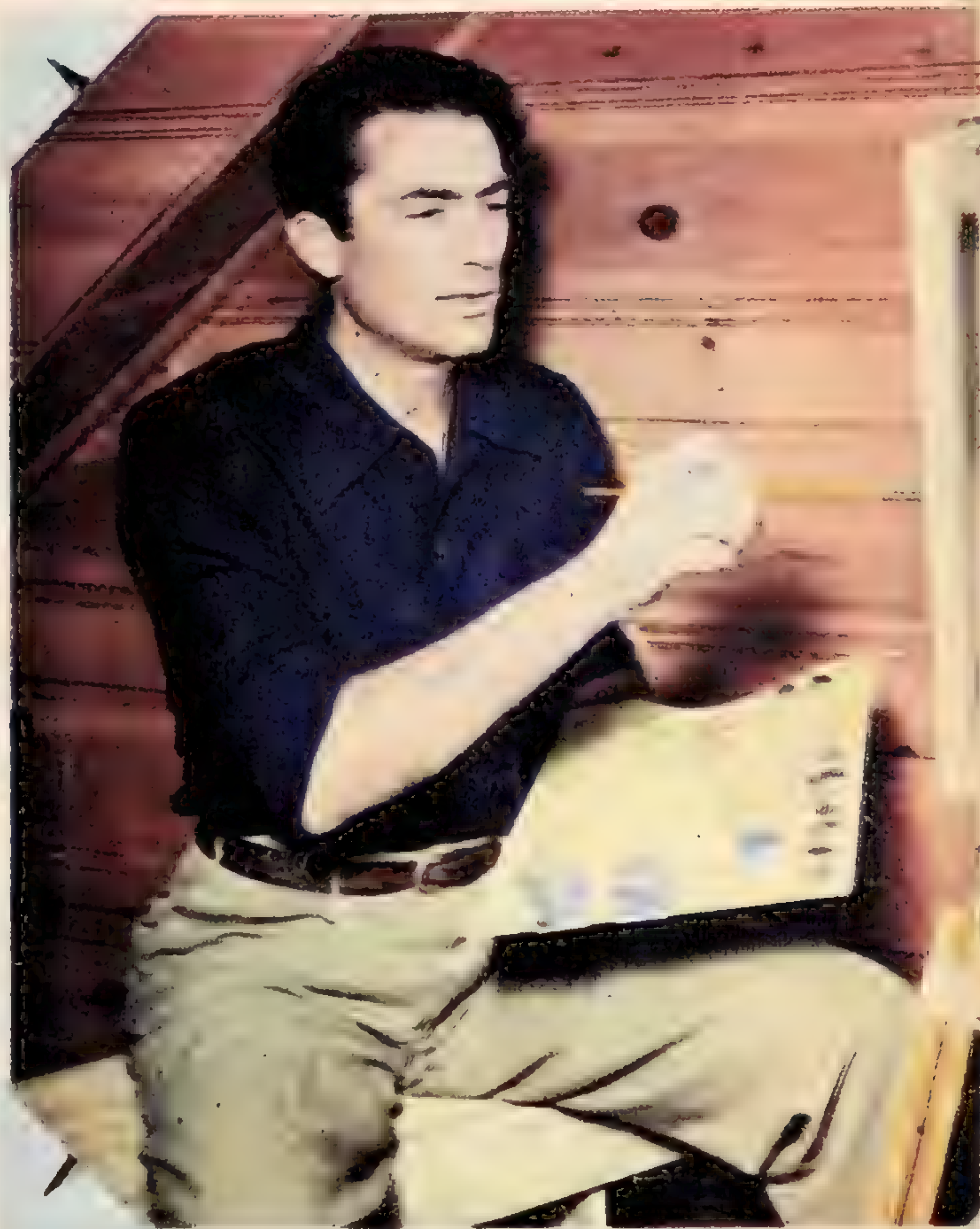


Family portrait: Jonathan, Greg and Greta, Finland's contribution

BY GRETA PECK

Color pictures by Fink

It's a merry-go-round of
romance, a blissful state of con-
tent. It's all the fun of a lifetime



Greta and Greg like to sketch—they have twin easels

WHEN you live with a person it's not always easy to describe what he's like. All those little personal characteristics become too familiar to be recalled one by one.

I remember a quarrel Greg and I had one time. It was a silly little spat that came up over nothing. Both of us have quick tempers and an argument can get going a mile a minute even before we know what it's all about. We make up quickly, too—usually whoever feels the guiltiest does the making up.

This particular time, however, we went around for a couple of days not speaking and feeling like wretches. Even so, I wasn't going to make the overtures. Not me, my pride was hurt. I stayed that way until the second night, when Greg came home and went right up to my room. When I went up later there was the new camel's hair coat I'd once mentioned I'd like to have hanging over a chair—with a scarf in my favorite colors sticking out of the pocket, and a big bottle of Chanel 22 standing on my dressing table.

I ran to him—crying—asking myself, "How can you be mad at a man like that?" Now, when someone asks "What's it like—being Mrs. Gregory Peck?" I think back to that quarrel.

Being Greg's wife, I know, is the same as being any woman who's lucky enough to be married to her favorite

man in all the world. He never wants to comb his hair—and he has a bad habit of leaving his clothes around until you pick them up in self-defense. He makes dates for us and forgets to tell me about them. He's glum sometimes—and good for a million laughs the rest of the time. He's hard working, and straight thinking—and hates to admit it when he's wrong. But what's most important, he can admit *I* am wrong and keep on loving me!

The first time I saw him, backstage in Philadelphia, I sneaked a look at the call-board to see who he was. Gregory Peck—hmm, he certainly picked a fine stage name for himself, I thought—but somehow it seemed to fit him. I never knew it was his own until I met his parents some months later—and found out he wasn't a full-blooded Indian as he'd told me the first time I went out with him.

About that first date of ours—we went to the Merry-go-Round Bar in Boston and there's a little story he likes to tell about pretending to be a palm reader so he could hold my hand! He got away with it. I've always hated to spoil his illusions, but who do you suppose *started* the conversation about palm reading?

For Christmas this year, he gave me a bracelet made to resemble a gold belt, with a buckle of diamonds, and for my birthday he gave me (Continued on page 94)

DREAMBOAT

Put on your prettiest face for here's your invitation to step out



Florence Pritchett, beautiful reporter, and Pete Lawford



For a master with the menu—your man is Walter Pidgeon



Get a lot of sleep before you take off with Bill Eythe

HAVE you ever asked yourself if it's all caviar and champagne when you date a movie star? Do you glide across star-dusted dance floors as he sings softly into your ear? Is the world transformed into a place of moonlight, orchids and distant violins because you happen to be out with a man who earns his living playing in pictures?

I can't answer for all celluloid dreamboat dates but I can tell of several—of Van Johnson, happy as a bird dog, and of his way with a kiss; of Helmut Dantine with a bit of Bogart and a dash of Boyer; of Bob Walker, who is no stumbling, uncertain *Hargrove* when he picks you up in his snazzy beige Lincoln Continental; of Peter Lawford who manages to out-flirt the best of them and still be flatteringly attentive to his lady of the evening.

But to get down to individual cases:

Van of the smile and the disarming enthusiasm is a versatile companion. Tonight you may be doing a mean rumba at one of the local night spots, but tomorrow night will undoubtedly be spent in the balcony of a movie house. Actually, you are likely to find yourself spending many an evening in the movies, if you spend any time with Van. He is movie mad and about three nights a week you'll drive in his modest Ford convertible over Culver City way where he has all the old pictures starring the "greats" of yesteryear shown. Parties given so constantly in Hollywood are seldom attended by this "boyishly boyish" boy. His work means too much to him, so during the week he retires early.

Whatever you do, don't wear your hair up. One of his pet antipathies are coiffures that look as if they took four days at hard labor to prepare. Be chic and well dressed but keep it not too studied looking. Van runs around dressed in a very casual manner (Yale boys call it "studied carelessness"), so keep your costume simple.

Sharpen your wits and sense of humor for you're going to have the life kidded out of you. The evening will be a gay one, perhaps not making too much sense, but fun withal. He has one quality that will impress you no end: The ability to never forget a name or a face. This comes from long training in good manners and consideration, a most singular quality among young men who have zoomed to the top. However, you'll have a lot of trouble deciding just what goes on with young Johnson. His actual personality and character is as elusive as quicksilver—first you have it, then you don't. Despite the elusiveness, the one thing that will come out very definitely is, "He's a nice guy."

As to Van's kissing technique . . . Imagine the patio of the Bel-Air Hotel filled with golden sunlight and the perfume of the bougainvillea in which bees are humming. Heavy hurried foot-

DATE BOOK

with Hollywood's main man attractions

BY FLORENCE PRITCHETT

steps run across the stone floor. Van, spying you, waves gaily and calls, "Hi, there, how are you? What're you doing? How have you been? When are you going back to New York?"

You answer (at least, I did), "In about five minutes I have to leave for the plane. Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?"

Sliding to a stop he does a ninety degree turn.

"Sure!" he yells. In the same second he bends down and, with one swift motion, implants a great big gentle kiss upon your too hastily prepared mouth. And by the time the beautiful fog lifts he is charging off, turning only to wave and grin again.

IMAGINE! Your next date is with none other than the devastating Dantine. Nighttime is beginning to slip quietly over the California hills and people are scurrying in and out of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Waiting patiently in your room wondering whether or not he will be late, you add pretty-ing touches to your appearance, for this is your night with a fascinating foreign gentleman.

The phone rings and Helmut, as usual, is right on time. He will bow low over your hand when he greets you. Then he will grin at you, showing magnificent teeth. Out the two of you go, climb into a slightly battered chartreuse Buick convertible and you're off!

Helmut is the perfect host or companion for an evening, the type all women adore. He makes his date feel extra special, like pie a la mode. He orders anything you want and commands the attention of the waiters with a well-bred nonchalance. Tweedy and yet smooth, foreign and still American, he loves sitting in intimate Russian places listening to gypsy violin music.

Facing you so-o attentively when you speak, he is a past master at appearing to be interested in anything and everything you say. Dancing is a favorite pastime of Helmut's and his voice with its intriguing accent speaks softly into your ear while you waltz around. You will be held in a firm, close, cheek-to-cheek grip. When the evening is over, you'll be escorted politely home by way of a drive around the Hollywood hills, with Mr. Dantine looking scholarly (in an interesting way) in his horn-rimmed specs.

The *pièce de résistance* comes the next morning, if you're as lucky as I was, when he sends you red roses in thanks for a lovely evening. He's a charmer, this Dantine, for everything he does is the height of good taste, yet across all of this is spread a cloak of naughtiness embroidered with oomph.

Next you are off with an actor who loves fifty-seven varieties of dates, Bob Walker. This young man who stumbles mentally and physically in his roles of *Hargrove*, (Continued on page 125)



Florence Pritchett finds Van "happy as a bird dog"



Get set with Bob Walker for fifty-seven varieties of dates



"Really?" is your answer when it's weighty, witty Welles



Her horse is white with big black splotches—her garb western



Betty and Harry look over the

If you **RANCH GUEST**

A once-a-week treat for its owners;



Perfect pause before a canter—for the Jameses



HOUSE-GUESTING with Betty Grable and Harry James could mean an impressive session at their sumptuous farmhouse in fashionable Coldwater Canyon, with a view as expensive as it is expansive, where you'd have a lovely, lavish time in a correctly "movie star" household.

But if you're lucky you'll draw one of those exclusive bids to the Grable-James ranch—and have the time of your life with two of Hollywood's very swellest people!

The small white ranch house, which Betty and Harry wouldn't trade for any mansion they've ever owned, is set in the midst of sixty-some acres in the sparsely settled district of Calabasas, California—thirty miles from the studio as a station wagon flies, which makes it strictly a once-a-week treat for its owners. The holiday has a late beginning, because unlike other working gals, a screen queen works all day Saturday. For this reason, Betty rushes ranchward straight from the studio. You won't need



sixty-some acres of the Baby J



Star of "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," on paint pony

Color pictures by Schoenbaum

were the OF BETTY GRABLE

a never-to-be-forgotten weekend for you

a road map, however—you're getting a lift out from gay, slim-ish "Mom," Lillian Grable. And riding along with you, making it a very short trip, is that extremely entertaining cherub who gurgles to the name of Vicki.

Land-marking the road to The Baby J is a sleepy little store, hitching-post out front, wooden porch festooned with Mexican gourds and peppers. You couldn't miss it if you tried, because sitting on their horses, gulping cold pop like country kids, is a welcoming committee of two. Your host and hostess, after an old rancho custom, have ridden out to meet you.

Despite their rural surroundings, Mr. and Mrs. James on horseback are still a spectacularly photogenic couple. Their paint ponies could be twins—except that they aren't. Betty's mount is white with great, shiny splotches of black; Harry's steed is black with large splotches of white. If anything could make them handsomer, it's the hand-tooled black saddles with trim and bridles of sterling

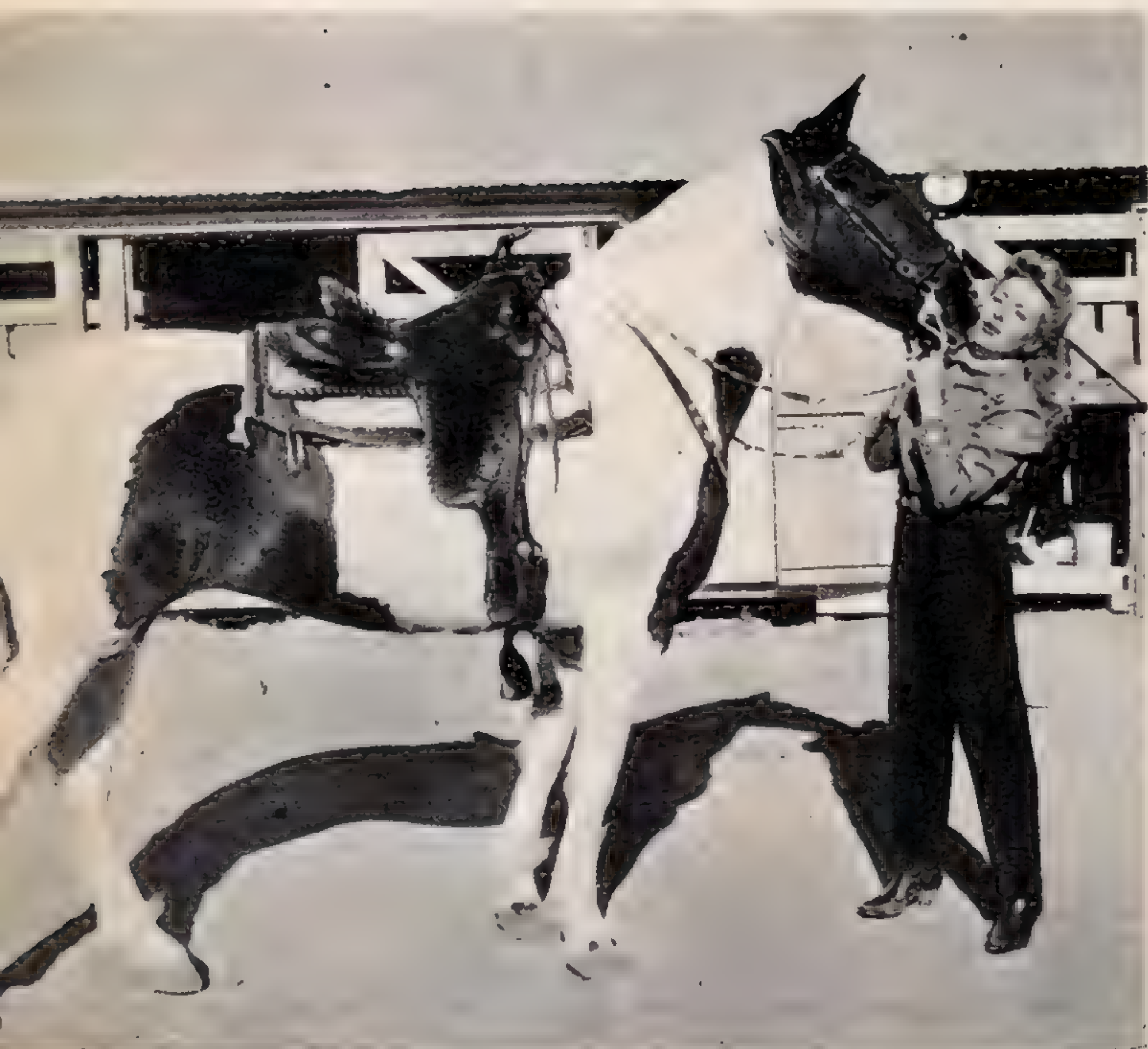
BY
DOROTHY
DEERE

Vicki James is a
contented young
lady. Thinks it's
fun to dress up
in western garb



If you were the
RANCH GUEST OF BETTY GRABLE

**Mommie approves so Vicki's
 going to have a special ride
 with dad, Harry James, whose
 next is "Do You Love Me?"**



An understanding moment between Betty and her horse



Their horses are not twins—there's a difference in color scheme



The mistress of the rancho hates to leave for work Monday morn



Vicki is a happy little replica of mother Betty Grable—has her dad's easy-going disposition

silver. Western riding shirts of red and gray, and black riding pants, and under Betty's big black sombrero her cheeks are pink with exercise and pleasure. You're thinking of the various Grables you have seen—in plumes and sequins and pin-up costumes—and wondering if, maybe, this one isn't the prettiest of all. . . .

Baby Vicki isn't suffering from any such mental confusion—she's spotted Mama and Daddy almost before you did and is uttering squeals of delight. "Up?"—with her arms out-stretched—brings the usual results.

Harry rides close to the car, lifts her out the window and into his saddle. It's a happy cavalcade that makes the last miles to the Baby J—the paint ponies leading the way, Vicki gleefully clutched in Daddy's arm and Betty wheeling back to shout information into the car window now and then.

"Here it is—" she calls, with a sweeping gesture as her own acreage begins, "Isn't it wonderful?"

She's absolutely right. No hypocritical, duded-up pretense at a ranch is this, but a swelling stretch of

fresh-green fields, ripe for grazing and growing. As you near the gates you see the corrals, twenty steel-wire-fenced exercise pens for the racing and riding stock the Baby J will raise. The stables and operational buildings spread clean and white, but very business like.

"These were all here when we bought—" calls Betty. "Weren't we lucky—imagine trying to buy the fencing for those corrals now—"

THERE is a small caretaker's house close to the gate, occupied for the present by Pop Grable, who is ranch manager. A quarter-mile farther, and scarcely larger, is the ranch house proper—a square-set cottage with a prim porch, its windows temporarily gilded now by the setting sun. Tall pepper trees stand protectively around to give shade when needed, and a small, square lawn is separated from the road by cornerstones of rock.

"Look at this one," says Pop Grable, who has hurried up to shake hands as you (Continued on page 106)

Johnny Coy



That toe-inspiring Johnny

Coy who's up when he's down

and downright colossal

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

He thinks **on his feet**



WHEN Johnny's down—he's up! When he's licked, he's about to win. When he's finished, he's starting. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the Story of Coy. It is also his philosophy of life, at the age of twenty-five. "When you're at the bottom, you can't go any place but to the top," says he emphatically. And he's proved it.

Right now he is rocking the country in his latest picture, "Ladies' Man"—after rousing the country in "Bring on the Girls," "Duffy's Tavern," "You Hit the Spot," "That's the Spirit," and "On Stage Everybody." He did it all with his dancing feet. Oh, maybe he was helped by his square grin, his blue eyes, his crisp brown hair, and his lightning-like body, which is five-feet-nine-inches of jet-propulsion speed. But most of all, it was his dancing feet—and the way he thinks while he's dancing on them!

Look in on him a scant six months ago, for instance, when he was facing a minor catastrophe—which he tackled like his major ones. Right at this moment, he was standing in his kitchen in his new Hollywood apartment. It was a shambles. Around him lay bits of sandpaper, dried buckets of paint, stiffened brushes—he had (in the shortage of help) painted his own kitchen with painstaking care. Then he made a horrible discovery: He had used water paint, entirely wrong for a kitchen—and an impossible kind to paint

over! Equally painstakingly, he was now sandpapering off his mistake.

In this crisis he did what all hoofers do while they think. He danced a few tentative tap steps among the sandpaper and the paint buckets—and instantly, like magic, came the answer to his problem. He rushed, tapping gently the while, to the telephone. There, while he soft-shoed in one spot, he called all his pals, beginning with Bill Eythe and ending with Virginia Welles, Buff Cobb, Robert Walker, Bonita Granville, Sonny Tufts and Diana Lynn.

"Come over tonight to my new joint—to a Slack Party!" said he.

"What's a Slack Party?" said they.

"Come and see," sang Johnny into the phone.

They all accepted. Then Johnny rushed out to the nearest department store. There he purchased a dozen slack suits, in all sizes and colors—but equally inexpensive.

When his guests arrived that night, he forced slack suits on them, and quickly followed the suits with paintbrushes—and the crowd went to work on Johnny Coy's apartment!

What's more, they had fun. They organized thoroughly enough to satisfy Walter Reuther himself. Of course, they all relaxed at decent intervals. But by the end of the evening, the (Continued on page 101)



To
Maureen O'Hara

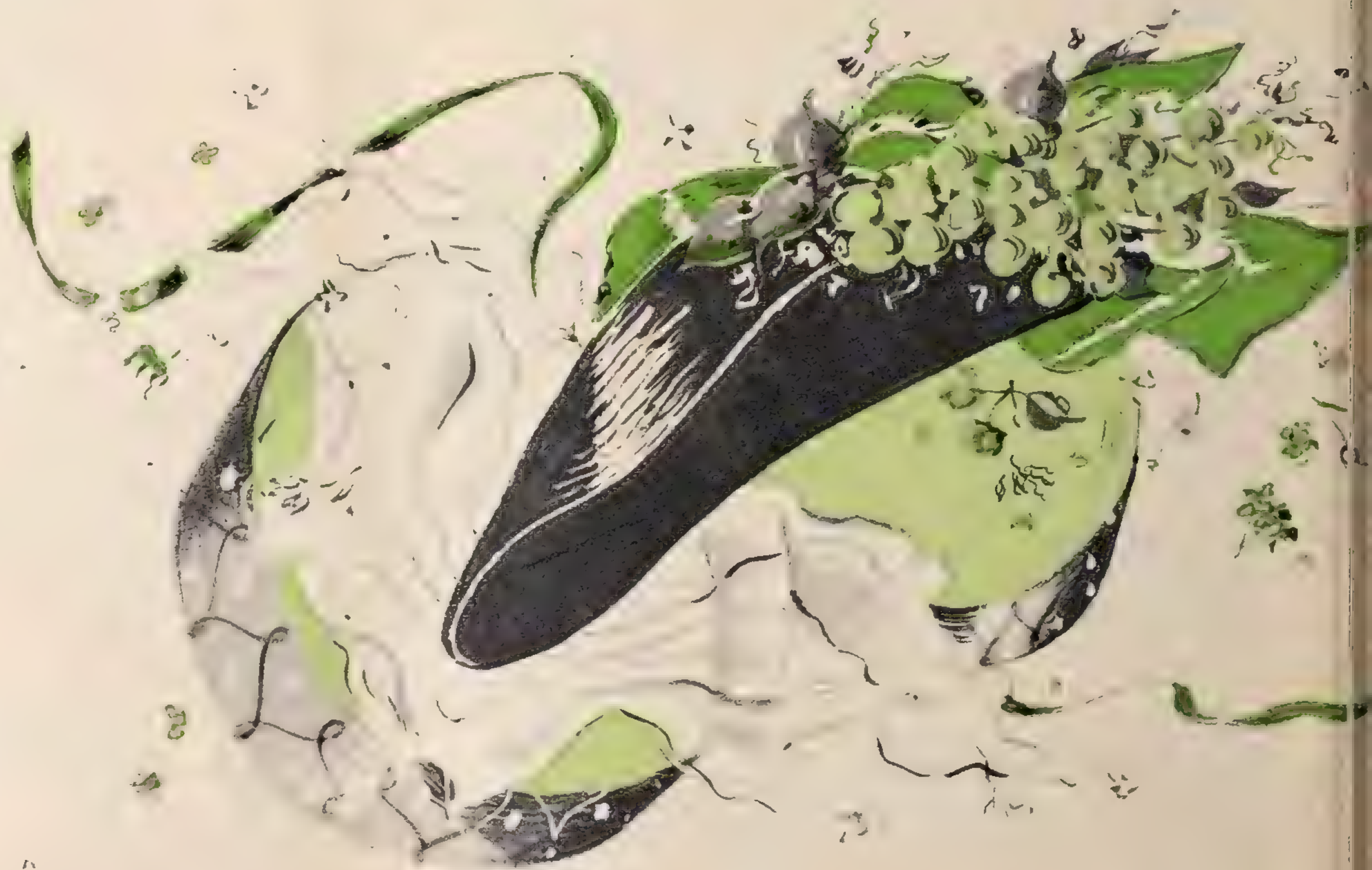
*For beauty with a Celtic flare,
For drama with an accent rare,
A hat enchanting—inspiration
Of female dreams and male flirtation!*

SONNETS ON

Salute to spring in not-so-strict rhyme and

To *Gene Tierney*

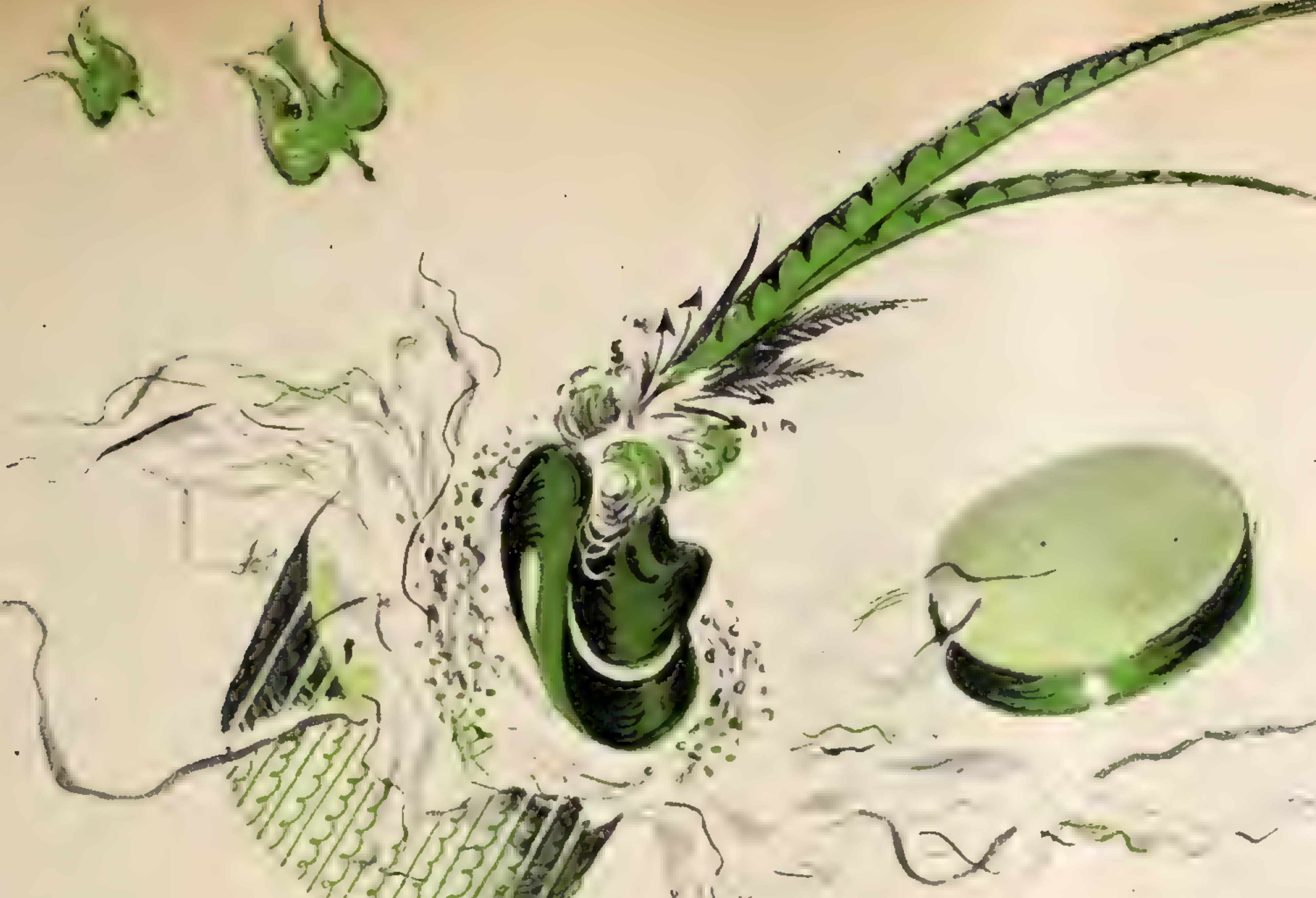
*The subtlety of artful glance,
The sorcery of skilled romance;
For this—a wisely simple air,
A knowing nod to savoir-faire.*



To *Bette Davis*

*Mind of keenness, Eve symbolic
Of progress tuned to modern logic;
For her a Chinese headnote smart,
Sage emblem of an ancient art.*





*To Ingrid
Bergman*

*Al fresco fairness, candid air,
A touch of whimsy, talent rare;
Her hat—the Tyrol's bid for fame,
The feather—cue to Circe's game!*

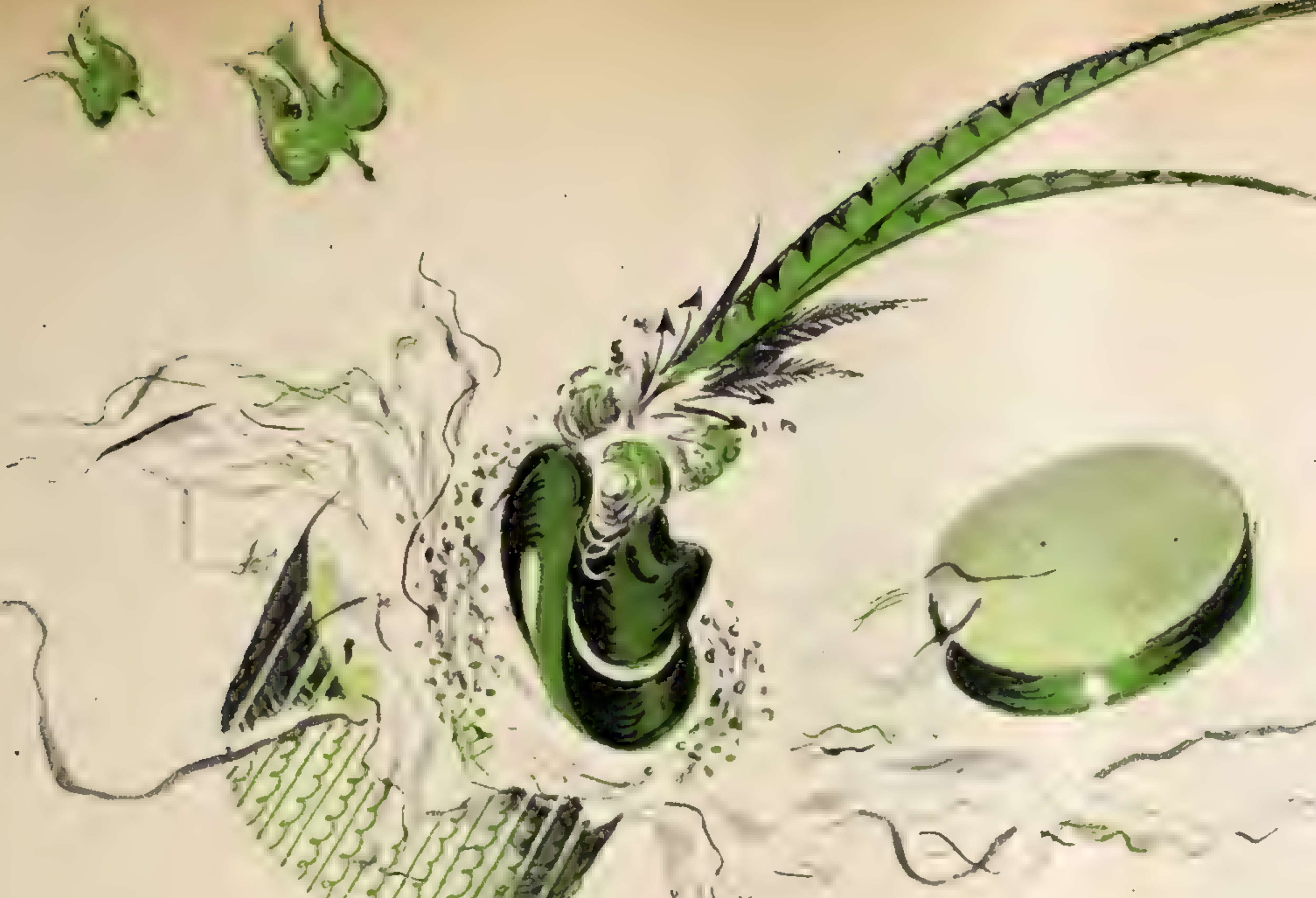
BONNETS

ribbons to six fair femmes on Easter Day



To Joan Crawford

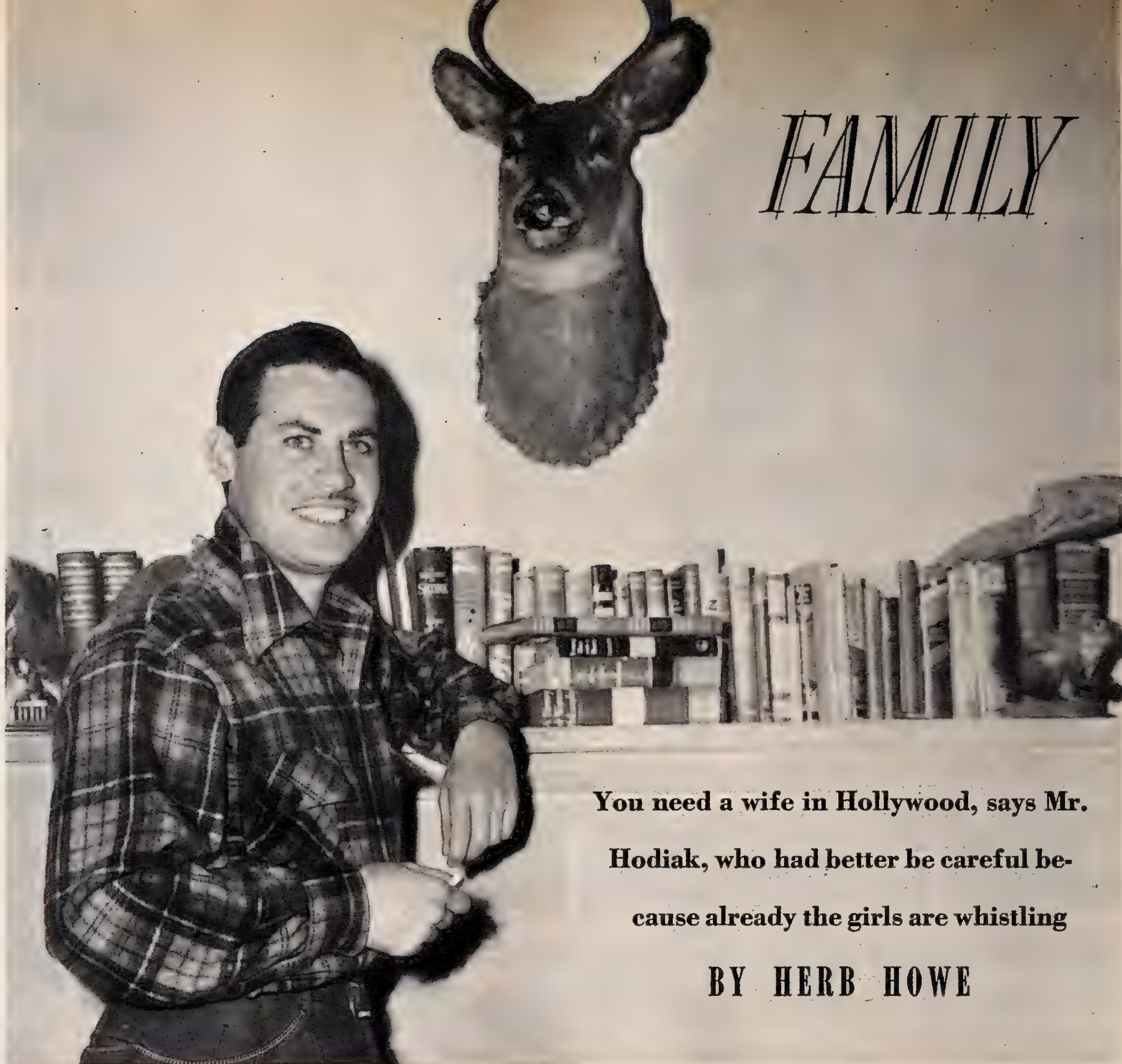
*Classic beauty, brilliant chic,
Possessor of a charm unique;
Hers is a hat of gay temptation—
Poised picture of sophistication.*



To Sonja Henie

*Miniature of piquant grace,
Dimpled Nordic, fair of face;
Beribboned bonnet, joy in bloom,
The grace-note of an Easter tune.*

FAMILY



You need a wife in Hollywood, says Mr. Hodiak, who had better be careful because already the girls are whistling

BY HERB HOWE

John Hodiak, starred in "Somewhere in the Night"



Even the hens feel it—and swarm. John with his dad on their ranch

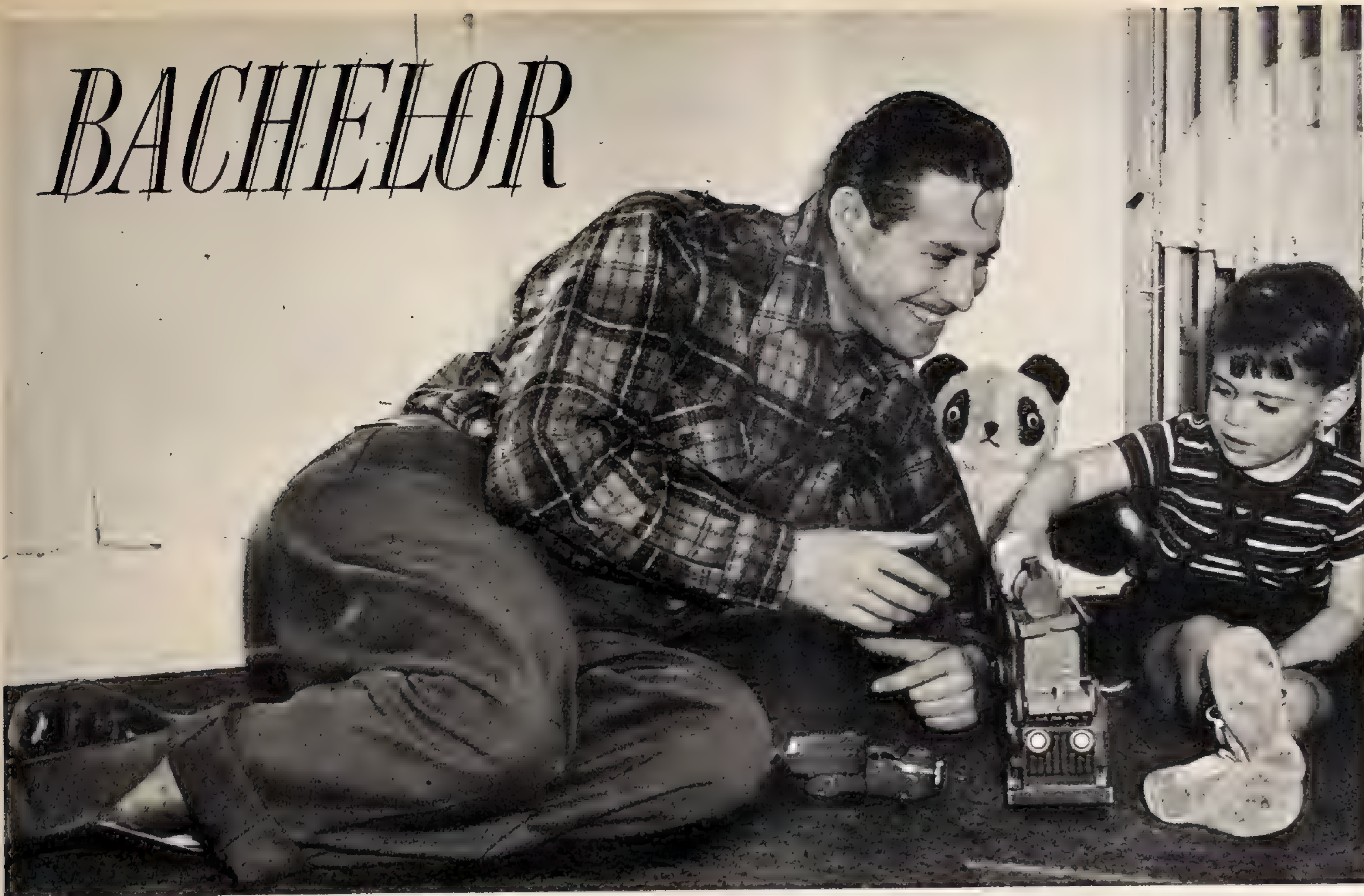
HOLLYWOOD is no place for a bachelor," said bachelor John Hodiak moodily.

From the standpoint of male morale this is the most shattering statement to come out of Hollywood and a great big lie if there ever was one.

Tall, tawny-eyed like a lion, his hair the same hue as the jungle king's mane but better combed, of course, endowed with the baritone of Ukrainian choir-singing ancestors and the blood of Cossacks, no doubt, Mr. Hodiak is that woman-wilting combination of strength plus gentleness. The tiger grip and the tender heart, you know. Women are too confused to define precisely his catalytic effect. One says he arouses the maternal. Another says the filial. "By me he arouses," says a third, "the connubial." It is plain he arouses.

Mr. Hodiak does not complain of dearth of opportunities for fraternization in Hollywood. On the contrary. A lone wolf on the Hollywood steppes is pursued by sleighs of baying babes. But before he would ever admit a thing like that, modest Mr. Hodiak would walk to the nearest guillotine and

BACHELOR



Toy time: John, of "Time for Two," gets a big kick out of playing with his little nephew Richard

He's the woman-wilting combination of strength plus gentleness. Here the woodpile gets benefit of the strength



see his handsome Slavonic head roll in the gutter.

Particularly unnerving to a reticent romantic such as J. Hodiak is the side-show exposure. Ordinary love birds may sit on a bench in the dark merging heart beats and bubble gum with no interference, but let a pair of movie pigeons alight anywhere and sirens sound, searchlights wave, photographers appear in explosions and the old bagpipes start skirling Lohengrin before the guy knows the gal's name or her papa's aim.

Most revolting to honest "Lifeboat" Hodiak is the custom of simulating *la grande passion* for purpose of being named in the scuttlebut news. Sometimes an ambitious player arranges this for himself, often a studio inspires it, or a pal may suggest Mr. Hodiak could do a little girl a good publicity turn by plying her with Prince Romanoff's hamburgers in front of a lens.

"Please," says Mr. Hodiak, gently burning. "Don't suggest it."

Definitely this is not his way of woo. Nevertheless he has been seen, as the scuttlebut stylists put it, with Miss Anne Baxter,

His Polish mother who took hard times with courage



and the bags have been piping hot notes. Twenty-four, lustrous and patrician, Miss B. is the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, who besides designing his own nest and that quake-proof Tokyo hotel, is the most famous American architect next to Chic Sale.

It was observing Mr. Hodiak gallantly paying for Miss Baxter's cokes two Saturday nights running that set the village matchmakers to cackling.

"If you go with the same girl twice you are engaged," said Mr. Hodiak. "If you go with two, you are a wolf."

The way his lip tightens when he says wolf you can tell Mister Hodiak is a one-girl type and doesn't run the gamut from A to Z but only from A to Baxter.

Inadvisable to ask him fresh questions. The golden sunshine in those orbs can turn to steel-rod gray and he is said to punch faster than you can say Hamtramck—the place where he grew up six feet spouting Russian in Russian drama in knee pants.

Master John was not born in Hamtramck. He arrived there at eight from Pittsburgh where he was

born at an earlier age. His mother is Polish, his father Ukrainian. They came to this country forty years ago in the manner of all our best American forbears, as immigrants. In Hamtramck, a Detroit suburb of 60,000 industrial workers, they found a parish of Poles, Ukrainians, Russians and variegated Slavs, hard-working, church-going, socially exuberant salt of the earth, devoted to pinochle, robustious song and husky prancing to accordion and fiddle. A wedding feast lasted three days and Slavic New Year's, smartly advanced to January 14, allowed for an extra fortnight of celebration. John's father sang in the choir and acted in the parish plays, Ukrainian and Russian dramas. In one of these, in the role of a Russky orphan, occurred the world premiere of our own little Master John. There was no ovation, but Johnny nobly carried on without popular demand. He became so good by the time he reached high school that, acting in English plays, he won a drama scholarship to Northwestern University. This he could not (Continued on page 75)



Better times than when he and sister Anne were Richard's age



Richard's turn to listen while Uncle John reads nursery rhymes

FAMILY BACHELOR



With brother-in-law Nick on the ranch John bought for his parents—San Fernando-way



Handyman Hodiak checks the motor. He spends weekends on the ranch, lives in town weekdays



Saturday-night rummy session—all in the family. John, his mother and dad and his cousin, Mary Hodiak, concentrate while Nick does the kibitzing

MY WASHINGTON

The White House and Mount Vernon,

souvenirs and a white fur coat—

for the enchanted journey of Elizabeth

Dear Diary —

TODAY'S the day that we left for the White

House! This morning we got up very early, and we were rushing around throwing things into our suitcases when my girl friend, Ann Westmore (She's Wally's daughter. He's the one who stays married. To the same wife, I mean.), who lives across the street from me, came over to say goodbye just before she went to school. We go through the whole routine—you know—parting is such sweet sorrow and we put on enough ham and corn to feed the entire nation—but it's lots of fun. And just before she left, she very ceremoniously gave me my going-away present—four bobby pins. Love that girl!

Pretty soon after she left, Edwina, Ann's mother, came over with our real going-away presents. A darling pair of those elastic panties in pale blue satin for me, a box of candy for the train and a beautiful-smelling bottle of perfume for Mummie. Wasn't that super of them? Just then the car came and we kissed Edwina goodbye. Mother, Daddy and I got into the car and drove down to the station. Howard, my brother, couldn't go with us because he had to go to school, poor boy. We smothered Daddy with hugs and kisses and frantically waved goodbye to him as our train pulled out.

We walked down the corridor carrying a great big lunch basket, looking like two refugees. After we got settled in our bedroom, we tried to watch the scenery out the train window. Finally we resolved to read instead. Mummie had the porter make the bed up and we curled up cozily on top of it in our dressing gowns and I had a wonderful time reading two horse books.

Then we opened up our big basket. The cook had packed a wonderful picnic lunch for us—fried chicken and everything that goes with it. We nibbled on chicken and potato chips, got crumbs in the bed, got sleepy, took a nap, woke up, ate some more, read some more and now here it is time for bed.

Oh, I just love to travel on trains! Especially at nighttime in the upper berth. It swings you to sleep.

Goodnight. . . .

January 4, 1946

DEAR DIARY: This morning we slept until twelve o'clock and I was so hungry, but they had quit serving breakfast. The rest of our chicken had spoiled—

how bad—too sad. So we had to get dressed for lunch, and it didn't seem quite right having meat and potatoes just after getting up, so we compromised and had mushroom omelets and little sausages, and toast and jam. I was so full I felt I didn't ever want to see food again for years—silly girl!

Then I got to thinking about the White House. I'm certainly glad that Irene, the designer at M-G-M Studios, chose my black velvet dress. You see we couldn't decide on the dress that I would wear to the President's house. I wanted to wear the black velvet, my grown-upiest one. Mummie wanted me to wear my black velvet Tyrolean outfit with the white long-sleeved blouse. Daddy wanted me to wear my red velvet suit. And Howard liked my pale blue cashmere dress with the crystal beads. So we decided to let Irene choose. And she chose *my* favorite. Mummie thinks I inveigled her into choosing it, but I really didn't. I think it will look pretty with my beautiful new white fur coat and muff and my black suede pumps. I'll get to wear Mummie's black gloves, I hope.

We read some more, ate some more and now to bed. Well, I guess that's all.

Goodnight again. . . .

January 5, 1946

DEAR DIARY: This morning we got up at the crack of dawn. I crawled down and got into bed with Mummie. After we were fully awake, I pulled up the window shade to find snow on the ground! The first I'd seen since leaving England. All the rivers were frozen and it was pouring rain.

We got to Chicago at one o'clock and Warren Slee (M-G-M's man in Chicago) met us. He was so nice. He asked us what we wanted to do, and since you can't do very much in two hours—we caught the three-ten train, had a good dinner and now to bed early. I'm so excited.

See you tomorrow—in Washington!

January 6, 1946

DEAR DIARY: I'm so thrilled and happy and excited. This is the most beautiful city that I have ever seen. I simply love it! But first I had better start with this morning.

As Fate would have it—the train was an hour and a

DIARY

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Elizabeth Taylor is in "Hold High the Torch"



Dear Diary: Mummy warned me not to take off my shoes in the White House. Course, I forgot and did—and giggled

half late. I was having conniptions! And when we finally did get there I felt as if butterflies were dancing or horses prancing inside my tummy. That's the only way I can express my feeling of excitement. But it wasn't such a bad feeling. In fact, I rather liked it.

Well anyway . . . we got off safely with all our luggage and Hank Shields, M-G-M's Washington man, met us there. We had some pictures taken and Mr. Shields took us over to the Shoreham Hotel, which is perfectly beautiful. Its grounds are so pretty with cherry trees and rolling lawns covered with reddy-brown leaves and our suite of rooms has the nicest view. We can see all the Shoreham grounds and the park, which is practically next door, the suite is super de luxe, and the food—um-m-m-m.

Mr. Shields said he thought it would be nice if we could go over to the Children's Hospital and meet little Joey Justh, who has been in an iron lung for over fifteen months, and all the other children who are recovering

from infantile paralysis, so I put on my blue wool dress with the beads and my white fur coat.

When we got there, the nurse said we could go in and see little Joe. He's only eight years old. We went into his room and there he was lying in a big iron lung. I talked with him and gave him one of my books on horses. I have never in my whole life seen anything like little Joe. He is so brave and wonderful. There was a little smile on his lips all the time he looked up at me. And in between the wheezing and sighing of the lung he would murmur a word of gratitude. The nurses said that in all the time he has been there, never once has he complained. And you could see that very courage in his little face. It made my eyes fill up with tears, but I stood back and wiped them away so he wouldn't see me. It made me realize how needed those dimes are. I just wish everyone could have seen little Joe, then I know the March of Dimes would be bigger and better than ever before. (Continued on page 77)



Alan Ladd,
starred in "The Blue Dahlia"

I GRITTED my teeth. If that guy says another word about the clothes I'm wearing!

It was my first month working for the National Cash Register Company in Hollywood and the sales manager had a definite mania that no well-dressed salesman would appear in anything but a navy blue suit. I always pretended I didn't get the idea. I had one decent suit to my name, a brown sport jacket and slacks. My sales record's okay, I told myself, what difference does it make what I wear?

Oh-oh! As I fingered my first monthly check I saw the sales manager closing in on me with that navy-blue-suit look in his eye, "Alan, now that you have your salary—Alan, wait a minute!"

I beat it out of there in double-quick time. Lord, if I have to dress the way he tells me! In twenty-four hours I'd signed up at the Ben Bard School of Acting. What I considered the sales manager's mulish attitude about clothes changed my whole life.

The laugh is that in my screen work I still can't wear whatever I feel like—the type of part determines the costume.

THE *24 Hours*

That changed my life

Janet Blair,
in "Tars and Spars"



WHEN I was all of sixteen I couldn't decide whether to go to college or music school. Should I study for opera? Or would it better to choose another career?

These thoughts went with me to a dance at which Hal Kemp was playing. He had been in town four years before when I was a moppet of twelve and, in a fatherly way, had praised me for studying music.

In fact, he had said, "Maybe someday you'll sing with me, little Janie."

So, gathering all my courage I went up to Hal and reminded him of the old promise. He looked me over and—what did he have to lose? In my home town the folks would feel obligated to applaud a little.

But they applauded a lot. So much, in fact, all my uncertainty disappeared.

My career as a band singer, which led to my screen contract, then and there was under way—all because years before Hal had patted me on the head and said, "Study hard, kiddy."

“STEAK or chops, Miss?” There was no reason why that question from the grinning black waiter on the dining car should have rendered me speechless.

No, no reason at all. Except that I’d never been out of Los Angeles in my life before and there was I, a girl of fourteen, on the train bound for my first big swimming meet at Phoenix, Arizona, being sent there by the Los Angeles Athletic Club which was paying my expenses. The possibility that I might disappoint the club by losing the match and the responsibility of spending other people’s money nearly killed me. Every item on the menu seemed fantastically expensive.

Before this time I had always swam for fun. I wished I was home splashing around in the ocean, carefree!

In twenty-four hours my outlook had changed. I’d won the match. I found success meant more to me than I ever had dreamed. I knew how much depended on success and now swimming no longer was a hobby with me, but a career.

On the trip home I didn’t dread the approach of the waiter with the menu. I had learned to accept responsibility—and enjoy it.



Esther Williams,
star of “The Hoodlum Saint”

Talking of the times

a night and day turned the fate

trick for these four

filmdom philosophers

Keenan Wynn,
soon to be seen in “Easy to Wed”

IN all my life I’ve never had as much excitement as I ran into—literally—in a recent twenty-four hours.

I was on my motorcycle, returning from breakfast with friends, anxious to finish decorating a crib for the new baby my wife was bringing home from the hospital, when it happened.

Crash! Smash! Crack-up! I was carted off to the hospital and they tell me things were pretty desperate for awhile, that it was touch-and-go whether I’d pull through. . . .

There was, of course, much consternation and telephoning. My wife had to be notified, worse luck, for she was in no condition for any such shock. I, unconscious, naturally didn’t know what went on.

When I finally recovered, the baby was ensconced in our house. That changed my life plenty!

Also, I don’t ride motorcycles any more. Studio orders!



"My Hollywood Friends..."

Butch, best man at my wedding and

the kind of a guy who

lets you take off your

shoes in the parlor"

BY SUSAN PETERS



They first met in a Coast Guard Reception Center—in time to say goodbye

IT WOULD require an entire series of articles to chronicle all the gay times I've had with "Butch." (Butch is Cesar Romero's Hollywood cognomen and he will henceforth be referred to as such.)

My friendship with Butch was born of war. We met the day he entered the service and our entire association, until recently, was set in strange scenes, among new faces—and mostly on borrowed time. There were no planned parties, no movies made together, no Hollywood activity for a pivot point. Our fun was improvised from scratch and our friendship grew out of a melting pot. Because it did, I know him more thoroughly than might have been possible in an everyday world and I'm very glad. He's such a wonderful guy.

All we had for a starter was a goodbye. Place: The U. S. Coast Guard Reception Center at Long Beach, California. Time: 9:00 A.M., June 10, 1943. Reason: My fiance Richard Quine (now my husband) was reporting for active duty and I was seeing him off. I was seated in a dreary little waiting room while Dick checked in—and I had been there for a couple of hours. I was not happy. All morning I had been watching mothers, wives and sweethearts bid their loved ones tearful goodbyes—and I had not been free of a tear or two myself. Most of you know exactly how I felt. I was



The Coast Guard congratulates the Coast Guard on the marriage. Cesar Romero and Dick Quine went through boot camp together. Cesar, out of the Coast Guard, is in "Carnival in Costa Rica"

miserable, worried and already lonesome.

Then I saw Butch. I'm sure I startled him, for I almost kissed him! I introduced myself to an obligato of tears and asked him to please take care of Dick for me. Now it certainly must be disconcerting to a man on his way to boot camp to have a ward thrust upon him! Especially when the ward in question is six feet three inches, weighs 195, and looks perfectly capable of taking care of himself! But Butch took it like a father with eleven kids making it an even dozen. He smiled and said sure he would. I guess he knew what I meant.

When train time came, we were old friends—the three of us—and Susie had two sailors to worry about instead of one.

The boys had been in boot camp about a month when I decided to pay the two old salts a surprise visit. Their station was at Alameda, California, just across the bay from San Francisco. I contacted Warrant Officer L. D. White, explained my plan and he very graciously invited me to the Saturday review as his guest.

The band was playing, flags were flying, and some 500 Coast Guardsmen were Hup-2-3-4'ing, to the right flank harrch, for the base officers when I arrived on the parade grounds. It was all very exciting and I was duly excited, but spotting two particular (Continued on page 71)



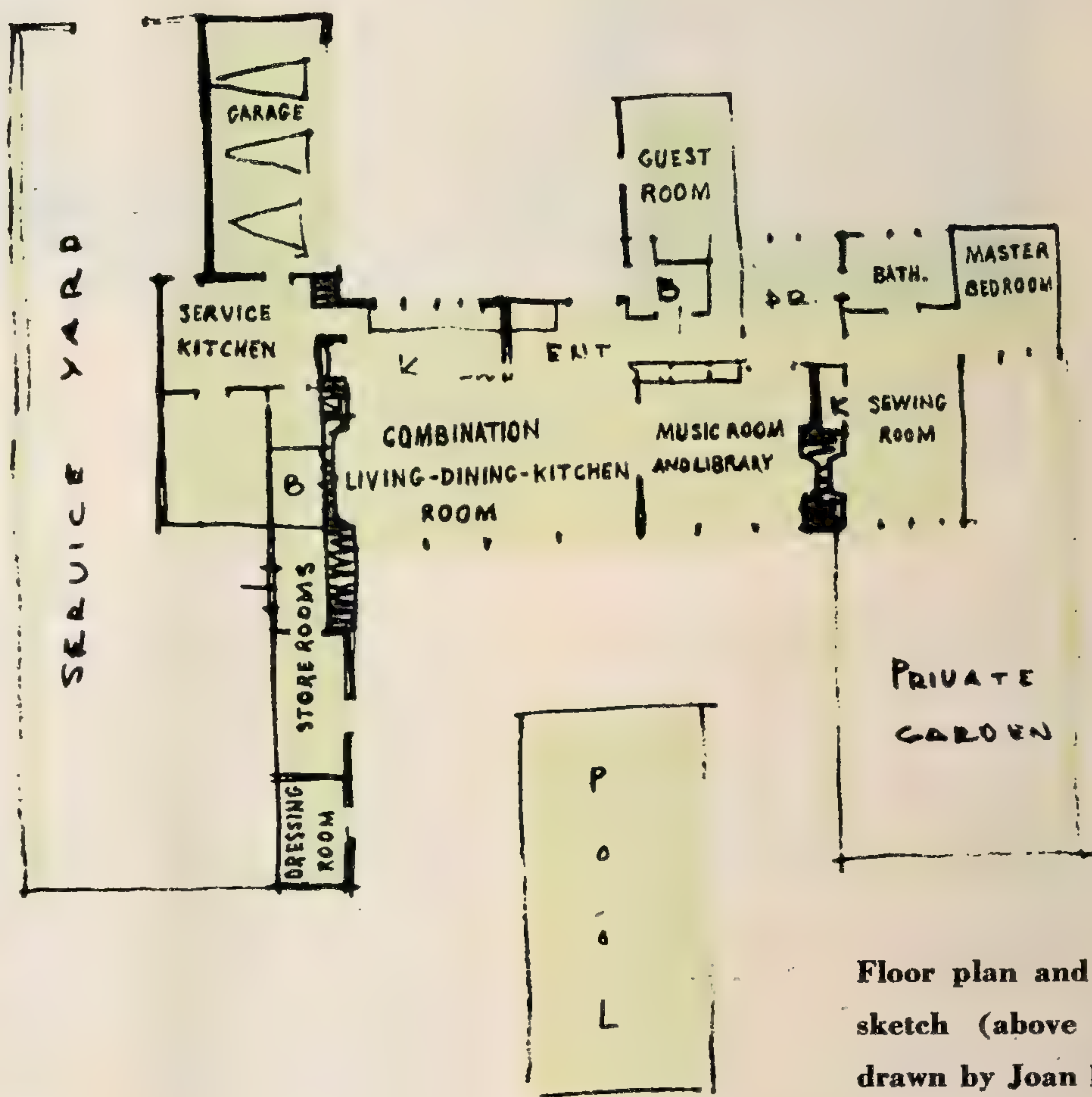
It's a cargo net he's making—with the familiar fascinating smile

Come Into The Kitchen.

BY JOAN FONTAINE

In which this bachelor girl's dream house points

the way to a new design for happiness



Floor plan and house sketch (above right) drawn by Joan herself

Joan Fontaine of "From This Day Forward"

THE day is over when women sit and expect to be waited on. And I, for one, am convinced that any female who does is going to do just one thing—sit. I might add—alone!

We still shall have glamour, never fear. We'll have it right down to the last Eve. (And a new word for it, I hope.) But the new glamour, I think, will be *active* and competent and vigorous. It will do its stuff in the kitchen instead of in the drawing room or the boudoir.

All of which explains why I plan the kitchen as *the* room in the bachelor girl's house I'm going to build sometime this year in Bel-Air, California.

"Come in, darlings, come right into the kitchen! Dinner in a jiffy!" That's what I shall be saying soon to my guests, irrespective of who they may be. Whether they are home-folks like my mother, or the young man of the moment, or my friends. And they'll love it!

I have lived the life of a bachelor career girl long

enough to have found out that my friends enjoy dining home with me. Men especially like it. They *adore* doing a whole chicken on a rotary barbecue. And there are few who do not think they are the best steak broilers alive. Matter of fact, most of the men I know—and all of the men I like best—enjoy sharing household things.

It will be neither too functional nor too Louis XIV, my kitchen. Constructed of light woods and glass brick to give the illusion of being made of light and air, it will be furnished with the comforts that are solid. Sofas. I shall have sofas in it, two or three, done in washable denim slip-covers, bright blue, terra cotta, or possibly yellow. Chairs, too. Plenty of chairs. Big swallowy ones. For nothing will be more of an anachronism in Tomorrow's house than a kitchen in which you cannot cat nap, read, relax, or romance and dance.

There will be a radio in my kitchen, or a connection with my Capehart so that I can play the classical music

Darling



It'll be a one-story house—each room will invite in the outdoors

I love while I cook. There will be shelves for the books I am reading at the moment, for when stirring a *Hollandaise*, or a tedious *peu de creme*, thank heavens for a book! There will be a place for my knitting, shelves for games and a lovely pine floor for dancing.

However, while I will play down the porcelain and chromium in the interests of coziness there still will be, of course, all of the gadgets . . .



The new Eve will spend an eve with her man of the moment thus

electric rotary barbecue, a huge charcoal broiler, the flames of which will paint the kitchen with wild warm lights. . . .

We might as well plan our kitchens so they are comfortable and attractive, since there is every indication that this is where we'll spend a good portion of our time, every last one of us. I thank heaven every day of my life that I can cook and sew and scrub a floor, that I can wash and dry dishes and market and keep a budget with the best of them. I thank heaven for the domestic science course I took in high school and for the general housework I did ("living in," too, mind you!) in order to earn my living when I was in my teens. Also for the nurse's aide course, which taught me to use my head to save my feet.

IT WILL be simple, my house . . . a one-story job, built of redwood, which doesn't need painting, doesn't have termites and is beautiful. In addition to the kitchen it will have a bed-sitting room featuring very large wardrobes. Closets for golf, tennis and riding gear. Closets for magazines. All kinds of closets to swallow my

possessions whole, leaving no clutter behind for someone—guess who?—to pick up. There will be a library sitting room semi-convertible, thanks to many windows, doors, sliding walls and disappearing ceilings, to the out-of-doors. For each room in the house, kitchen included, will be planned to invite the outdoors in.

Since ornaments require care, there will be few of them in my house. Because silver takes polishing, no silver. For linens, those plastic things that do not need laundering. And very few of even these since I, for one, am an advocate of the bare board. My glasses will be beautiful, colorful, but inexpensive so any breakage will be merely of glass, not of heart or of purse. For china, I shall use the lovely open-stock California pottery, earthenware, which can be broken with one hand and replaced, readily and reasonably, with the other. And I shall ask the sunrises and sunsets, the hills and palms and acacia to do duty as drapes.

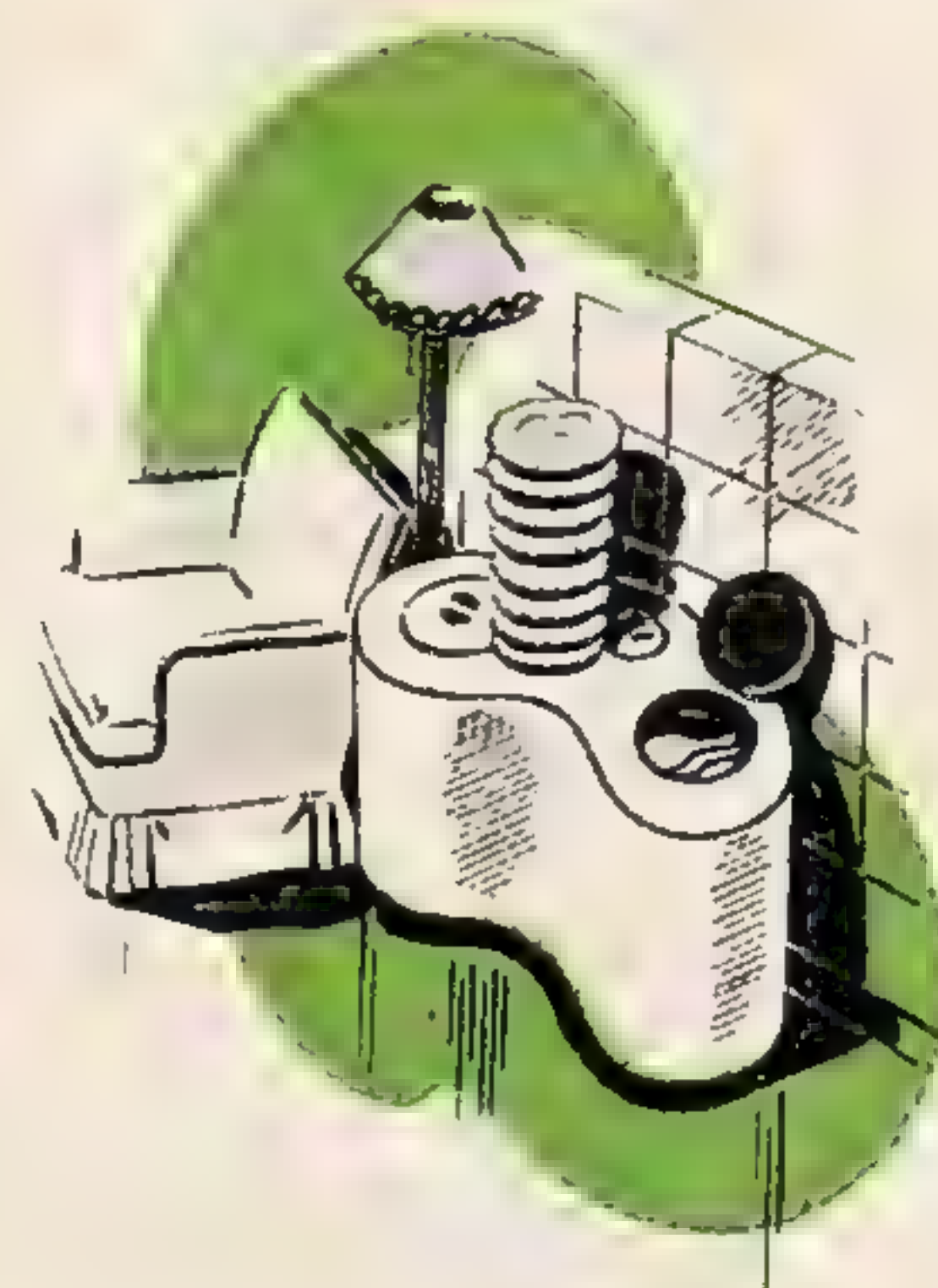
As the basic plans for my house indicate, I have no plans to be married. Actually, I like living alone. I would no more give up my solitude and freedom—the warm glow I get when I open my own front door and shut it behind me thinking, thank heavens, I'm alone—than I would give up the food I cook and eat, the air I breathe.

Besides, no man could stand anyone so everlastingly efficient as I am for more than twenty-four hours. I want children. I'd like to have Junior doing his homework at the big table in the "fabulous" kitchen I shall build. But I have yet to find a man as attractive as a good, solid twenty-four hours' work on a picture you love. And until I do. . . .

Now, mind you, I can have (Continued on page 130)



Rhythm in the kitchen for this bachelor girl's guests



Deep freeze—to keep pies a year



Man from Mexico

Arturo de Cordova—moonlight south of the border

BY LUPTON WILKINSON



Arturo, star of "Masquerade in Mexico," has a friendly good-neighbor policy

THE man in the superb dark blue is Arturo de Cordova whose personal nuclear radiation from the screen has made North Of The Border as torrid as South Of The Border.

You notice at once about Arturo de Cordova his politeness—that's why he's sitting in the least comfortable chair, with the sun in his face. Then, all in a breath you note brown eyes that laugh, deep down, with joy of life, a smile that matches those lively eyes and a pair of shoulders that are comparable in all Hollywood only to Vic Mature's.

"You ask me," Arturo repeats, the twinkle in his eyes very deep and his expressive mouth pulling down humorously at the corners, "to compare the Latin-American and the North-American girl. Isn't there"—his voice is melodious—"some easier way of committing suicide?"

"Seriously," he continues, "there are vast differences in custom and culture in the two Americas. Both systems have their admirable points. I hope my little girls get the best of each. But the two traditions certainly are different.

"Perhaps," he grinned, "we might open this dangerous subject by reviewing my own courtship."

Born in Merida, State of Yucatan, Mexico, Arturo went to New York City at the age of seven, attended Public School No. 9, studied dairying in Switzerland, then returned to Merida to take up life there.

Almost at once he met, at the home of some friends, the beautiful and appealing Enna Arana. "It required three months," he recalls, "before her father would let me in the house."

During that time Arturo serenaded his beloved, with Miss Arana listening from behind closed blinds. He knew she was there, but until the third month she never spoke, then only a guarded word through the tight-drawn *jalousies*. Had she shown herself it would have been a breach of decorum so grave that a conservatively raised Mexican boy of good family might easily have decided she wasn't marriageable!

Friends of the two families finally persuaded Enna's father to let the young man pay his court in person. "I was engaged five years," Arturo says. "No, (Continued on page 98)



Discussing housing shortage with pup? Arturo's always on the move



Cosmopolite, outdoors. Latin men have great respect for their women



Arturo serenaded his wife three months before he could call



She's like "a dainty rogue in porcelain," with an adorable *jeune fille* look!

**ARTA FOLWELL
TO WED STEPHEN T. EARLY, JR.
EX-INFANTRY OFFICER**

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Arta Parvin Folwell, to Mr. Stephen Tyree Early, Jr., of Washington, D. C., formerly a Lieutenant in the Infantry.



MERCY STEEL—Arta helps sort and clean surgical instruments to be shipped to Europe. Since 1940 the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee has been sending supplies throughout the free world. Volunteer workers, like Arta, help collect, sort, and clean them before they are sent.

SHE'S *Engaged!* **SHE'S** *Lovely!* **SHE USES** *Pond's!*

IT WAS AT A PARTY in Atlanta that Arta and Stephen met, and it's easy to see why she danced into his heart.

Her hair is silk-spun, her eyes warm, friendly brown, her complexion pink-and-white and baby soft. "I use lots of Pond's Cold Cream on my face right along," she says. "It makes my skin feel really super."

Yes—she's *another* engaged girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's complexion! And *this* is how she cares for it:

Arta smooths snowy Pond's generously all over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second creaming of silky-soft Pond's, working it round her face with little circles of her cream-covered fingers. Tissues off again. "I



like to *cream double* each time—for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening," she says.

Pond's *your* face twice a day—as Arta does—*every morning* when you get up, *every night* at bedtime. In-between clean-ups, too! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big* luxury jar of Pond's Cold Cream *today!*



HER RING—a stunning diamond in a square setting.

**A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S
SOCIETY BEAUTIES**

*Thelma, Lady Furness
Miss Geraldine Spreckels
The Lady Moyra Forester
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Duchess de Richelieu*

WHAT

SHOULD

I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette Colbert, in "Tomorrow Is Forever"

*Photoplay Fashions
In Color
Start on Page 81*

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I did my war-waiting on the farm of my soldier husband's parents. They have a dairy herd of fifty cows, so in four years' time I took care of an ocean of milk and raised my own flock of chickens, ducks and turkeys, making fairly good money on them. I saved all this, thinking that when Bud came home we could have a place for ourselves.

But first, I told myself, we would get away from the farm for at least three months. Being cooped up for four years is terribly hard on a girl's outlook. I'm dying to get into the city or somewhere so that I can buy a few new clothes, listen to good orchestras, dance, dine at restaurants, see some shows.

But Bud, who spent many months in England, then in France, then in Germany, then was flown to Australia, then to India, says that he never wants to budge from the farm again. He and his father spend the day building new fences, planning bigger herds. In the evening, Bud settles in front of the fire to read or to doze. He doesn't even want to drive around the countryside to visit.

You may think I'm crazy, but honestly I feel like hopping on the train and getting away for a few weeks at least. If I did, I would be written off as a flibbertygibbet by Bud and his parents and I don't know what the consequences would be, but I've a mind to do it anyway. What do you think?

Mary Alice H.

Dear Mrs. H:

Both you and your husband are suffering from war nerves, although the manifestation has taken different forms. Because you have been held to one spot and one job for four years, you ache to escape; because your husband has been on the go under pressure for four years, he wants to subside. This is the reaction of most returned veterans.

Since you have been so brave and patient, don't you think you could hang on for a few more months? You will find, as others have, that after a short while, your husband's interest in seeing friends and places will return.

Also, you must remember that travel conditions are still critical, hotel accommodations are almost unobtainable, and one must stand in line to be seated in most good restaurants. Now is not the time for an extended holiday.

However, if you feel that you can't endure another week of being on the farm, can't you take a short motor trip to visit some relative or friend? This would serve as a refresher.

I have one additional suggestion to make. Sit down and write to the Chamber of Commerce of every city you hope one day to visit; ask them for literature about their industries, traditions and points of historic interest. Become, for the time being, an armchair voyager. You'll find that your trip, when you eventually make it, will be ten times as much fun because you are so well informed.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Having been away, working in a large city for over two years, I have returned to my home town to find tremendous changes, some of which I expected, due to the return of our boys from service. What I did not expect, however, was to learn what has taken place in the boys themselves whether they saw horrible action or not.

I am twenty, single, and have always maintained the high standards expected of a "good girl." Heretofore there has never been a single doubt in my mind that I represented the type of girl every fellow is proud to be with and wants eventually to marry. Now I am beginning to wonder.

After dating the same boys I practically grew up with, I find that since returning from service they are no longer interested in good, decent girls. My evenings on dates used to be spent in good clean fun, but are now spent in trying to reason with my escorts. I have finally resorted to spending lonely evenings at home, disgusted and in tears, and wondering if innocence has lost its value in the world.

I am sure that I do not give my escorts a false or misleading impression of myself for I have compared notes with many girl friends, only to find their predicament equal to mine.

Cora Lee H.

Dear Miss H:

As you have discovered, by comparing notes with your friends, your case is not unique. Your male contemporaries have been out to see the world; they have associated with types of men living according to standards that, no doubt, shocked your friends into silence when they were recruits. Now those same boys, upon returning to their home towns, feel that to establish their worldliness they must assume an attitude (if they don't really subscribe to it) of wolfishness.

So your problem boils down to a familiar quandary: How to handle a wolf with kid gloves. First (Continued on page 131)

RINGS BY WOOD
1850-1946
*Beloved by brides
for
almost a century*



"WITH THIS RING I THEE WED..."

There's a hush in the pews, throats tighten, eyes fill . . . as a strong young voice repeats the age-old words, and a shining circlet slips on a slender finger . . . for life.

For such a moment, such a memory, a man could choose no finer ring than an *Art-Carved* Ring by Wood—first name in engagement and wedding rings. Here are rings beloved by brides for almost a hundred years. Here are precious metals, brilliantly carved . . . here are diamonds chosen by experts steeped in quality traditions. Within every ring there's the proud mark "*Art-Carved*."* Look for it—at fine jewelers—let it be your guide to a ring she'll wear—with pride—for life. Diamond rings from \$75 to \$5,000. Wedding rings from \$9.

Art-carved Rings
by
WOOD

ENGAGED? Or about to be? Send for "The Bride's Silent Secretary," a book of wedding etiquette, marriage counsel. It's free—write J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Department P-3, 216 East 45th Street, New York 17, New York.

LOOK FOR *Art-carved** WITHIN THE RING



slightly
dangerous

it's sleek

it's smart



it's startling

it's the new nail polish color by

La Cross

nail polish manicure implements

Revealing MR. SINATRA

The temperament finds in the handwriting of The Voice



BY HELENE CARTWRIGHT

Nationally known graphologist

Sometimes he likes the
limelight—more often
he would like to run

Frank Sinatra

FRANK SINATRA'S handwriting interested me. I wondered what was beneath all the disturbance he is causing—making teen-age girls swoon and go without meals for many hours while entranced by his singing. Yes, even Washington received him favorably.

Some friends of mine introduced me to Frank Sinatra. He was very much relaxed, as it was a small gathering. I was the only person he didn't know. Someone mentioned that I was a professional graphologist. From then on all were anxious to hear about themselves. There didn't seem to be a way out so I read briefly for all present.

Frank Sinatra's writing was anything but the way I expected it to be. Judging him by his appearance and conversation, I expected an easy flowing script, indicating a person of rather even temper.

Instead, his letter formations are uneven, as seen in this specimen of his handwriting, showing mixed emotions. Sometimes he likes the limelight—more often he would like to run as far away from it as possible.

His large inflated capital, such as his F in Frank and his S in Sinatra, show much ego and arrogance. He is capable of being quite bold and brazen when aroused by opposing forces. Then again he can be quite meek—in fact there are times when he is actually shy and needs solitude.

There is a tremor in his script which shows tired nerves. He needs so very much to get away from it all and think things out more clearly at intervals. His writing, at the time he wrote a sample for me, showed a great deal of turmoil present; so many deep rooted thoughts that will probably never come to the public's attention.

His three-cornered Y's show argumentativeness. He will fight things out to a finish. His heavy bold script shows he can be very manly in asserting himself for what he thinks is right and honest. He is nobody's fool, possessing a strong will and plenty of aggressiveness which is shown in his heavy pressured long T bar in his name Sinatra.

After observing his handwriting, I couldn't help thinking how misunderstood he must be by many people—both by those he knows and his multitude of fans.

The little bobby-sox girls who only see glamour and get sort of a second-hand love interest and superficial thrill when listening to him croon, never realize that actually he is serious and often unhappy when he is alone with his thoughts.

My Hollywood Friends

(Continued from page 63) sailors in a sea of sailor suits is a job for the F.B.I. Finally the command came to pass in review. Not in A Company. Not in B Company. Now came C Company and all I can say is I was hysterical. My two Hollywood Joes hup-2ing-3ing-4ing, six inches in mud, looking so stern, so tough, and sooo tired. By gosh, they were platoon leaders and had to look more stern and tough than the next guy . . . and yell louder. As they passed the reviewing stand, they gave the command "Eyes Right." Well—Butch and Dick's eyes kept right on going when they spotted Susie, knee-deep in gold braid and scrambled eggs. Dick stumbled and almost fell. Butch broke up, started to laugh, tried to cover up by barking an order and it came out: "Glub ulp ha-ha harrch!"—which was rather confusing to his platoon.

In spite of me, C Company won the E pennant and the boys were so proud they didn't even berate me for perpetrating my plot on the parade.

During the months they were stationed there, I spent my time commuting between Hollywood and San Francisco. I practically went through boot camp myself . . . Butch and Dick's descriptions of obstacle courses, mess cook, guard duty, et al, were that vivid—and funny. When they had liberty, we went dancing—if their feet didn't hurt, ate in Chop Suey joints—if they weren't sick from a typhoid shot, but mostly we talked and talked and talked.

It was during those evenings I grew to know Butch well. I too had seen the dashing, suave Cesar Romero on the screen, dancing and romancing—and I thought he was super. But Butch is much more than that. Oh he dances divinely all right. He's dashing and suave and gay and charming, but he's deep, understanding, extremely intelligent, and ninety-nine per cent heart. He's comfortable to be with. You enjoy his company, and you can yawn, stretch, kick off your shoes and not worry about his thinking you're bored. He laughs a lot. He's one of the few people I've ever known that can laugh boisterously at a story or incident he's telling and make you laugh harder because of it. He's moody



Richard Quine, of "But Not Goodbye," watches Susan's gin rummy hand while she chats with Cesar "Butch" Romero



IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Ah, Spring! When birds are a-twitter . . . when the sap begins to run again (*no offense, Junior*) . . . and a fellow pops out of his cold weather covering like a butterfly from a cocoon!

Now's the time when harried mothers are more than ever grateful for Fels-Naptha Soap. With clean shirts in constant demand, it's a real relief to use this faster, gentler soap. . .

There's relief from endless hours in the laundry. Relief from ordinary washing wear on collars and cuffs. Not to mention relief from wear and tear on Mother's disposition.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Youth!
(*and from the ladies, in chorus*)
A-h-h-h, Fels-Naptha!



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

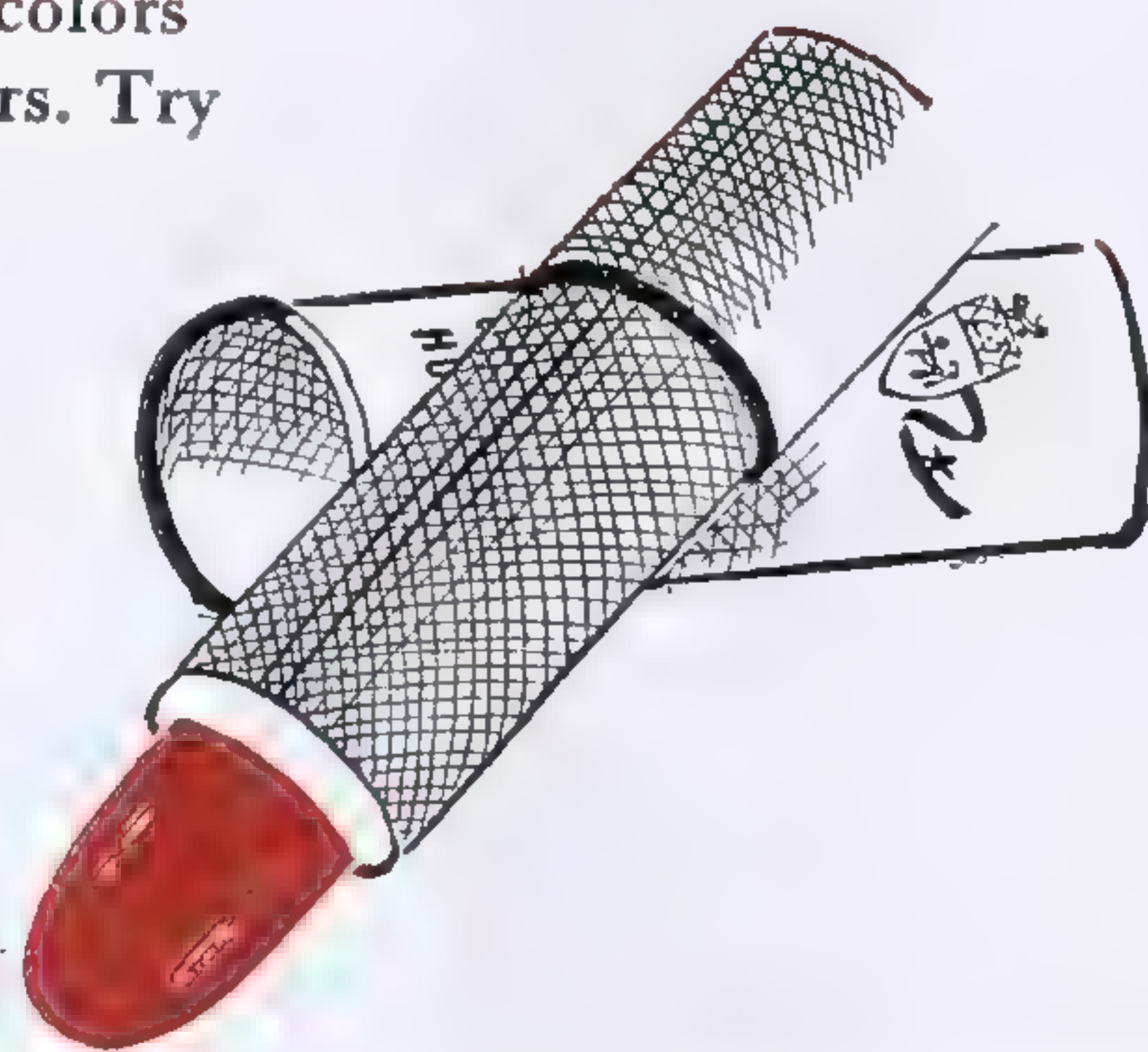
Seven Hollywood Reds

A group of seven exciting, lipstick colors created in Hollywood for the Hollywood stars. Try DANGER SIGNAL—the newest shade of these 7 Hollywood Reds!

Westmore Lipsticks

THERE IS NO LIPSTICK LIKE A WESTMORE LIPSTICK

Created in Hollywood, style center of the world, by Perc Westmore, the country's foremost make-up authority! Designed to give you exactly the lustrous, flattering lips you want. You will be delighted with the creamy texture, staying quality, and true, vivid reds of Westmore Lipsticks.



Gene Tierney
Starring in
"DRAGONWYCK"
A 20th Century Fox Picture



Bud Westmore, who, with his brothers Wally and Perc, comprise the world-famous trio of Hollywood make-up artists, creators of the popular Westmore lipstick, rouge, face powder, creams and Westmore's Overglo Make-up Foundation.

but doesn't inflict his blue moods on others. When he's tired or low, solitude is his companion—with the result that his spells are short lived.

Dick was very grateful for Butch and vice-versa. Service life goes down easier when you have a buddy to help you wash your dress blues. While they were stationed together, they did shows at hospitals and bases in the area on liberty nights. Their act was admittedly corny and on occasions I added my kernels to the cob. It was via these appearances that I realized just how popular Cesar Romero is with the public. He'd walk through a hospital ward and the men would chorus: "Hi, Cisco." They loved him. He was a real guy and they were all on the same wave length.

IN November of 1943, Dick and I were to be married. Dick and Cesar both got leaves and on the day Butch stood up with us. The Quines left on their honeymoon and upon returning to San Francisco, found a note at the hotel desk. The bugle had sounded for Butch. He had been assigned to a ship and was off to join her crew. He wished us all happiness and signed it: "God bless you both, Butch." We missed him very much.

His service career was a proud one. As a Bos'n's Mate aboard the Coast Guard transport U.S.S. Cavalier, he won the admiration of officers and crew alike, for he was a hard-working, conscientious fighting man. His ship took part in the invasions of Saipan and Tinian, going in on the first wave. They landed their troops and stood by under heavy fire to evacuate the wounded in one of the toughest and most vital engagements of the Pacific war.

Upon his return to the States, Butch toured the country, speaking at war plants, rallies, anywhere and everywhere—selling War Bonds and speeding up the job at hand.

It was in Chicago that we first met after his return. I heard him speak at a Bond rally. I have never been so moved by a speaker. With great sincerity and deep but controlled emotion, he gripped his audience and sent them away vitally aware of war's sadness—and the need of their doubled efforts.

Hearing Cesar that night made me feel not only his worth as a man but as an actor. No, he wasn't acting those words he spoke. They came from his heart, but the depth of feeling he displayed made me realize his potential value as a dramatic actor. In a previous article, I listed the qualities I believed to be imperative in making a great star. They are: Charm, grace, ability, personality—and a great heart. Cesar Romero has them all.

Butch was discharged from the U. S. Coast Guard, a chief petty officer. He had enlisted as an apprentice seaman and had earned every advancement the hard way. Now that he has returned to Twentieth Century-Fox, his career will resume as before . . . I hope, with something added. I'd like to see Butch given dramatic roles so that everyone may know the Cesar Romero I heard speak that night in Chicago.

Butch looks the same as when you last saw him: Six feet three inches, 190 pounds—maybe a little huskier. An occasional strand of silver in his black wavy hair adds a little extra—like ice cream on pie. His mustache could give lessons to most mustaches. His bearing is proud like a victorious toreador and his effect on the gals is much the same as that of the toreador on the bull. He's one of the most popular men in our community and ranks high on the list of eligible bachelors. I hope he'll fall in love with a terrific girl 'cause he'd make a wonderful husband . . . but if it does happen, I'll always doubt

that she's half good enough for him. He lives in a charming New England Colonial home with his mother, father and sister. They're lovely people . . . from an old and respected Spanish family. The house has its owner's personality. It's chuck full of comfort, informality, gay spirit—and dignity. Dignity is a long suit with Butch, but he gives it a new twist. He knows inherently when and where to be dignified. This dignity stuff can be a bore in the wrong hands, in that it borders on the "stuffed shirt" category. Butch could do a rumba in Macy's window—without a shirt—and still be dignified. If I could tell you why, I'd be very pleased with myself. It's just part of the charm that's Butch, and the dictionary doesn't explain it.

HIS friendship is more highly valued than most in Hollywood because once it's created, an atom bomb couldn't destroy it. His really close friends are members of long standing. In fact, they're all sitting back in comfortable repose by now. No one ever says, "I wonder what's happened to Butch? Haven't seen him in a long time." They get on the phone and buzz him often enough so that a "long time" never has time to happen. Or—just sit tight and in a tomorrow or two he'll drop in out of the blue and make you feel that he'd been there all the time.

I still haven't told why he sat between Dick and me at the theater; our long, long walk in the snow; the old, old ranch; our evening at the Chicago Hospitality House; gin rummy on the train (he plays a rotten game); Henry, the poor little sailor; the bearded lady—oh, a hundred things. Anyway, you can take it from me—they were fun.

War-time acquaintances usually wind up in different cities when the smoke clears away—and all you have left is a serial number. I'm luckier. I have Butch's phone number and he has mine—which reminds me of a gag that Butch, Dick and I used in our camp show split weeks. People were forever asking why Cesar never married, and this was the answer we gave 'em:

Dick: "Tell me, Butch, why is it you've never been married?"

Butch: "Why should I get married? I've got hundreds of dames, sitting at home, tearing their hair out, waiting for me to call them."

Me: "Then, why don't you call them?"

Butch: "I'm sick of those bald-headed dames!"

Which is as good a reason as any—and besides, it has nothing to do with his friends—and besides, I have plenty of hair.

THE END



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Poll*

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Hollywood Laughs

By ANDREW B. HECHT

Preston Sturges says about a certain producer: "He is the only man in the world who can strut sitting down."



Jesse L. Lasky is a gourmet with a sense of humor. Never expecting to get it, he ordered wild duck in a swank restaurant. Deeply apologetic, the captain said they had no wild duck. "Well then," sighed Lasky, "suppose you get a tame one and irritate it!"



On a visit to Santa Barbara, Clifton Webb walked admiringly through the picturesque cemetery overlooking the ocean. "Wonderful," he exclaimed, "that's the way to live!"



A girl press agent indignantly reported this story to producer Lamar Trotti: At the gala opening of "God Is My Co-Pilot" in San Francisco, she tried hard to convince the city editor of a local paper that the event should be covered by a photographer. The stars of the picture as well as other celebrities would be present, she insisted.

Finally, the city editor told her: "I'll send a photographer if you can promise to have the 'Co-Pilot' available for pictures."



Director George Seaton was telling about his new house: "Hedy Lamarr lives on one side of me."

"And who lives on the other?" a friend asked.

"I don't know, I haven't looked yet," he replied.



Darryl Zanuck noticed a worn spot on the precious wood paneling next to the projection-room door. He questioned the office manager about it.

"I can't help it," said the manager. "That's where the producers touch wood after seeing the rushes."



A fire on the back lot of Universal Pictures caused \$250,000 damage. One of the reasons: When the firemen arrived, the first four hydrants they attached their hoses to proved to be of the "prop" variety.

Family Bachelor

(Continued from page 56) afford to pursue. He thought he should go to work like the other fellows who dropped out of school along about junior year to take jobs on the line in the automotive works.

All was not polka and play acting in Hamtramck. There was poverty in the squalid sections of houses crowded too closely along narrow streets. During the depression things were literally tough. John roistered in the streets and alleys with other kids, scrounged for scrap iron to earn movie money, played baseball well enough to get an offer for the St. Louis Cards farm team, witnessed bug eyed the gang wars and saw a mobster's punctured corpse in a wrecked car, and tried getting a little tough himself until papa restored his rectitude by warming up same in the woodshed.

"I was a dese, dem and dose kid," said Mr. Hodiak whose diction and modulated speech are a treat to sound engineers. "Foreigners find it hard to pronounce the English 'th,' and most of the kids had foreign-born parents like mine."

At eleven Master Hodiak made up his mind to be a great movie star in the style of Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Doug Fairbanks. At eighteen he was an old stage horse snorting drama in three tongues. Twenty, and he had rubbed up his diction to such high polish he won a radio audition followed by spots in soap operas. For three years in Chicago he played *L'il Abner*, creating the *Dogpatch* talk from his father's Ukrainian accent and a Southern friend's you-all idiom. Came the M-G-M talent scout—confidently expected by our young prodigy who is a fatalist, believing things destined for you arrive on schedule and there is no point walking up and down sweating it out.

This philosophy does not rule out arduous preparation for the hoped-for things, nor prayer, nor regular church-going. His religion is too deep inside for surface talk but is manifest dynamically in all he does. It motivates the heart as much as the mystic soul, a religion which though orthodox, is with him one of warm brotherhood. The heart of all Slavs' religion, says Dostoevski, is fraternity, communal Christian brotherhood of man.

"I shall never have money," Hodiak said with a little surprise when asked what he planned to do with his prospective fortune. "There are too many things needed to be done with money." He was thinking just then of the need for kids' club centers in towns like Hamtramck, the kind of nice, respectable clubs adults have that kids would take a pride in. He hopes to be able to do something about this.

ON arriving in Hollywood with a movie contract he lived frugally and did his own cooking in a single-room, bachelor apartment. His salary was small, as the beginner's usually is, and it still is not commensurate with his popularity record.

A good part of his earnings he set aside for purchase of a home for his mother and father. Last year he found the spot and had the cash for it; a six-room house to which additions can be made easily, a three-car garage which he converted into guest quarters for his sister Anne and her children; orchards of citrus, fig and walnut trees and plenty of space for vegetable and flower gardens.

"My mother has green fingers," he says with pride. "Everything grows for her."

He has had little time to bask under the trees and soak up sunshine. Since hitting the beach in "Lifeboat" with Tallulah Bankhead two years ago Hodiak has spun dizzily through "Song of Russia," "Marriage Is a Private Affair," "Maisie Goes to

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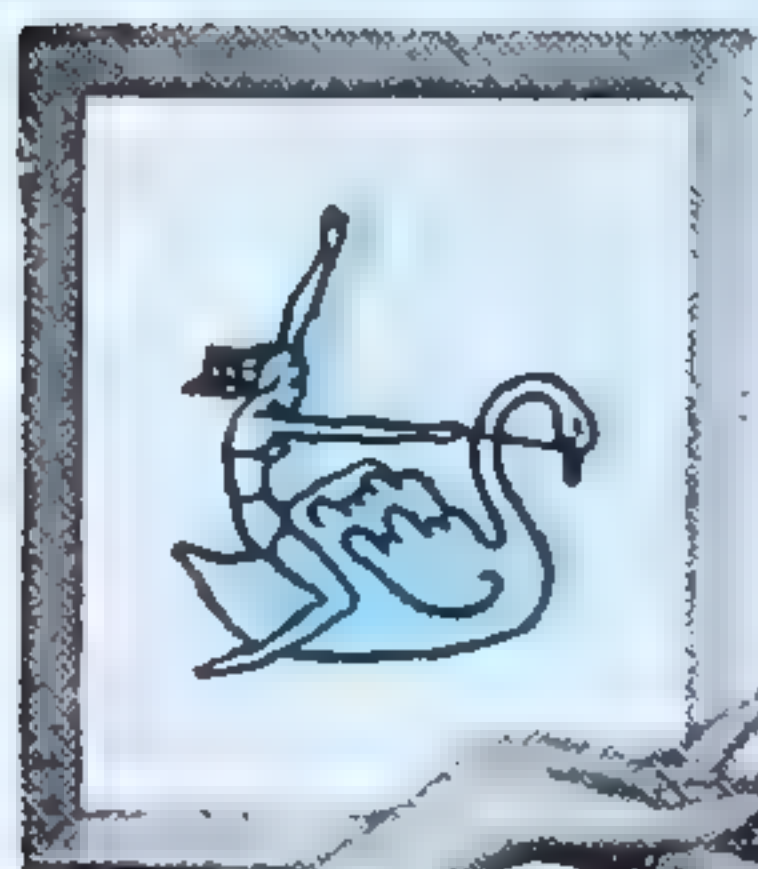
Blue Swan QUIZ



WHAT'S THIS?

(see answer at bottom)

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OF A MEXICAN RIDING A BICYCLE!

Reno," "A Bell for Adano," "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier," "The Harvey Girls," "Time for Two" and "Somewhere in the Night."

Work is the tether to a footloose movie idol's sportiveness; there's time for nothing but work and its accessory claims. Hodiak finished work on "Time for Two" at four o'clock in the morning and at ten the same A. M. began scenes in "Somewhere in the Night." His six-hour vacation was spent packing up and driving his coupe, which he calls Kelly, from M-G-M in Culver City to Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood, a scenic excursion of six miles he failed to relish because of yawning.

His daily schedule is a boa constrictor to bachelor romance. He gets off the mattress at 6:00 in the morning and goes to bed at 8:30, taking with him the script for the next day's shooting.

Two years of this and Mr. Hodiak, who never took to likker, took to coffee tippling. He histed eight cups for breakfast and failed to eat breakfast. Soon he had the tremblers; quivered like a cornstarch rabbit. Normally a solid 175 pounds and steady all his days, he couldn't imagine why his head was oscillating from side to side and wondered vaguely what polar bears take for relief. The doctor said to take, instead of eight cups of coffee, a glass of milk—a drink called a baby in these parts and considered odd for a bachelor to have.

Restored and feeling fine now, he intends tapering off on work too. Loving it excessively as he does he thinks you are liable to over indulge and get punchy. Although he doesn't exactly worry he concentrates on details and lies awake figuring to improve.

"I get absorbed and think of nothing else," he said. "That's bad. You go stale without recreation."

COMPLETING "Somewhere in the Night" he declared himself a tour of veterans' hospitals and a session with the boys back in Hamtramck. He has gathered in his sister Anne and her family; his cousin Mary Hodiak; his brother Walter, back from Okinawa, and his tribe, to form a Hodiak family community on San Fernando Valley acres.

"Now it is time to think of starting my own family," says Mr. Hodiak. "Happiness starts in the family and sort of ripples out to the community and the world at large. All the best fun is in sharing."

Family and home are essential to happiness in Hollywood because they are all a man has time for after work.

"A man needs a wife here more than anywhere," says the eligible Mr. Hodiak.

"What kind do you favor?" asks a snoop.

"Any kind."

"Feet over size thirteen are hard to fit," he is reminded.

"She can go barefoot," says Mr. H., "so long as she doesn't paint her toenails."

Hear that, girls, your prospective prey does not like conspicuous females, or chichi or artificiality in any form, particularly not in the female form, hey. About all he asks is that she be fairly bright, natural, companionable, humorous, honest (up to there he was reasonable), fun loving and of course Hodiak loving.

As for the kind of girl who would like Mister Hodiak: any kind, according to our own galloping poll.

There are no two opinions about him in Hollywood. Even the battling sexes agree, and thus give hope for One World and peace in our time.

That he is beloved by all is a dismal thing to say of any man, sounds so obituary, and we shall be glad to retract if proof is produced that Hodiak is not the apple of everyone's eye from A to Z including B.

THE END

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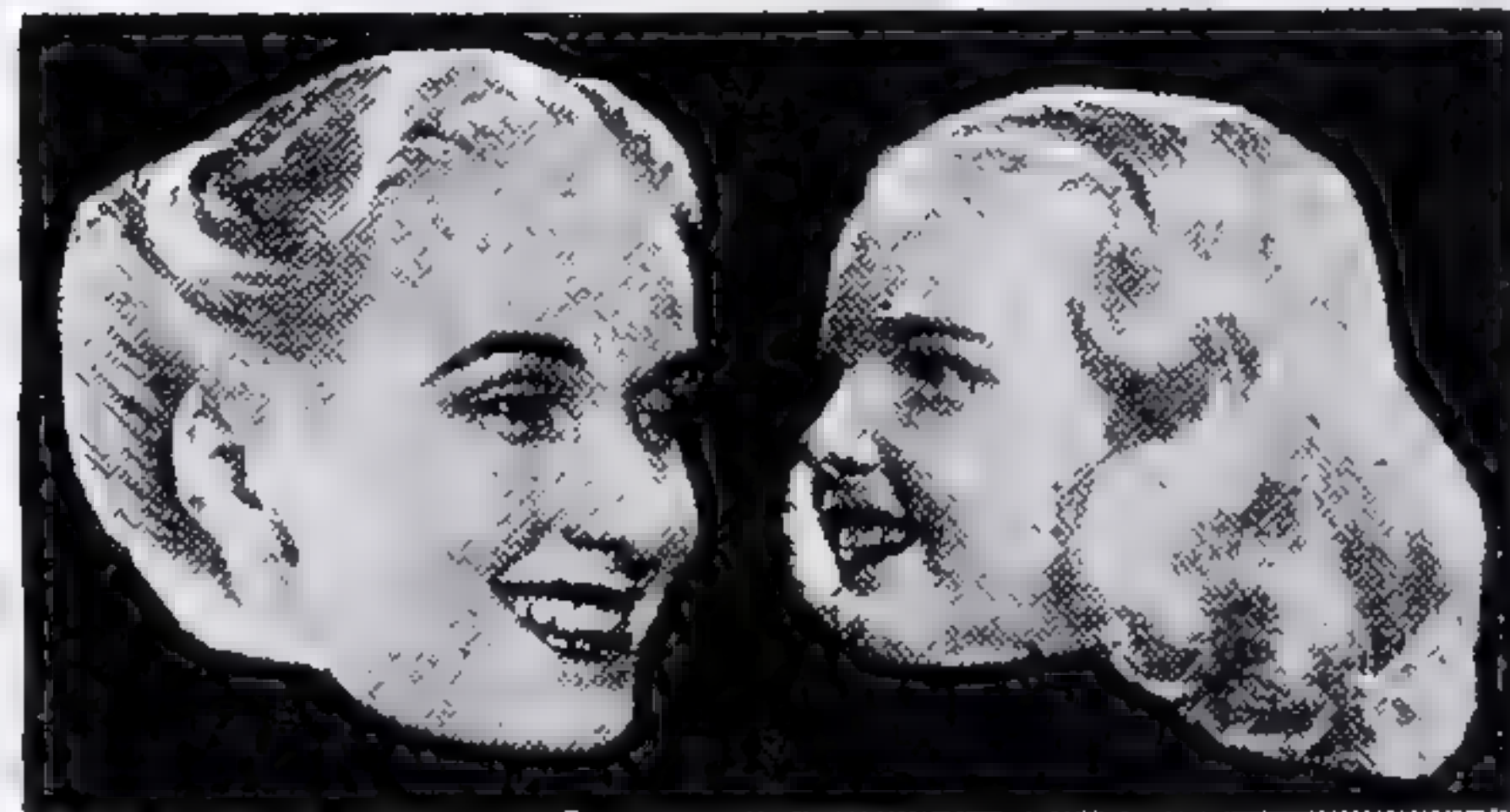
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My Washington Diary

(Continued from page 59) Because to me he symbolizes the whole thing. It made me more than ever want to urge people into giving and helping, so that little Joe and all the other children can be made well, so that this dreadful disease can be destroyed forever.

Then we got into the car. There was a lump in my throat so big I couldn't talk. Mr. Shields broke the silence by asking us if we'd like to go to Mount Vernon. I was thrilled at the idea, but I just couldn't seem to get happy again. It was funny. Everyone was trying to cheer everyone else up. We'd try to act gay and I thought, "What a bunch of awful actors we are!" But finally I realized that little Joe wouldn't want us to be unhappy—not on account of him. So I tried my best to be as happy as possible.

By the time we reached Mount Vernon I think we were all feeling better. We got out and told the driver where to meet us and walked up the long driveway and into the house. I was really excited now! We went into all the rooms and saw George Washington's furniture and dishes. When we were in the room that he died in, it made me feel all funny inside. It was just as if I were stepping into the pages of my history book at home.

We went over every inch of the grounds. The smoke house, the slave house, the kitchen (it's a separate building), the place where they keep the carriages, the stables, and "his" and Martha's tomb. That's what impressed me most. I felt funny all over again. I wanted so badly to take a piece of the ivy that was growing around his tomb for a souvenir, but Mummie said that if everyone took a piece there wouldn't be any left. But I found a bit that had broken off, so all is well.

BEFORE leaving I had to get my girl friends little souvenirs at the Mount Vernon souvenir shop. I got them and myself some darling bracelets. Some Marines helped me pick them out. I got a ring for Howard and a key chain for Daddy.

The driver picked us up then and took us on a sightseeing tour of Washington. I think the buildings are just beautiful, especially the white marble ones. The ones I remember most are the Treasury, the Mint, the museums, the Cathedrals of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Pentagon building, Agricultural building, the Capitol of course, and oodles of others but I can't remember their names. There were so many pretty statues of horses rearing up in the parks. What a beautiful statue my horse King would make!

By this time it was getting dark. That's when we saw the Lincoln Memorial. It's something I will never forget. It was raining softly and the lights from the city shimmered and crinkled and the night, or dusk, was so quiet and peaceful, and there was the statue of Lincoln. The only light in the Memorial was that coming from behind the statue, which made it look luminous. As we walked up the marble steps getting closer and closer, I felt almost hypnotized. When we were on the platform right in front of the statue, it was as if Lincoln himself were sitting there looking down at us, not just a piece of marble. Those eyes! I felt as if I were in a different world, so far away from everything but those eyes and that kind and real-looking face. It was so peaceful and beautiful that I wanted to cry or do something, but I just stood there off by myself.

It must have been fifteen or twenty minutes before any of us said a word. Then Mummie said, "We'd better go now." I was so startled it took me a few minutes



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to get back to earth and to Mummie and to Mr. Shields.

We got back to the hotel and had a wonderful dinner. But I'm still floating in space. A wonderful, happy and exciting space. Goodnight.

January 7, 1946

DEAR DIARY:

I was so tired this morning. I couldn't get to sleep until three a. m. I kept thinking about that statue of Lincoln and about Little Joe. I called over to Mummie and asked her if she was awake. Then I told her I could still see Lincoln looking at me. Also little Joe. You know, they're rather alike. Especially their eyes. I kept thinking that all night long. Mummie let me sleep late this morning though, so I wouldn't be too tired, because today is the biggest day of my life!

We had breakfast, bathed and got dressed. Mr. Shields came, we had lunch and at two o'clock we were ready to go to the White House. I had on my black velvet dress and my first pair of long stockings—seamless ones—and my beautiful white fur coat. I felt so dressed up.

We drove over to the Carlton Hotel where we picked up Cornelia Otis Skinner and Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. Then we were off to the White House. We showed our passes at the gate and the car whizzed up the drive. We got out and walked up the steps through the open door and into the White House. I was so thrilled. All the nice butlers and colored men were so glad to see Mr. Roosevelt Jr. and he was so nice to them. They took our coats, but I just hated to part with mine. I wanted to leave it on, but I guess it would've looked kinda silly.

The usher took us downstairs to the Diplomatic Room. There were so many people and cameras and microphones and—oh—I was so excited! Mrs. Truman came in and I met and talked with her. She's very nice. Margaret came in to give her mother some peppermints just before the broadcast. The announcer came over and introduced himself. Then we sat down at a little table in front of Mrs. Truman's desk. I thought we'd probably rehearse, but we didn't.

At three-fifteen everyone got very quiet. We were on the air! My butterflies and horses started coming back, but they soon left. At three-thirty it was all over.

The broadcast, I mean. Then we had the newsreel pictures taken. Miss Skinner was on one side of Mrs. Truman and Mr. Roosevelt was on the other. They were sitting down and I was standing in back of Mrs. Truman. We said part of our speeches for the newsreel and had stills taken. While this was going on something terrible happened to me. I'm afraid I have a very bad habit of taking my shoes off wherever I am. And just before we got to the White House, Mummie asked me to be sure and not take my shoes off while we were there. I promised I wouldn't, but when we were up there I forgot. I slipped my right shoe off and it got lost under Mrs. Truman's chair. It was awful! I got the giggles and was fishing around with my foot trying to find it. Finally I did, but I was so embarrassed, because nobody knew what I was laughing at.

After that, we went up to the Lincoln Room and had tea. The Lincoln Room is beautiful and I was just dying to see some of the other rooms. After we had tea and cakes and stuff, a lady asked us if we would like to see some of the rooms and we said we would. We went to the Blue Room, the Red Room, the Green Room, and the East Room that looks like a ballroom. They were all so beautiful, with crystal chandeliers and gorgeous furniture.

I kept hoping I'd find Falla peeking around some corner. But of course he isn't there any more. But somehow whenever I think of the White House I think of Falla. I wonder if the Trumans have a dog around. I didn't see him. I kept wishing that I'd brought my chipmunk Nibbles along. I could have brought him. He isn't any trouble and he really should see all of this too.

The time to leave came much too soon—even though we were the last ones to go. We put our coats on and drove away. I felt just like *Cinderella* in *Wonderland*. I kept pinching myself to find out if I were dreaming. But I wasn't. This was all real—and happening to me.

And when twelve o'clock comes it won't leave me. The White House and all of it will still be fresh in my mind. It will never vanish as long as I live! And you'll always have it too, dear, dear Diary.

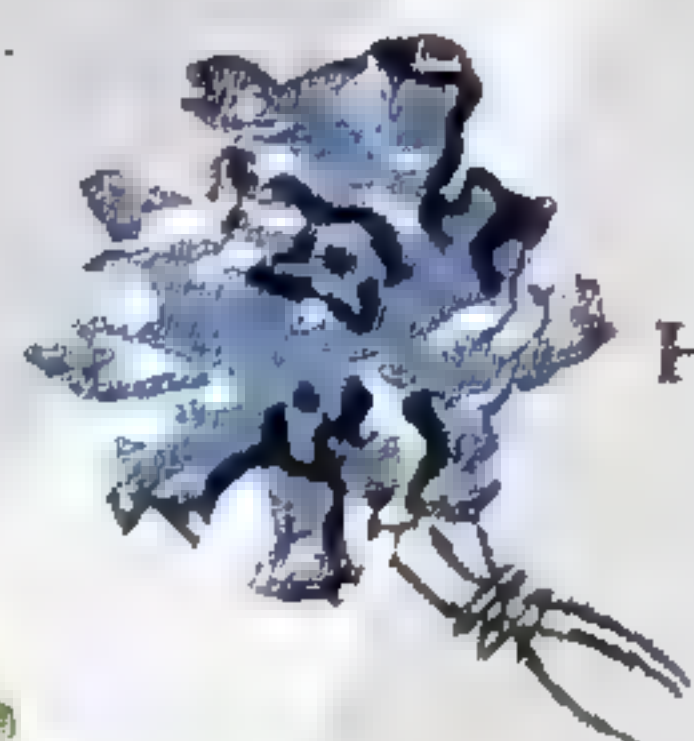
Goodnight. . . .

Elizabeth

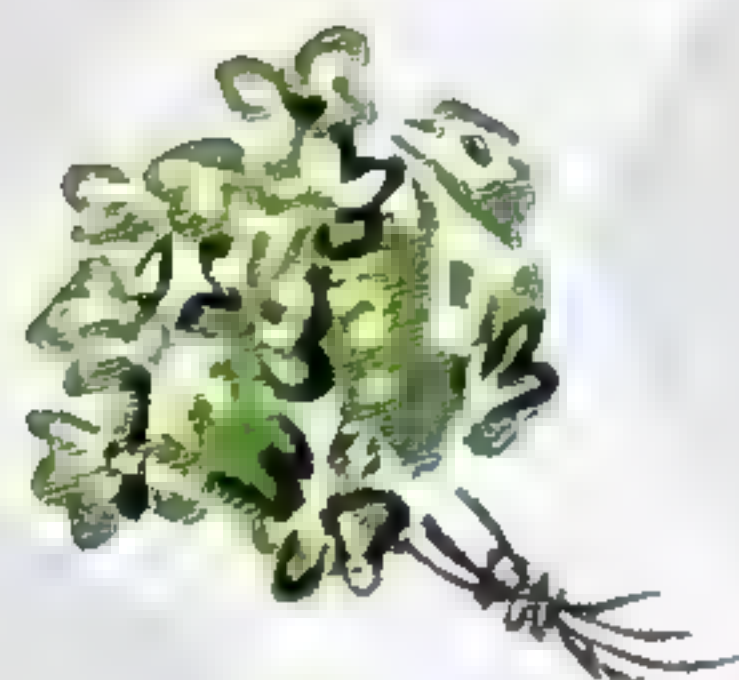


Elizabeth Taylor shows Joseph Justh, confined for more than a year in an iron lung, a book she brought him—during her Washington visit for the March of Dimes campaign

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MARIE McDONALD

. . . Starred in "Getting Gertie's Garter," a United Artists production. It's early to think of summer fashions—but advisable in these days of fabric shortages . . .

A McKettrick convertible, the scarf of which can be worn as shown above, or to the right—or covering the exposed shoulder. A Crown Soap 'n' Water rayon shantung. Black with aqua, yellow or pink. 10-18.

About \$9.00 at Filene's, Boston, Mass., or Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 92)

Photo Play Fashion



Bouclé and Prints for Date Time



The new fullness at the hips and an excellent shoulder line recommend this Style-Trend bouclé dress by Henry Rosenfeld. Biege, white, gray, aqua, lime or pink. 10-18, about \$14.95. Available at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 92.

MARIE McDONALD never doubted she would be an actress. Neither did those who saw her in school plays, as a Powers model, or as a singer with Tommy Dorsey's band. It was during the filming of "Guest in the House," in which she spent much time in a bathing suit or a negligee, that she was given her now famous nickname, "The Body."



A harem type skirt which ties in front highlights this Lombardy dress which is fashioned from a printed rayon crepe, a Yale fabric. Available in all pastels. 14-20. \$12.95 at Mandel Brothers, Chicago, Ill., and Saks 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 92.

Mix Gray with Color . . . and Look!





SIGNE HASSO is Swedish but there is nothing about her which suggests the Vikings. She is only 5' 5" tall and weighs only 115 pounds. Neither is she a blonde. Her beauty lies in her most divine sea-green eyes and red hair. Her name, pronounced "seen yeh," means "bless you" in Swedish. You will next see Signe in the United Artists production "A Scandal in Paris."

Opposite: Koru sweater, available in all colors. 34-40. About \$6.00. Skirt with belt attached by Markon, 100% Hockanum wool. Gray with yellow, blue or deep red belt. 9-15. About \$8.00. Sweater at A. Harris, Dallas, Tex., and Macy's, New York, N. Y. Skirt at Macy's, New York, N. Y.

Above: Suret Frock designed by Marie Phillips. In many attractive combinations of checked cotton. 9-15 and 10-16. About \$9.00 at Gimbel's, Pittsburgh, Pa. and Saks-34th Street, New York, N. Y.

(All shoes by Wohl)

(For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on Page 92)



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C. Cinemodes



By Photoplay's
Fashion Scout

Joan Crawford, who dearly loves tailored dinner things, has found a wonderful way to wear her jewelled clips. The other night, when the jacket of her heavy white crepe dinner suit had a large exotic flower of sparkling sequins appliqued across the shoulder line, Joan wore a huge diamond clip on the cuff of the long-sleeved jacket.



Have you any of Pa's old stick-pins (studded or otherwise) around the house? If so, take a fashion tip from Diana Lynn. Diana found not only some of her Dad's but her Grandpa's pins, too, and had them soldered to bobby-pins. (First removing the long pin, of course.) She wears the studded bobby pins all through her hair—and the effect is lovely.



Lunching at La Rue the other day June Allyson wore a suit which really was not a suit. The dress was a print . . . a lovely bright yellow background widely spaced with gray pussywills. The skirt, almost a dirndl, tightened into a snug belt of gray kid. The blouse had long sleeves, the cuffs of which were linked with cat's-eye buttons. The coat, three-quarter length and boxy, was lined with the print of the dress. With this ensemble June wore a tiny turban of the print, black pumps and a black shoulder slung bag. A perfect costume for California at any time of the year—elsewhere for spring when the days are warm and the nights are cool.



Bogart and Bacall who have long worn tailored suits or slacks almost matching are now wearing husband-and-wife (Continued on page 88)

Vicki Lynn



Peasant simplicity... completely disarming in a Vicki Lynn.

In white only. About \$3 at leading department stores.

Junior sizes 9-15. Others, 32 to 40 as well as extra sizes.



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in Dove Skin's body-molded undies of fabric that's washable, wearable, wonderful. Still not plentiful, for their modest price, their remarkable quality are appreciated more than ever today.

LUXURAY, 450 Seventh Ave., New York 1

(Continued from page 86) jewelry. Their wedding rings are identical, of flexible gold. So are their watch bands which have their initials in tiny rubies.



Dorothy Lamour attended her first formal party since the birth of her baby recently. Her dress was any girl's dream—be she sixteen or sixty! The skirt was a drift of pink and black net, the very top layer being black. Caught here and there in the drift were tiny pink roses. The bodice, also of pink and black net, was plain, tight and off the shoulder. And on one "off shoulder" was a cluster of the same pink roses that were caught in the skirt. To keep this gown from being too ingenue Dorothy wore elbow-length gloves of pale pink suede, and black sandals and carried a black bag.



Speaking of suits that aren't suits, as we have been, the dinner ensemble Joan Bennett wore to a party at The Club was a conversation piece. Fashioned of a heavy satin in light gray, it had a snug-fitting basque jacket with long sleeves and a full gathered skirt. Her dream hat was layers upon layers of gray maline, laced through with rose-colored velvet but a tiny confection; nevertheless, which tilted forward on her lovely head. Joan carried a rose-colored velvet purse and wore gray sandals of a much darker shade.



The dinner dress Joan Fontaine wore to the Adrian party was something to write about. Which we do forthwith. . . . It was black crepe with the pencil-slim skirt slashed almost to the knees and the low strapless bodice edged with a wide full ruching of black crepe. Then—over her bare shoulders, fitting close to the neck and falling softly to the black ruching Joan wore a full bronze-colored cape of heavy net which gave the skin a wonderful glow and a bit of a covered-up look. It would be fetching on anyone. On la belle Fontaine it was ravishing!

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THE FORMFIT CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK

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Make a peplum of any stiff fabric—taffeta or pique are especially effective—and wear it over a basic dress.

Sew two big handkerchiefs together and knot them at the waist, sarong fashion. This will provide a wonderful new look for shorts or a bathing suit.

If you're weary of a high neckline, slit your dress about four inches down the middle making an inverted V. This will provide a keyhole neckline—and what is more provocative?

Don't be timid about teaming up your slacks and shorts with the gayest flowered print blouses you can find.

Lift your hair off your neck and tie it with a colored net or sequined net, for a well-groomed and flattering coiffeur.

Crocheted shortie gloves are perfect with summer cottons and rayons—also cooler than leather or suede.

Watch out for the new blouse . . . It can be worn either forward or backwards. If you want a little collar with buttons down the front you wear it one way. If you want a high neckline with buttons down the back wear it the other way.

A sequined ascot at your throat does wonders towards making you glamorous for evening.

Make a sleeveless vestee of that fabric which looks like leopard and wear it over a black shirt or blouse.

Wrap your waistline in a gay scarf as a cummerbund with shorts or slacks.

Tie a white silk scarf high around your throat ascot fashion for the "dandy" look so important this spring. Anchor the scarf with a big safety pin wrapped with colored grosgrain ribbon.

Starched straw lace is wonderful (and so inexpensive) for cool-looking bonnets and pillboxes to wear when the sun shines.

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It's Like This to be Mrs. Gregory Peck

(Continued from page 43) the ring to match. He had the bracelet hidden at home for two days—he could hardly wait for the time to give it to me. When he brought the package out and put it on the table, I didn't notice it at first. He stood there jiggling on one foot and then the other, like a big kid. "Gee, you don't seem very interested," and he pushed the box at me. "Well—open it, and put it on!"

He had the same look on his face—the same pride and excitement—when he brought me my very first present, in the lean days back in New York. It was just a gadget, a little gold-plated angel for my lapel. I loved it so I nearly cried myself sick when I lost it in a movie theater one night. We waited until after the last show and went down on our knees looking under almost every seat in the house.

I'm so wild about my new bracelet I had to count every tiny gold square in it—there are 560 of them, not much bigger than pin-heads, and thirty-two diamonds in the buckle. Actually, however, it isn't any more valuable than my little gold-plated angel—except that it symbolizes some of the accomplishments without which Greg could never have been a completely happy man.

He was born with a sense of humor—and also a deep sensitivity. Both qualities got a real work-out in those early days when he was opening and closing in the longest series of flop plays in New York. In one of his early performances, the critics tore him apart. I still ache when I think how completely crushed he was. It was as if his whole life hung on their words. And then, when he got the role in "Morning Star"—it was a long time before he was sure Guthrie McClintic really wanted him for the part—he sent me a crazy telegram: "Do you hear bells? I don't mean dinner bells." It looked like a good job at last and we could finally afford to get married. Well, "Morning Star" didn't go over either, but Peck got sensational reviews.

HE has to be good at what he does—or he won't do it. He gave up the study of medicine because, "if there's one thing the country doesn't need, it's a bad doctor." Right now, he has just completed building a guest apartment over our garage—and in spite of the paint and plaster he splattered on himself, he saved enough for the walls. It's really an expert job, and he doesn't mind saying so.

It took him a little longer to make up his mind about his screen-acting. From the very minute we headed for Hollywood, I kept saying, "This is it—I know this is it!" Greg, himself, wouldn't even see "Days of Glory," his first picture. "I've got a feeling I was amateurish—" he said, "Why should I see the picture and prove it?" He never did see it—and he was working on his third picture before he felt that we were really here to stay. "Sure, the producers like me," he'd say, "but the public has something to say about it too. How do I know they'll accept me?" Those were the days when columnists found Greg a very tense and serious young man—when I'd say, "Don't ponder ten hours every time they ask you a question—just give them one of those wonderfully silly answers you've always given me—"

He still doesn't like picture premieres—and I've found out that being a screen actor's wife is a highly specialized job. It's really a shock to see your husband making love to someone else—and in front of thousands of people! Those early items about the Peck (Continued on page 96)

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(Continued from page 94) "sex appeal" were our favorite jokes at home—he insists he's strictly a character man. He screen-tested for *Father Chisholm* with Geraldine Fitzgerald, and when the scenes turned out too igniferous for a priest and a nun, they put Rosa Stradner, with a cooler type of beauty, into the picture. I can't say I wasn't pretty proud, too, when I heard about their having to close the set. Chorus girls from a musical picture nearby spent so much time watching Greg, it was decided they were "adding more body than soul to 'The Kingdom'—"

That first love scene on the screen, however—well, I might have known he'd be good at it. And there's never much room for bitterness when you can hang on to his arm at a premiere and remind yourself, "Well, it's me who's with him!"

WHEN you're working every weekday, all day, you hate to dress up on Sundays. In addition, Greg just hates to dress up. He has his first dinner jacket now, because we recently were invited to a formal party—and the tailor and I ganged up on him. We went down to "The Yearling" set and made him stand still between scenes for fitting. The suit turned out fine, but the day of the party I was still trying to buy him a white collar. I finally showed up at the studio with two, one too small and one too large. When I finally got him dressed, wearing the big collar as the lesser of two evils, we were late to the party. "All that fuss," he said, "and everybody's having too good a time to even notice my new suit!"

On the distaff side, he likes gay, colorful clothes. "I like my women feminine," says the boss of our house. "When it comes to the tweedy type, I'm glad someone else married 'em." I once decided I'd like to be ultra-smart, one of those women who wears nothing but extremely simple and well-cut navy and black. It didn't last long—"What are you getting somber about?" he asked one day, "Where's that yellow suit of yours—how about putting it on?" My new suit is lemon gabardine, worn with a black blouse and turban—so everybody wins. . . .

An opinionated man, this Peck—but he makes it very easy to live up to his ideas. "When a man comes home he wants glamour," he says. He's especially pleased with the harem hostess pajamas he bought me—blue and green and purple, complete to gilt slippers with turned-up toes. "A man's entitled to a production," he brags. "You look like A Thousand and One Nights!"

Always, between two people, there are moments that one of them will never forget. For me, it's that time when I saw Greg standing scared and white, holding our just-born son Jonathan in his arms, and afraid to breathe. Jonathan is now walking and talking—and in the meantime, Peck senior has become a completely relaxed parent. Nowadays, when he's making his fifty-yard morning dash through the breakfast room, he stops and scratches Jonathan on the head a few times—and waits until Sunday to really play with him.

Greg doesn't care which one of us Jonathan finally decides to look like—although I'm sure he's going to be tall like his Dad. "I just hope he doesn't get gangly and bony like I was," Greg's told me. "Gee how I used to envy those big-muscled Tarzans on the beach—they got all the girls in sight."

Which brings me to that part of being a screen actor's wife that makes it an entirely different life than any other. A life filled with surprises—like the recent Sunday when we were listening to a radio commentator who suddenly announced that the Gregory Pecks were expecting their second offspring. My mouth fell open—because I really wasn't sure myself. All I'd

done about it was to call my doctor and make an appointment for consultation. Greg looked amused for a minute, then quizzical, and suddenly, "True?" he asked. "I—I guess so—" I stammered. "Gee—thanks!" he said, taking my hand and being the first to congratulate me!

What made me really feel guilty was spoiling Greg's vacation—the first he had since he came to Hollywood. We'd made plans to spend it at a spot we both love, the Camel-back Inn in Arizona, where we could ride and swim and generally have fun. But Greg's an adaptable fellow—he started whistling and working on that garage guest-apartment instead.

Too, it's nice to note that expectant fatherhood is no longer so hard on him. He's still got the map he made the first time—when he rode over and over the fifteen miles between home and hospital, carefully charting telephone booths, service stations and what not. "There isn't a thousand-to-one chance of emergency," he'd say. "I've got it down now so I can make it in forty minutes!" I've got my doubts about Peck No. Two getting a really blasé reception, but Greg says, "I'm not a bit nervous. This time I'll know they're supposed to look purple at first!"

BECAUSE he's a big fellow, maybe, Greg is an expand-er at heart. He loves our little gray house at the top of Coldwater Canyon—the first home we ever owned. Sundays he gets up with the birds and takes heroic hikes across miles of summit to visit King Vidor and other of our cliff-dwelling neighbors. But lately—and especially since our dog Perry has become a family man—he's beginning to consider where we might add on another wing, or maybe we should start looking for a bigger house.

Perry is pure white, and slightly smaller than Seabiscuit. He does tricks, like finding a hidden pack of matches in a visitor's pocket. Occasionally, Greg commands him to lie down. "Over there—under the piano—" says the master sternly. Then, standing with his back turned, he says, "Quick, tell me—did he do it?" Perry's a very tolerant animal—he's lying with his head on his paws, which comes under the heading of Humoring Humans.

Recently, when I was shopping in a department store, I heard one salesgirl whisper to another, "That's Mrs. Gregory Peck!" It was very nice, realizing that the name meant something to others, as well as to me, but the nicest thing about being married to Greg is that, having his own interests, he also expects me to have mine. Whenever he can, he joins me in them. I've always liked to sketch and currently we're doing it duet. We're working on twin easels and after only a couple of lessons he's doing still lifes so well you can already distinguish his vase from his plate of oranges!

Someday, he says, we'll satisfy his urge for travel. "You want me to tell you about that narrow escape I had off Bango Bango, with the schooner going to pieces on the rocks and the waves trying to suck me thirty fathoms deep?" he'll ask, "Well, I haven't had any—but someday, I'm going to." I am much more entranced by his plans to visit Ireland and Scotland, and the Scandinavian countries—especially Finland. Even though he's telling people, "I want to meet my wife's folks—to see where she got that little vagueness of hers, that habit of never letting me pin her down, but talking me into letting her get her own way—every day, in every way—"

By which you will see that another of his faults is exaggerating statements. But if my husband has faults, I keep thinking, they are always interesting faults. I'm stuck with them. You see—I love the guy!

THE END

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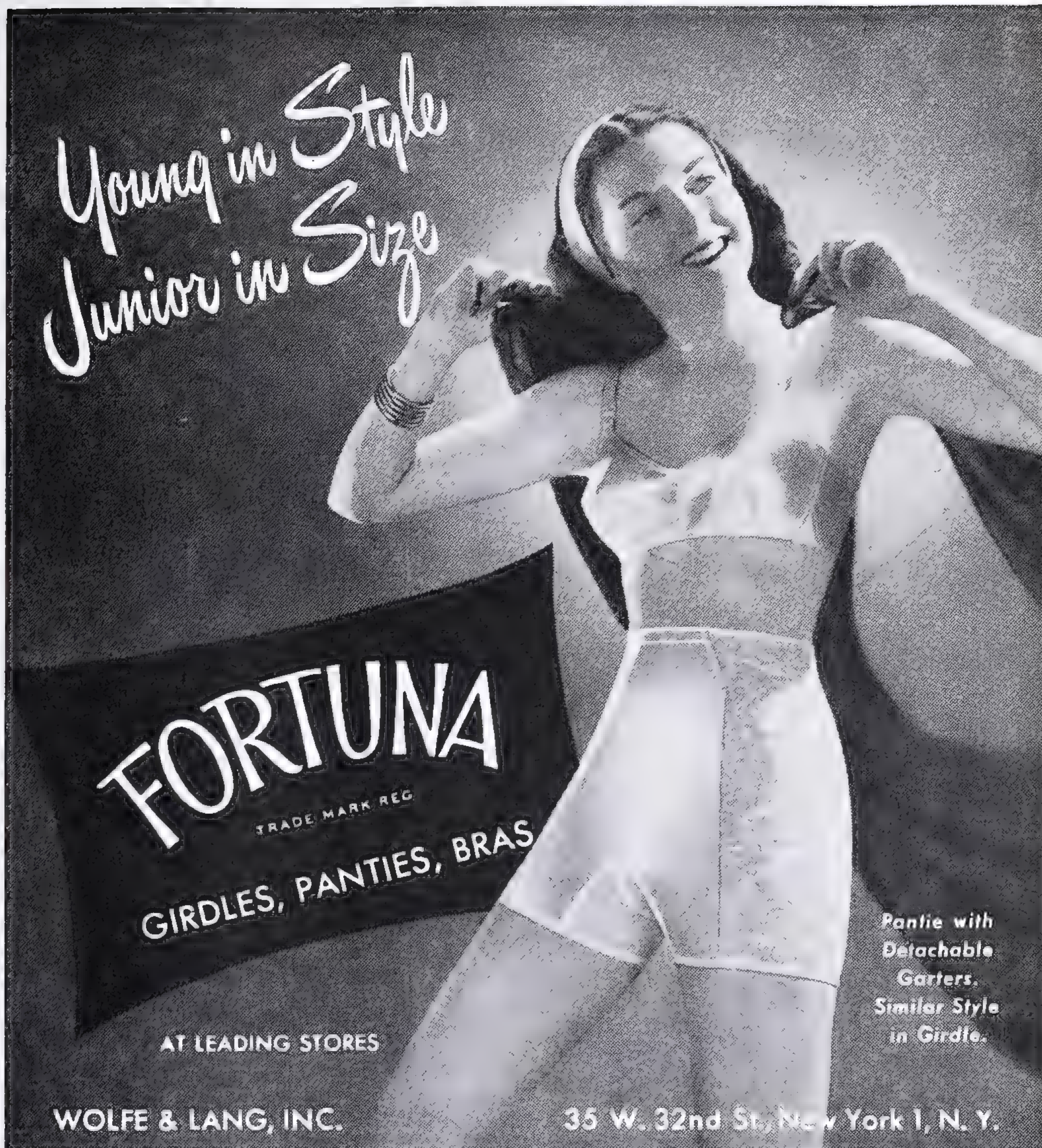
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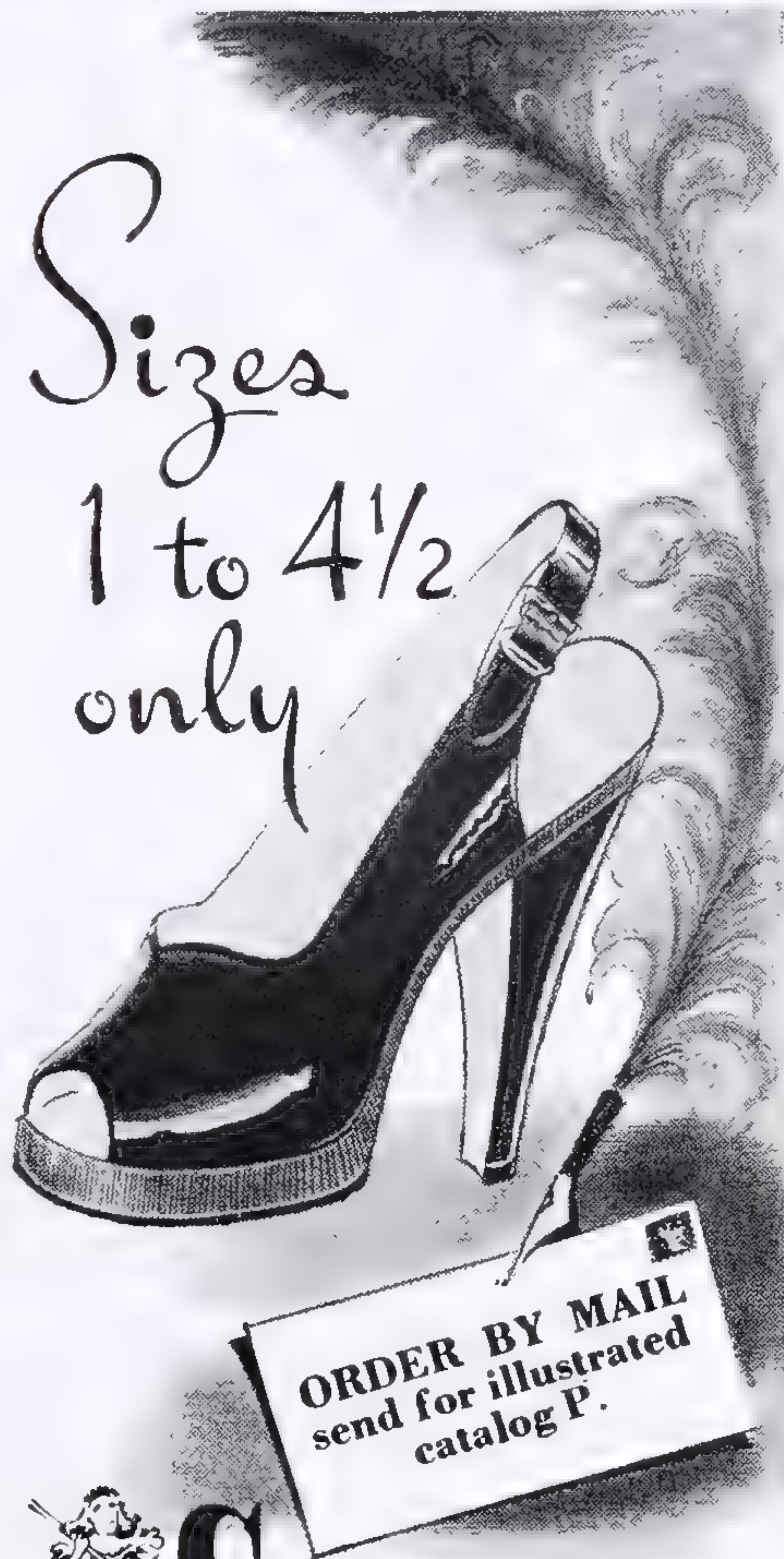
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Man from Mexico

(Continued from page 66) that wasn't slow work—very fast for Mexico. Sometimes there it's ten years before the girl's family concludes you are a steady young man."

And how different from "going steady" in the United States! During that five years' engagement, including the evening he proposed to Senorita Arana, Arturo never spoke to her alone. If they sat at home, Mother sat with them. If they went out, to a friend's house, to a dance, even to the movies, Mother or Father, or both, sallied majestically along.

"To understand this," Arturo explains, "you have to comprehend the traditional respect—deep in its conventional form—that a conservative Mexican feels for the women in his family. The greatest compliment any Mexican can offer is to invite you into his home, to meet his wife. He may not be a perfect husband, in any number of several ways, but he feels that his womenfolk are the true traditional lifestream that preserves family, with all its benefits to the race. Likewise, he doesn't keep his daughter secluded until marriage because he distrusts her—you'd be forced to fight a duel for suggesting such a motive—but because he thinks everyone's attitude toward her should express consistently how precious she is!"

Asked if all this airtight seclusion doesn't total a trifle rough on the girls and wives (to say nothing of the daughter's long-waiting swain), Arturo answered, "You see—I told you this whole topic packs dynamite. I think the most important good neighbor policy that can exist between Latin America and North America is for each to respect the other's way of life."

"The whole world admires in North American girls qualities which perhaps our strict seclusion policy has made slow of development in our own. I speak of poise, self-confidence, smartness—all that comes from your girls' early selecting their own clothes, their own boy friends, even their own favorite radio singers and cosmeticians."

"Of course," Arturo risked his life, this time North of the Border, "a conservative Mexican might remark that some American girls have too much self-assurance."

"On that question of familiarity between young people, if a Mexican boy puts his hand on the hand of his girl friend, he is virtually making an improper proposal. And if she lets it stay there, ever so briefly, she has lost caste. She has stepped over the line. She has, to put it bluntly, said 'Yes.' That's the reason a Latin occasionally holds an American girl's hand and shortly thereafter gets his face slapped. And he is quite bewildered when it happens. In my newest American picture, 'Masquerade in Mexico,' one woman warns another about the character I play. She says, 'Be careful of this man. He speaks fluent English, but he still thinks like a Latin.'"

Differences in customs, the genial Arturo believes, help answer why there are now four big studios near Mexico City, with two more building, and "one of those already built is better equipped than most Hollywood studios."

The reason this Latin American is so industry-minded is because he and Dolores del Rio have formed Mercurio Films and we shall have to spare him for two pictures a year, to be made at Churubosco Studios, just outside Mexico City.

Of Latin American movie tastes he has this to say, "The Hardy Family series is very popular, possibly because a principal character is a judge—a very important person in Mexico. 'The Human Comedy'

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didn't make any sort of hit below the border. The Latin Americans just couldn't see anything romantic in the lovable old telegrapher and the chirpy messenger."

While he was talking movies, Arturo chuckled over what his American audiences would think if they saw the twenty-odd Mexican films he has made. "Here," he said, "everyone insists on 'glamorizing' me—whatever that means. At home I act in somber pictures. No—'morbid' would be a better word. In one of my recent ones—'Twilight'—I played an epileptic!"

The actor's own children have seen only two or three of his pictures. "You see," he explains, "we don't need censorship in Mexico because—remember—Mother or Father always accompanies the young people to the theater. If they feel a film is moving into censorable material, they simply get up and take the children home. A really large family, with Mama walking regally in front, constitutes quite a procession marching up the aisle."

ON the subject of sports he said, "It may be shocking to you that our young ladies, properly chaperoned, attend bull-fights. Yet, on the other hand if you invited a Mexican girl, brought up conservatively, to attend a prize-fight, she wouldn't go. But if she did, you'd see the most shocked face you've ever seen. A matador killing a bull wears *clothes*, but two men cavorting around in brief trunks would be considered, South of the Border, no sight for a lady. It's very hard for Mexicans to understand the general carelessness—frankness if you like—that United States Americans display.

"A Latin American man, coming to sunny California, say, after never having been outside his own regions, is so astonished that he might be forgiven for thinking himself in a veritable Paradise. In order not to miss anything he goes down the street wiggling his head—this way" (Arturo acted the head movements hilariously) "or wagging it—this way. Such a new visitor is not being evil-minded, but he is definitely enjoying the world's greatest outdoor museum of fem-



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inine pulchritude. (We will pass up discussing some indoor natural history schools, such as night clubs.)

"That right-left, right-left glance of the newcomer in the United States has led to a well-known Mexican joke. When a male visitor comes to the United States for the first time with a fifteen-inch neck, he returns with a fifteen and one-half or a sixteen. It develops neck muscles—all that wiggling and wagging for wider vision!"

In a purely personal way, Arturo has a North of the Border Problem—that old housing shortage. His hotel was doing the best they could, but he would have to sleep over a friend's garage, or accept some hospitality after each five days. "It is amazing," he said, "and very exciting. Last week I had a palatial suite; this week I am assigned to what I feel sure must have been meant for a clothes closet. And today I must flee to Palm Springs, where a friend has promised me sleeping-room, so I will be eligible here again Monday. It is fun, and I am lucky; people are always so nice."

But it wasn't so nice when a cherished plan fell through because of "no vacancies." He intended to bring his family to Hollywood and place Arturo, eleven, and Alonzo, ten, in a junior military school. Also, the move would have given Maria, eight, and Lourdes, six, his two daughters, that taste of "both civilizations" he wants them to enjoy. He spent days trying to find living quarters—any kind—but finally gave up.

IN spite of Arturo's commuting between the capital of Mexico and the capital of the film world, the de Cordova family life is close. The family visits in Yucatan only when Arturo is in Hollywood. He has bought a home in Mexico City and when he is making a picture there, the family is in full flower. There are trips, too, North of the Border. Late this spring, when the star was getting ready to go south to do a Mexican picture, he secured Beverly Hills Hotel accommodations for Mrs. de Cordova and the two boys. There was a whirl of shopping, and, for the boys, visits to the studios and to (carefully selected) American movies. Then the four took off for Mexico City to rejoin the "little sisters."

For all his cosmopolitanism and capacity for philosophy, Arturo is an essentially simple person. Call him an outdoor man, and you have summed him up. As a boy he played soccer in England and France; his friends say he is a "truly great" swimmer; he is adept at golf and tennis. He doesn't play cards of any kind and never gambles, not even on horse races. He enjoys good conversation and a drink with friends.

Life is so rich for this man that his dislikes are few—three, in fact. The first is phonies. Once he thinks anyone is putting on a false front, he's through. "Sincerity," he says, "is the most important element of character, in anyone." His second dislike, curiously enough, is public appearances. That dislike applies especially to premieres. It's deep and ingrained. He likes to express himself before the camera, but becomes painfully self-conscious receiving attention from a crowd. A shy Latin! His third aversion is in the true Latin tradition: he has a violent distaste, almost hatred, for anyone who speaks vulgarly or even disrespectfully, of a woman. Once that happens, the offender can be sure that he is permanently off his list.

All in all, Arturo de Cordova is one of the finest ambassadors between two countries whose friendship will most certainly increase.

THE END



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He Thinks on His Feet

(Continued from page 51) living room was painted (evenly and beautifully) a solid white.

"Which only leaves three more rooms and the bath," said Johnny to himself as he climbed into bed that night.

So the slack parties went on relentlessly. "I had 'em every second night for ten days straight," says Johnny. "Never asked the same people because I was afraid they mightn't come! But at the end of ten days, the whole place was done—and looked elegant."

It does, too. The living room is white with gold brocade drapes and chartreuse and maroon furniture. The kitchen is yellow and white. The bathroom is green, trimmed with an off-purple to match its tiles. His bedroom is white from floor to ceiling, and his housekeeping-sister Molly's bedroom is pink.

"The furniture I bought myself at auctions," he relates now, "and then had upholstered in the style to which I wanted it accustomed." He pauses, and then adds with a grin, "The only trouble with my painting system is that everyone who came to my Slack Parties is now redecorating his own home! Bill Eythe was the first after me. And you know where that leaves me—an actor by day and a painter by night! I can't refuse any of 'em. Didn't they all help me out?"

WHEN it came to buying a car in Hollywood; Johnny thought on his dancing feet once more. He was then twenty-three, fresh from taxi-ridden New York City and had no idea how to drive. So when he located a 1940 convertible, colored black, he told the owner, "I'd like to buy it—but why, when I don't know how to drive?" Then his feet did a quick, quiet tap routine near the running board and he added, "Tell you what: I'll buy it the day I know how to drive it. You teach me!"

The owner turned pale, as he had just driven the car out from Oklahoma to the Golden West and was tired of driving; plus the fact that nobody likes to teach a novice how to drive in a car not yet owned by the novice.

But he agreed. Everyone agrees to Johnny's plans—maybe because they always are accompanied by Johnny's grin. There ensued three furious days of lessons. By the end of that time, Johnny was driving. He bought the car—along with three Virginia hams he found that had been left by mistake in the spare tire compartment! Two of these he joyously gave as Christmas presents to Buddy de Sylva, Paramount producer, and to director Sidney Lanfield. Neither big shot ever dreamed that they'd come by mistake into Johnny's hands—after a long drive from Oklahoma!

The third ham he kept for himself and Molly, the pretty sister who lives with him in Hollywood—or, rather, who lives to cook for him in Hollywood! He likes eating home about four nights a week, you see; and he likes to eat well at night. In the morning, Molly's job is a cinch. Then her brother only downs a glass of orange juice and a cup of tea. Lunch he never touches. But at sundown he likes to stow away everything within reach, and particularly a thick steak. Between day-break and dusk, when he's working on a picture, he eats handfuls of vitamin pills the way you and I eat peanuts—several dozen a day. And when he seeks out a restaurant at night, it's always a high-season place: The Beachcombers, for Chinese food; or the Villa Nova, for Italian.

Luckily for Molly, who is pretty enough to have plenty of beaux, she and Johnny live in the friendliest apartment house in the U.S. Whenever she goes out on a



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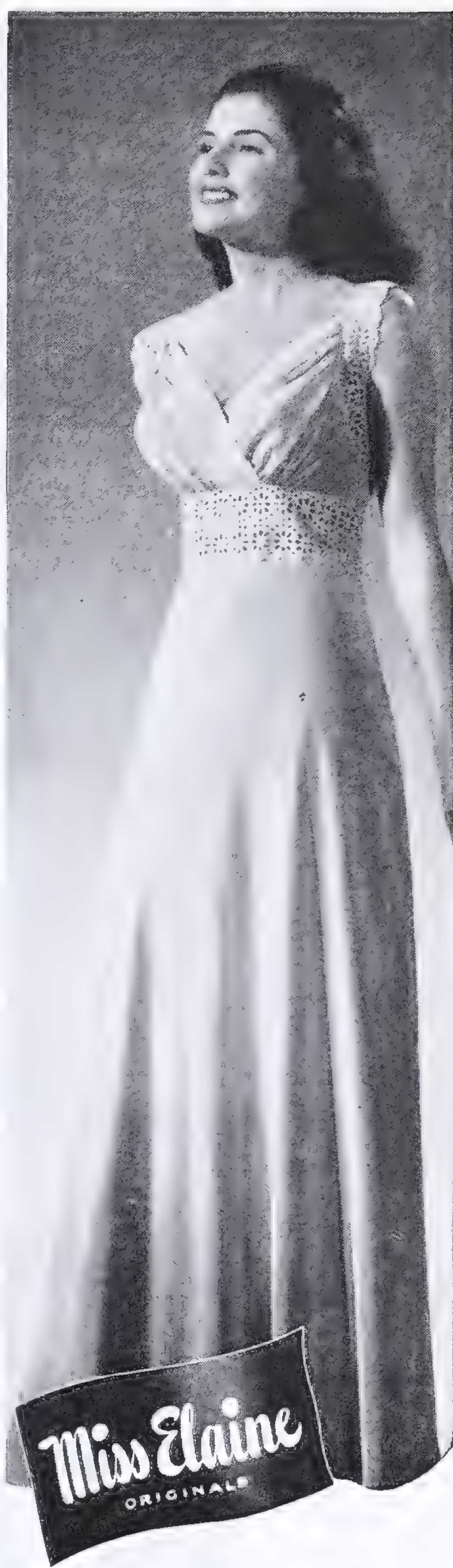


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date, leaving Johnny helpless (he can't cook at all), he just goes begging around the apartment house—and somebody always gives him a meal! It's the same way when Johnny (or anyone else in the building) gives a party. He then skips around from door to door collecting ice-trays—and in ten minutes he's the owner of enough ice cubes to take any party through a long night! Another thing about this unusual apartment house: The surrounding tenants actually *enjoy* Johnny's dancing routines—which they hear him thumping out sometimes at two in the morning!

"Oho!" says the woman who lives under him, when they meet in the lobby. "You were doing a shuffle step with jive around one this morning. And at two you were doing ballet. Right?"

"Right!" says Johnny. And that is just about perfect neighborliness for a dancer! Right?

BUT things were not always right for Johnny. In fact the reason for his tremendous success lies in his darkest moment. If he hadn't thought on his dancing feet in that tragic crisis, there's no telling where he'd be now.

It was four years ago, when Johnny was twenty-one. He was also unknown, very poor and living in New York City with high dreams and a low reality. He had come back from a stint in the Canadian Army (he's a son of Montreal) to a marked lack of interest on the part of New York.

"When I worked, I got \$125 a week," he says now. "But the catch was, I hardly worked at all. There'd be three months between a week's work. Naturally, I had to live on something. What I lived on was what Mother sent me from Canada, from my dead father's savings."

But then Canada passed its war-law that no more money could be sent across the border. So suddenly Johnny's small trickle of money ended. Meanwhile he remained in "the cheapest hotel on 49th Street," and the weeks plodded meagerly by, while he went jobless and his bill went unpaid. His world fell apart very unexpectedly one afternoon at four. There



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was a knock at his door. He opened it to find the manager outside—who promptly ordered Johnny to get his hat and coat. That done, the manager pushed him into the hall—and locked the door securely. “We will keep your clothes until you pay your bill,” he said coldly.

“But I haven’t a cent—and no place to turn,” said Johnny, horrified.

“Find a place,” snarled the manager. Johnny was propelled through the lobby and assisted into the street.

“You’ll never know how that feels until it happens to you,” Johnny says now. “I was lost and miserable—why, I didn’t even know where I’d spend that night! But automatically I started walking—anything to keep moving. My steps took me to Broadway. Suddenly I found myself in front of a small agent’s office—a guy who never got you more than peanuts a week. But I was desperate. I went inside.”

Once inside, the agent gave the expected offer: He could get Johnny a dancing job in a small town in Massachusetts—at thirty dollars a week. Johnny was outraged. “That’s lowering my price by \$95 a week!” he said, with the entertainer’s knowledge of how important it is to keep your wages up to standard.

“Take it or leave it. You could leave on tonight’s train,” said the agent.

Johnny took it, of course. He also took enough of the agent’s money to get his clothes out of hock—and spent the night riding into oblivion, he was sure—riding to Fall River, Massachusetts, with a salary already owed to the agent for the next six weeks of work. Every week he was shifted to a new small town in Massachusetts, and his salary gained another \$5 every week. But he was sad and lonely. He was at the bottom, in small towns, when he longed to be in New York City knocking everyone dead. And finally, still sorrowful, he arrived at the Cocoanut Grove in Boston.

THERE the lightning of beginning success first struck him. It came in the form of a telegram from Monte Proser, who owned the famous Copacabana night club in New York. “Want you for my Detroit Road Show,” it said. Johnny rushed to Detroit for two smash-hit weeks at the Book-Cadillac Hotel—and then Proser brought him to New York for eighteen smash weeks at the Copacabana.

Right then lightning struck him again—harder this time. It was now in the form of Mary Martin, who was rehearsing a Broadway show called “Dancing in the Streets.” One night after rehearsals she came into the Copacabana with her husband, and sat down. She looked at young Johnny flying around the dance-floor—and sat up!

Instantly she sent a waiter with a note asking him to join her at her table. “Would you be interested in joining my show?” she asked. Presto! A few weeks later, the show (plus Johnny) opened in New York. The fact that it closed very rapidly didn’t matter. Because Mary was convinced that in Johnny was a potential movie personality. She wired Buddy de Sylva to that effect. In turn, Mr. de Sylva wired Johnny to meet him at a cocktail party at the famous restaurant Twenty-One in New York. And Johnny did—where lightning struck him once more.

“Gee, I’ll never forget going to that star-spangled party,” he says now. “Only a few months ago, I’d been thrown out of a flea-bag hotel three blocks away. And now I was going to a party studded with movie stars to meet the head of a studio. I was shaky, I was scared—but boy, was I thrilled!”

He was more thrilled ten minutes after he’d inched nervously through the door. Because in ten minutes Buddy de Sylva had hired him as an actor. And a week later

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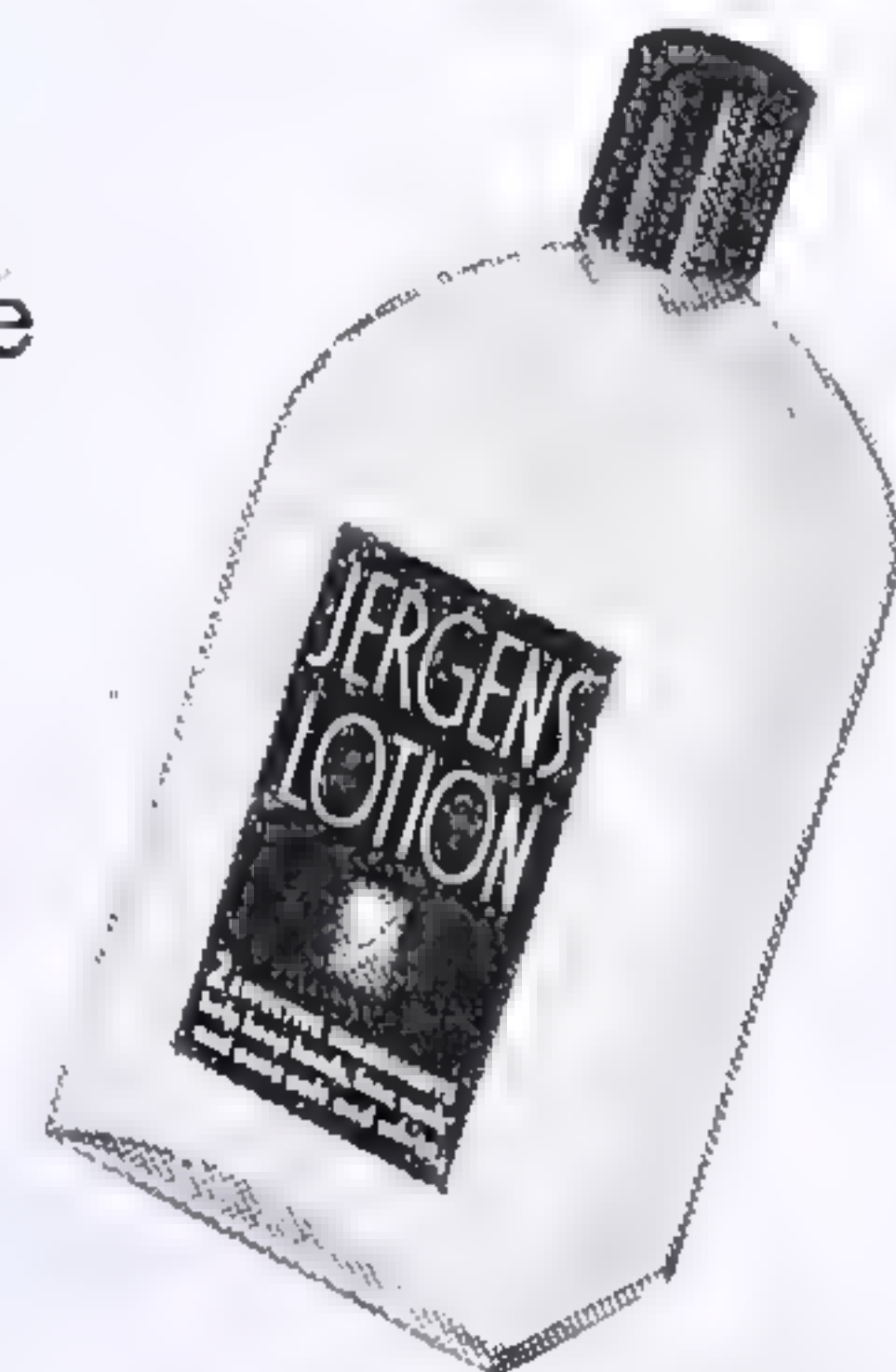
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he was on his way to Hollywood and eventual stardom.

"That's why," he says firmly now, "I really believe that everything that happens to you happens for the best. If I hadn't been penniless and thrown out of that hotel—I'd never have reached Hollywood at all!"

Everything has certainly happened for the best for him now. And he's very, very happy. Every morning he takes a shower to the tune of "On the Sunny Side of the Street." He moves through the day in the same gay mood. When he's waiting for a conference or a taxi, he's doing a time-step. When he's breezing along Hollywood Boulevard in his black convertible, he picks up people who need rides and bellows out songs with them while they ride. He plays badminton and tennis whenever possible. And sometimes, when he's alone at home and the radio plays something toe-inspiring, he peels off his clothes down to his shorts and goes into a spontaneous whirling, leaping, jumping dance—for the sheer joy of living!

UT on most days when he's not working at the studio, he spends a quiet, peaceful day at home minus dancing. He always wears the same at-home costume; loud pajamas and a quiet bathrobe. And he usually combines reading omnivorously—mostly the best sellers and the Book of the Month—with listening to his enormous collection of records. This includes everything you can think of, from classic to modern. But his favorites are all of Victor Young's recordings—which means the score for "The Lost Weekend" and for "Love Letters." Somehow Johnny managed to get the studio recordings of those scores. After them he loves Tschaikovsky—and "Come to Baby, Do!"

"Some day," he says now, "I want to sing." A grin. "I think I can sing now—but the studio doesn't agree with me! But some day I'll show 'em."

Meanwhile, he is happy enough without singing. He's a devoted reader of the comic strips "Blondie" and "Snuffy Smith."

His closet is full of what he loves best. Loud, loud sport clothes. It is also empty of what he hates worst: Hats and gloves. And his drawers are bulging with his favorite item of accessories—wool socks. He has forty pair, all knitted by his Mother and sent him from Montreal where she lives. "And some of 'em are plenty fancy," he adds. "Some of 'em sport reindeer—and a couple of them have naked women knitted over the ankles!"

Love? Well, right now he's fancy free. There was a time, though—a short time. . . . It was while he was with Phil Spitalny's orchestra, several years ago—and after a couple of up-and-down years in New York as a dancer. With Spitalny, he went to Chicago. And there he met a girl singer who sent him solid. To be near her, he hurriedly resigned his job when Spitalny continued his tour. He stayed in Chicago—and jerked sodas in a drugstore near where she sang! Since he didn't know chocolate from vanilla, that job ended rapidly. Then he went to work in the Chicago Rivet Company, doing manual labor on hot rivets. And what happened? The girl left Chicago for an engagement in Florida—and Johnny, dejected, joined the Canadian Army!

"That's one thing that didn't work out at all," he says now. "But you know what I think? I think it's all for the best!"

Only sister Molly is with him in Hollywood . . . but there are five other sisters where she came from. Two of them are married in Montreal. The other three work there—one in a railroad office, one in a business office, one in a bank. But their name isn't Coy. Johnny's real name is John Maver Ogilvie. The Coy name came as a result of a stuck pin down a list of 600 names, when his first agent first booked him in his first night club in New York. "John Ogilvie doesn't stick in your mind—but Johnny Coy does," said the agent.

He was right about that. Johnny Coy is stuck in everyone's minds. Why? Because—as we keep saying—he thinks of those dancing feet!

THE END

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So, girls—why not take a tip from gorgeous Powers Models who are famous for their naturally soft lustrous hair? Powers Girls use Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair! Kreml Shampoo is an arch conspirator for ensnaring your man. And here's why—

Silken-sheen beauty lasts for days. Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it actually brings out the natural sparkling highlights that lie concealed in the hair. Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much softer, silkier, easier to set.

Wonderful to soften dry, brittle ends. Kreml Shampoo is so mild and gentle on your hair. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Rather, it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry. It never leaves any excess soapy film that makes your hair so dull and lifeless looking. So be glamour-wise and always wash your hair with Kreml Shampoo—a trump card in any woman's bag of beauty tricks! All drug, department and 10¢ stores.



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FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

If You Were the Ranch Guest of Betty Grable

(Continued from page 49) alight from the car. He is pointing to one of the rocks which has a clear-cut fossil—the foot and spine prints of something huge and neanderthal. "We dug it up out of the field, and several folks who have seen it are pretty sure that we've got something valuable there."

Pop is on the jolly side, burly-shouldered, booted and big hatted. There isn't time to see much before dark, but he'll lead you around to stretch your legs a bit. Mom and Betty are going inside to "warm up the place. It's nice to have oil heaters, the nights can get pretty cool out here." Harry is off at a canter to stable the paint ponies.

"Look at him," says Betty from the top step. "What do you want to bet he takes a turn around first? We're so crazy about the place—we never get tired of riding 'round and 'round."

Something darts across the road as you follow Pop, you get a quick glimpse of brown and bright red plumage. "Ring-tailed pheasant," he informs you. "We get a lot of them."

Taking things more sedately is a waddling line of ducks, with the leader seeming to have a rare distinction and dignity. "He's a screen actor," says your guide, "the original *Donald Duck* of the movies. Guess he's got a touch of DeMille, too. I sunk a bath tub into the ground for him and he prefers it to a pond." Just like any other actor, Donald departs with admiring "gal friends" still following.

THE tinkle of cow bells, or we should say goat bells, signal that you are about to meet the comedians of the ranch family. Inside a large enclosure all their own are two of the giddiest quadrupeds you have ever encountered and who, because they have been privately called after two very prominent Hollywoodians, shall be nameless except as Goat One and Goat Two. As Pop approaches the fence they are merely coquettish; noting a stranger they go down-right show-off, butting and bounding like tipsy ballet dancers, filling the air with jangling.

Admiring the antics is your mistake, because Pop considerably lets them out of the pen to accompany you back to the house. Depending on how familiar you are, or aren't, with the disposition of goats, the walk takes on a great precariousness. Goat One dashes up ahead, which is all right until there's a tinkle and whoosh from the rear as Goat Two leaps (over your head, you'll swear) to join him. "Playful as dogs," says Pop, as your nerves join the jangling.

Watching you hurry toward shelter is host Harry.

"That's the trouble with you city girls," he heckles with obvious enjoyment. "Did Betty tell you about the time she got stuck in the mud? Waded into a wet field and sank knee deep. Every time she'd lift a foot she'd leave her boot in the stuff. I wouldn't help her, figured she'd know better next time—and boy, was she mad!"

Inside, the little ranch house is warm and gay, with the kind of brightness that is a house's way of saying it's happy to have you. A thick white string rug covers the living-room floor and touches of Betty's favorite bright red are everywhere. Large, comfortable armchairs are slip-covered in a red and white pattern, and old-fashioned coal oil lamps have a red cherry border around their antique glass shades. In front of the calico upholstered couch is a softly polished old cobbler's bench, serving the modern pur-

pose of coffee table. On it, a copper bowl gleams with large red apples, and convenient to any place you choose to sit are other copper or tole platters and bowls holding oranges and nuts and candies. There's even a white-iced gingerbread house, held over from Christmas because it was too pretty to eat.

It's a room for quiet living and fun, for talk and music and small card games such as Betty and Harry like to play with their best pals, John Payne and Gloria de Haven.

There's a red leather bar in the corner, which so far has come out second best to a refrigerator full of cold soda pop and a small slot machine which nobody has remembered to stock with nickels. All of which is just as well because at the moment alluring noises and substantial fragrances are drifting out of the kitchen. . . .

THE kitchen is spanking clean with linoleum and (proudest items in the house!) porcelain stove and refrigerator. Starchy white curtains, and a decor of plump red strawberries everywhere it can be used—shelf borders, on Vicki's enameled high chair, on the tablecloth, and across the hem of Betty's apron. Betty, who doesn't pretend to have time in her busy life to do her own cooking, is nevertheless a whiz at serving up a steaming pot of coffee.

"I come out here for a rest and spend all my time in this blamed kitchen," she says happily.

There are cold cuts and a huge pot of beans home baked by Betty's cook and heated in the ranch house oven. And there's opportunity to observe that Vicki, in her high chair, has her mom's violet eyes and "Harry's angelic disposition—she's always happy." The baby has her parents musical discrimination also, because although most music goes unnoticed, a James record on the air brings an ecstatic expression of recognition, "Daddy go toot-toot!"

And soon, because life at twenty-two months is uncluttered with etiquette, Vicki drops her head on her chest, closes her fluttering eyes and is ready for retirement.

Bedding down is done in true ranch style. The family bedroom has two double-tiered bunks, deep and comfortable looking, and a maple chest of drawers. Brown, white and red spreads, and a white and brown string rug make things cheerful, but you note it's a room held down to essentials.

As guest, and undeniably a tenderfoot, you will sleep in the guest room, in an easily accessible bed with snowy-white candlewick spread.

You have slept—a full minute it seems—when comes the crack of dawn and a loud, clear ringing from somewhere outside—the ranch house bell, calling the hands to breakfast. Inside, there is a sudden burst of other noises, a series of screams, both of consternation and laughter.

That does it, you're out of bed and rushing to the front window to help the commotion. The goats—the same One and Two—have mistaken Mom Grable's highly polished limousine as something new for mountain climbing. One of them is helplessly straddled across the hood, and both keep up a loud bleating and pawing until rescued by a ranch hand.

"Where else could you start the day with a Hal Roach comedy?" asks Betty, while Mom ruefully ponders the new paint job her car will be needing. Rancher Harry has already left the house, getting an early start with horse and rifle. Pheasants, doves and quail abound, with an occasional fox, coyote or deer.

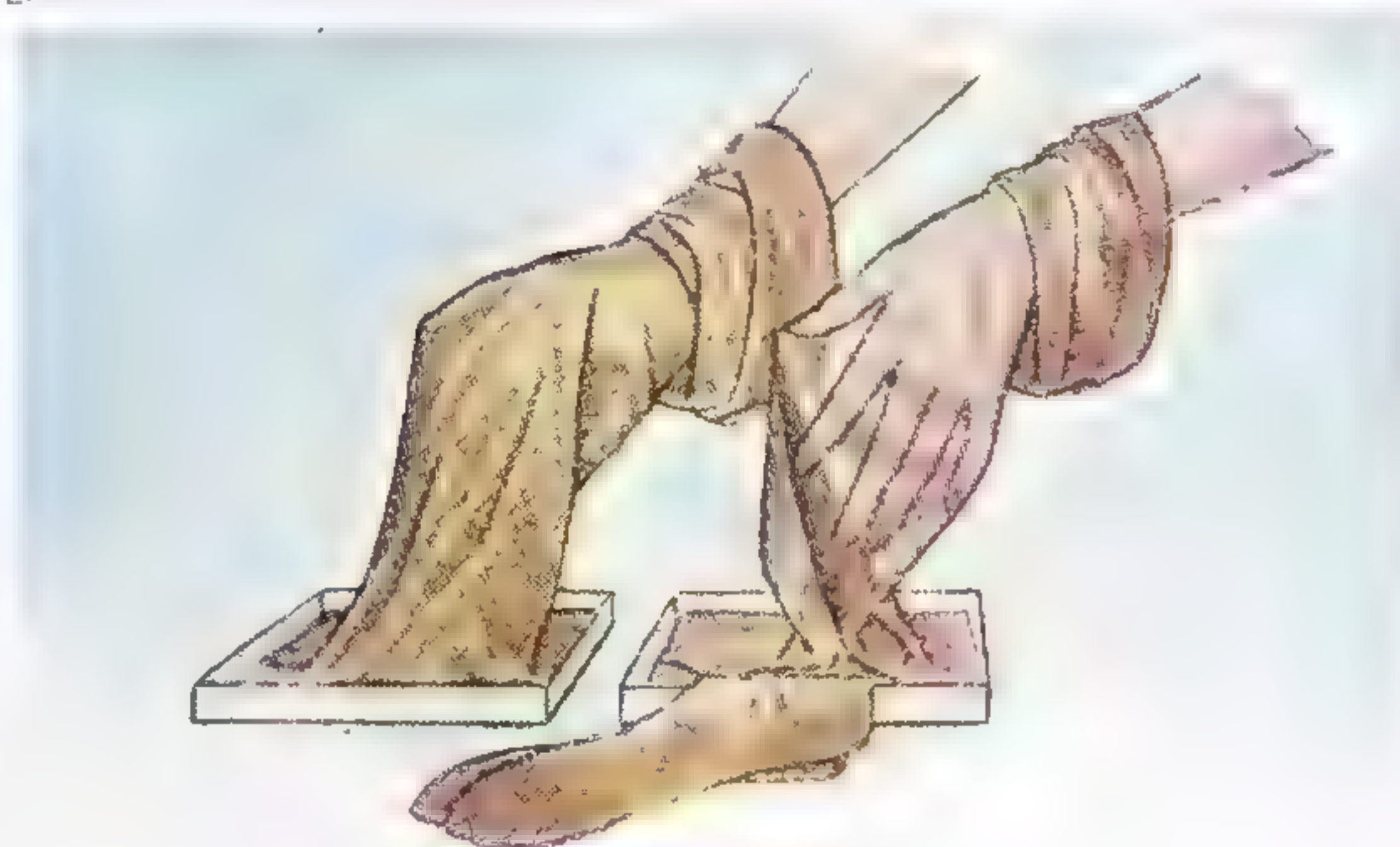
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"He's a great hunter—of tin cans—" says his wife. "Actually, that's all he ever has the heart to shoot, unless it's a hawk that's threatening our chickens. He's really a fine marksman, but the first day he bought his new rifle he lined up some cans on a fence and missed over half of them. Then he asked me to try to—knowing I'd never shot a gun in my life—and I plugged the first can right through the middle. If sixty years from now you hear we're being divorced, you'll know it's because he's never forgiven me for hitting that can!"

THE Baby J has milk cows and chickens, Rhode Island reds and bantams, but of main interest are the rapidly growing stables. "Deviled Egg," of the James racing stables, recently upset both the handicappers and his owners by coming in a big winner.

"We didn't think he was ready for a good race," Betty tells you. "I was working when I heard the news and they almost had to close down the picture!"

Among the saddle-bred horses in the stalls is a brown beauty named Peanuts, and in the tack room, next to Betty's

black and silver saddle, hangs a smaller one of hand-tooled brown and brass. Peanuts and his complete equipment were a Christmas present from the Jameses to Betty's small nephew Peter. Peter, aged eleven, was too overcome to react in the usual small-boy fashion. He stood, instead, with quiet tears running down his face, taking in the magnificence of horse-flesh and leather.

"It's just too good for me," he sobbed, "Way too good for me!"

"It was the funniest thing," remembers his aunt. "All of us so happy and all of us in tears!"

Today, an event of another sort is taking place—undoubtedly the most important inauguration since Lincoln's. Miss Vicki James, appropriately outfitted in miniature blue jeans, will try out her new buggy and pony.

The buggy, runabout style, was a gift from the members of the James band—very shiny black, with dashing red wheels and shafts. A case of putting the buggy before the horse, because not until this week has "Colleen," a beautifully friendly young animal, been found to fill it. Daddy James holds the reins and tiny Vicki sits

straight and proud on the high seat—they go slowly 'round and 'round in front of the stables and you find yourself joining in the ranch hands' lusty cheering. . . .

Sunday goes too quickly—no one goes into the house except to eat, and long before sundown the mistress of the rancho starts yawning. It's the fresh air, and exercise—and the fact that she must be up at 6 A.M. Monday, to don the whale-boned corset and long petticoats for her role in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim."

Before you leave, however, you take a long look at a great, spreading knoll that rises along the horizon. Someday, Betty and Harry will build on its top a large and permanent ranch home, with swimming pool and wide porches looking over their entire acreage. The prim little cottage, plus a suite of managerial offices, will become Pop's—but right now you look back at its starchily curtained windows:

"Gosh—I hate to leave it," says Betty. "Tell me, do you think the big house will ever be as much fun?"

You do think so—so long as the team of Grable and James are your hosts, and so long as they keep on being people!

THE END

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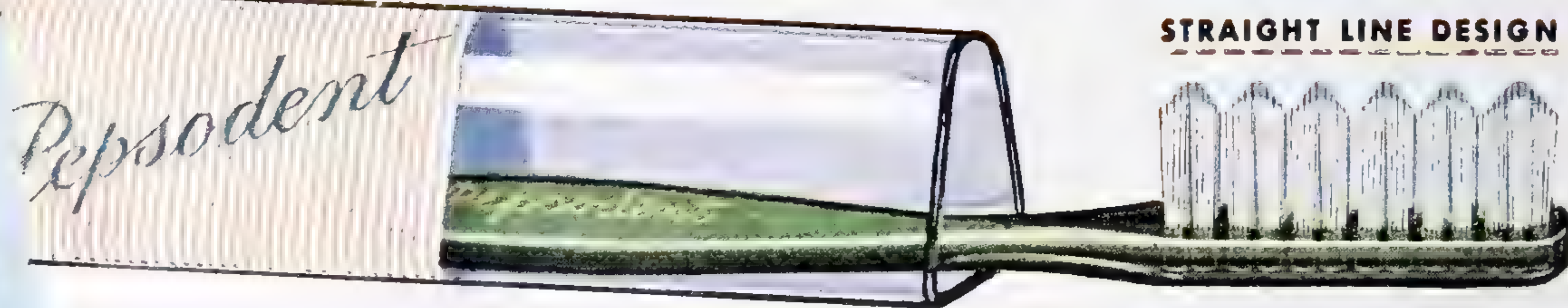
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STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

*Every
Pepsodent Brush*

**has the Straight Line Design
most dentists recommend**

Intermission for Romance

(Continued from page 31) One of the cameramen who had been in the group that night that it was discovered that Rita Hayworth was "going around" with Tony Martin, told me that story. And it almost knocked me off my pins. A little bobby-soxer, a little girl who might be having dreams of her own about someday being rich and famous, feeling "kinda sorry" for Rita Hayworth, a famous beauty whose face was recently described in a magazine as "one of the natural wonders of America—like the Grand Canyon."

And yet if you knew Rita as I know Rita—I somehow understood how that kid felt! It is as though the gods, in a capricious moment, had said, "We shall make a woman of great beauty—she shall have everything, talent, fame, youth. But happiness she will know—only in bits and snatches." At least, it has been that way with Rita, so far.

She is as patient and generous a girl as I have ever known. And yet love has always hurt her and brought her unhappiness. Her first marriage to Ed Judson was a terrible experience for a girl still in her teens. She tried her best to make a go of what was a losing proposition for over five years.

I know what she went through at that time—things that can never be told. But her unhappiness made me feel very close to Rita. Before she married Orson Welles, she and I used to see each other often. She would pour out her heart to me, her troubles, her hopes and her ambitions. I felt I knew her better than any one of the young actresses.

BUT there was a long time, during the interval of her marriage to Welles, when I didn't see Rita. It was a job she had taken on, not I, trying to keep up with the mental standards of the Big Brain whom she had promised to love, honor and obey. I used to see them dining out occasionally, Welles holding the floor before an audience of his cronies—Rita, with all her beauty, somehow out of it and inconspicuously in the background.

"How long can that last?" I used to think. And it didn't—too long! When her marriage came to an end, I was the first one to be told the news, and while I wasn't surprised, my heart went out to her—for I know how deeply she loves when she loves—and what a crushing blow it must be to her to have her second marriage on the rocks. And now there was a little daughter—Rebecca, whom Rita adores.

Even though we had not been seeing one another, I was the first to break the

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ice and ask Rita to have lunch with me. "I'd love it, Louella," she said, just like the Rita of old. "I'm working but there is a quiet little place near the studio." So that is where we met after two years of an interrupted friendship.

She came into Billingsley's in studio make-up, a simple sport coat around her shoulders. She looked beautiful. But more surprising, she seemed an entirely different girl from the repressed beauty I had known before. We had talked only a few minutes before I realized that she is different. She's become a woman of the world—smooth, polished, telling what she feels you should know and keeping the rest to herself with the poise of a much more mature person.

I said, "When I saw you last, Rita, you were terribly in love with—Victor Mature, remember? You two came over to the house and told me you hoped to be married. I don't think Vic has ever really gotten over it. And you—?"

She tossed back her heavy head of red hair in that gesture so characteristic of her on and off the screen. "So much has happened since those days," she said. "Vic and I seem like kids—talking about rushing into marriage just because we were young and in love with love. Marriage isn't that simple, believe me."

"I suppose you're trying to tell me that you will never marry again," I put in.

She smiled a little as she replied, "Oh, no. I'm not that disillusioned. Of course, I'll marry again. It is the only really happy life for a woman and I want children—lots of them, a big family. But I'll be careful next time. I'll never rush into marriage again. Very soon, when I finish 'Down to Earth,' which I'm making now, I'll divorce Orson. Possibly sooner, if I have a day off."

If I detected a faint sigh under those

words, I want to quickly add that there was not a trace of self-pity. Nothing in the world would make me believe she is carrying even a candle flicker for Welles, much less a torch. It's over. Finished. Done with. But she will say nothing of regret that she married Welles.

As though she were speaking of something that had happened quite awhile ago, she said, "I'm glad I married him. I have Rebecca—who means everything to me. And then, Orson is a very brilliant man. I learned a lot from him."

"The point is," she continued, "Orson should never have married. There are so many things so much more important to him. He wants to act. He wants to write and his latest interest is politics. His marriage came last on that list. So, how could there be happiness when we so seldom saw each other? Two careers in a family are hard enough to handle. A half dozen of them are impossible!"

"Social affairs bored Orson. He is too interested in other things. On the other hand, I'm young. I like to dance and to be with congenial friends. When I work on a picture I work hard. When I have time to play, I like to go out and enjoy myself. Once in awhile he would take me out, but I know he would get very bored after a little of it. With us—it was just that Orson had his life and I had mine—and they didn't converge at any point."

BEYOND that, she will say no word against the father of her adored baby. "Since I have Rebecca," she went on, "I'll never be completely lonely again. I don't need a husband right now. When I go home my baby puts her arms around my neck and says, 'Mommy, Mommy.' She's just learning to say a few words, and there's nothing to take the place of that."

My ambition right now is to devote my life to being a good mother to her."

"But, Rita," I laughed, "You've admitted yourself that you are young and love good times. What about this talk about you and Tony Martin finding one another so romantic?"

Once again she gave that little toss of her heavy hair. "You know me well enough to know, Louella," she said, "that I couldn't be in love again so soon. I've reached a lull in my emotional life—a 'breather'—isn't that the expression? It comes to everyone—a time when you have to stop and take stock and add up the experiences that have happened to you before moving on to others. I'm at that stage now."

"Of course, I like Tony. He's fun and a good dancing partner. More than that, he is a fine, kind person. And he's been through a lot of trouble. Luckily, that is in the past now and most of it forgotten in his fine war record. But his troubles in the beginning of the war left scars that have changed him and made him a very different man."

"That's why, when he first came home and called me for a few dates, we decided to dodge the spotlighted places and go somewhere we could just dance an evening away without everybody saying we were in love. I've known him a long time, you know. We aren't just new friends—and since we first met, we've both been through a lot. Now, everyone knows that we have dates and that we are friends. It would be silly to try to hide that. There is no reason for it. We're both free—and over twenty-one," she laughed.

"Sometimes a real love comes out of such a friendship," I suggested.

But Rita was sticking to her story. "I shall go out with many men during the next year," she insisted. "Tony, too, if he

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asks me. And I promise you I won't be thinking of marriage. First," she smiled, "I'm getting my divorce in Los Angeles—and that takes a year, you know."

It was almost time for her to report back to the studio and I didn't want to make her late. She's one girl who never does anything temperamental like keeping other players and her director waiting. But I did manage to ask, "And how does Tony feel about *you*?"

"That's something you'll have to ask him," she tossed it right back in my lap.

So perhaps it was just a coincidence that a new picture I had to review took me out to the M-G-M Studios the next day—the same studio where Tony is making "Till the Clouds Roll by." If you think I didn't manage to slip onto that set for a little talk with him—you're crazy.

I THOUGHT I had never seen him look so well. Three years ago he was beaten and crushed when his commission in the Navy was sensationally investigated. After that, when he was drafted into the Army, he went through a little private hell of prejudices and suspicions which he feared he might never be able to live down. But his record in the China-Burma-India Theater of war was so splendid that it erased everything else and brought Tony Martin home—a bigger star than ever before, I believe.

He seemed so gay, laughing and kidding on the set that I didn't have the heart to bring up the troubles we all hope he has been able to forget. So I hit on a much more agreeable subject to both of us—Rita.

You can bet he didn't mind that. "I'll tell you frankly, Louella," he said, "I have more fun with Rita than with any other girl. If anything is bothering her—she never shows it. She's always gay and beautiful."

"So you two are congenial," I hinted. "Congenial?" he laughed. "That's a mild word. We were kidding the other night

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about how we both love to dance, sing—and eat!

"But, seriously, I've known Rita a long time. We were both in 'Music in My Heart' at Columbia, and I liked her from the moment we met on the set. But our paths didn't cross then. I was married to Alice Faye at that time and Rita was also married.

"But when I came home and got out of the service she was the first girl I called. I wanted to tell her how crazy all the guys 'over there' were about her and her movies and her pin up pictures. They sure think she is tops. And she is.

"The wonderful thing about my friendship with Rita is that she is as free as the air, and so am I," Tony went on, "Neither one of us has any strings on the other. But we usually find we *want* to be together. I wouldn't call it love—at this stage of the game—but who knows, it might be later.

"In a way, I think it is a good thing that we are going to be separated for a month. That will give her time to meet and go out with other men." Am I wrong—or did he look not too happy when he made that generous remark?

"You picked out a good time to go back to Chicago for a personal appearance at the Chez Paree," I laughed. "Rita will be busy making her picture and probably too tired to step out and she'll know you'll be too busy singing and working every night to have many dates."

"I thought of that," he grinned.

So what can you say now? I don't have a crystal ball with which to do my fortune telling. But somehow I have a feeling that this romance may turn out to be a big thing in their lives. Bigger, perhaps, than they suspect.

For, above all, they speak the same language—and very often that language turns out to be love. It's happened before. And it could happen to—Rita and Tony, two friends of mine who have earned and who deserve, real happiness.

THE END



Rita Hayworth and Tony Martin go to a small dance place near Culver City

Return of the Marine

(Continued from page 34) for any actor, even one as good as Power. For he is, as you remember, a very good actor indeed. Remembering how good he was in "Blood and Sand," "The Black Swan" and "A Yank in the R.A.F.," I got excited thinking about the fun and satisfaction it is going to be to have him back.

Yet I couldn't help noticing his hesitation.

"I said, 'I'm an actor. I come of a family of actors. I love it. No man could be anything but happy beyond measure at the opportunity to play those parts in those stories. From the time I was a little boy, literally living in the theater, having my lessons in my mother's dressing room, watching my father star in great Shakespearean roles, watching my mother—one of the loveliest actresses who ever walked on a stage—I never once thought of being anything but being an actor. Sometimes—'

He stopped and grinned, "other people disagreed with me. I used to sit on park benches and wonder about that, when I was out of a job. Do you know to this day I can never see anybody sitting on a bench, waiting for a bus or a street car, without stopping and offering him a lift or trying to talk to him. I've got a sort of complex about people sitting on benches. Sometimes they look sort of surprised. I suppose they could just be sitting there because they wanted to, but to me it always seems they must be broke and defeated and cold at the pit of their stomachs . . . Anyway, it never entered my head to be anything except an actor—but right now—"

I said, "I don't quite know what you mean."

Tyrone Power said, "Neither do I, exactly. Except that I want to do something. I want to be in what's done. Not just me, but every man that was overseas—we can't just let it go and forget about it. Maybe for a little while in getting home, but not for all time, no matter how easy it would be. Of course I don't know anything about—running things or government or—"

Then he said with quiet directness, "Do you think there is something else I ought to do?"

I saw then what he was aiming at. You find it in many men just returned from overseas.

"No," I said, "I think you should do



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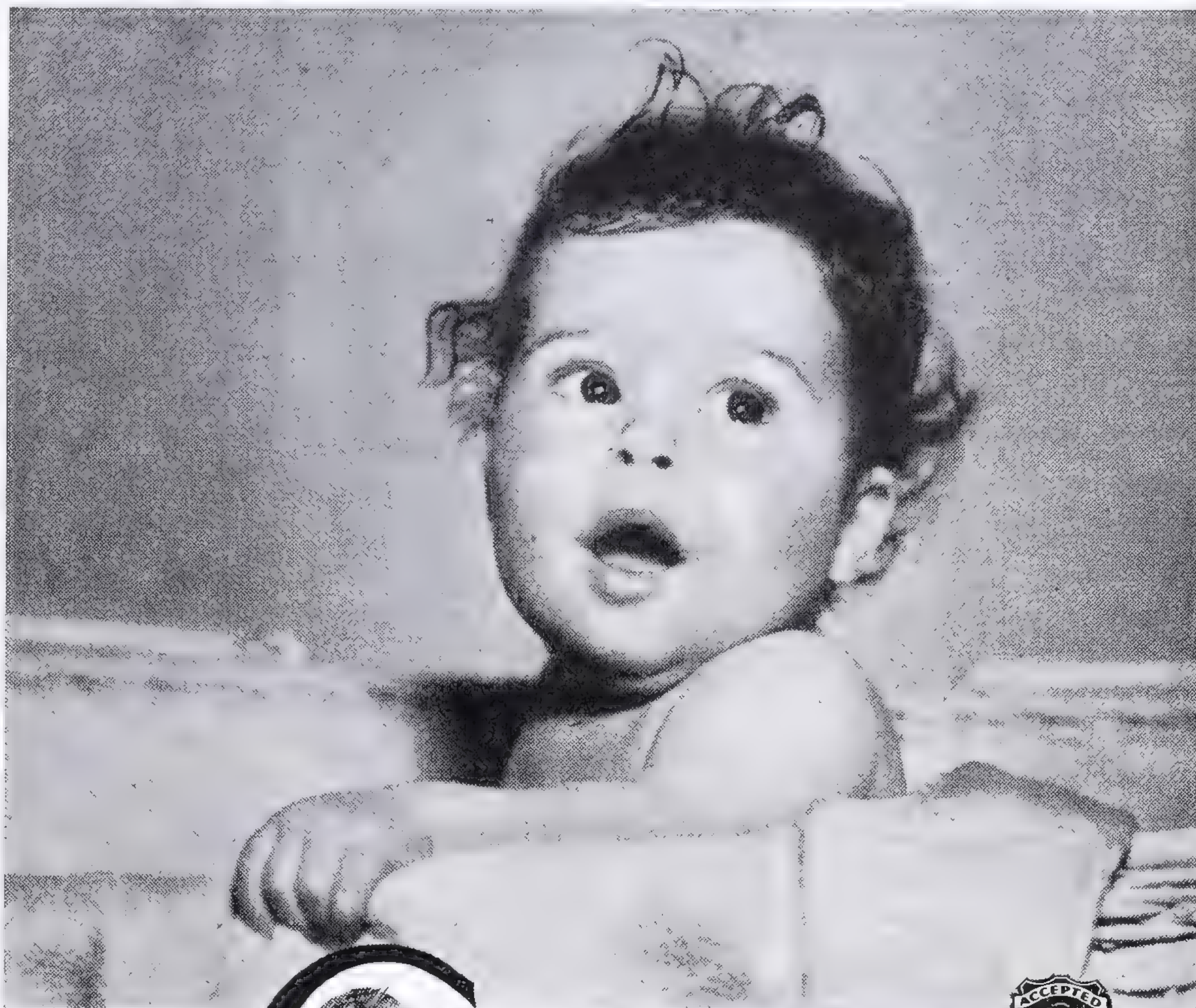
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Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

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My baby is now months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Foods.

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COLD WAVE PERMANENT... AT HOME!



You can treat yourself
to a perfect, soft, natural-looking
permanent—done at

home—in three hours or less with the

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Wave Permanent Solutions... Simply put

your hair in curlers, dampen each curl
with Crowning Glory and, in less time than

you believe, you have a lovely new

permanent—ready to set in your own most

flattering style... And all you need is—

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CHILDREN'S HAIR, TOO

The dainty softness of your
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Crowning Glory Permanent
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clear Crowning Glory
Solutions are as effective
and easily used on her
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with Curlers...

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Packet at Leading Cosmetic Counters
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what you know best how to do. I don't think anyone can do more than make such a picture as 'The Razor's Edge.' If most people in the world learned what Larry knows in that, it would help immeasurably. And as long as you are Tyrone Power, you can make yourself heard."

It wasn't, however, until I was in New York a few months later that the right phrase for Tyrone Power occurred to me. An invitation came to attend a reception to be given in his honor at the Hotel Pierre, and though I do not usually go to receptions, I went to that one. My respect and admiration for this young man are sufficient to make me feel that anyone invited to do him honor should accept that invitation. The big rooms were full of flowers and lights and people who hadn't seen him since he came back from war.

Across the crowded room I saw Ty Power greeting old friends, being introduced to new ones, looking very pleased and happy and alive, with his wife standing there beside him in the receiving line.

The phrase came to me then.

A young American.

The best we have to offer. Typical, in spite of his fame and his achievements, of our nation. There was nothing about him that suggested an actor or a movie star and yet he looked as though he owned the earth. I have seen that same assurance, that same swagger about many other young men, coal miners and shoe clerks and bankers and mechanics. In Ty, perhaps because his profession is what it is, it seemed to come into focus sharply.

A young American.

INSIDE I felt proud and warm. And it came to me, too, that since he has been away four long years, I would like to bring him back to you, to remind you of what he is and what he stands for and how proud all of us ought to be of this kind of young American. To show you how he lives and what his marriage is like, where he came from and how he got to be what he is.

I suppose it's typical, too, of young Americans that his ancestry is as mixed as it can be, French and Irish and English mostly. He is, in fact, the third of his family to be Tyrone Power, his great-grandfather being the first. That magnificent old Irishman—there are many stories of him and his doings in County Tyrone—was born in Ireland, as was his

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son Harold, one of England's most famous concert pianists. Tyrone the second, a shining and proud name in American theatrical history, was born in London. Young Tyrone Power himself was the first of the long line to see the light of day in America, on the fifth of May, 1914, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. Power had played Shakespeare with her husband until two months before he was born and then gone home to her own mother for the big and blessed event. So even Ty's parental influences all had to do with the theater.

As a matter of fact, he was only two months old when his father and mother—some of us old timers remember Patia Power—went into the then new art of the motion picture and when he was a year old they brought him out to Hollywood, because they had signed a contract with the old firm of Selig Pictures.

The first really big event of his life came when he was seventeen months old. His sister Ann was born in Hollywood. Probably you have known a brother and sister who had an unusual closeness, who seemed to understand each other without words, as though they had been cut from the same piece of cloth, or were especially attuned to each other. With only seventeen months between them, they grew up almost as twins. There was another reason for their closeness. Incredible as it seems to look at him today, the first seven years of Ty's life were a constant fight to keep him alive, he was so frail. Thus Ann became his inseparable companion.

The other day when I was at the Powers' for lunch, I saw a small person called Pixie, with copper-gold curls and bright blue eyes who soon made it apparent how she got her name. Like a tiny Peter Pan, she flew between Aunt Annabella and Uncle Ty then flitted off down the sloping lawns, under the orange trees, and came back to light on Annabella's lap or Ty's knee with the assurance only possible to a much-loved child. Pixie is the two-and-a-half year old daughter of Ty's sister.

"You see," Annabella explained, "Ann and I lived here together when our husbands were at war—and Pixie was born here. Sometimes I think she hardly knows which of us she belongs to most, because her mother has had to be in Honolulu with her husband for quite a long time. So Pixie is ours, aren't you, Pix?"

So, you see, the love between Ty and his sister has gone on meaning much to him. It was for her and his mother that he fought through the grim days following his father's sudden death in 1931.

At seventeen Ty found himself head of the family, a family without too much in the way of reserve funds. Hollywood not only closed all its doors to him, but, as he said to me the other day, "It actually kicked me right out of town. Starved me out, might be a better way to put it. We did have to eat and we weren't, in Hollywood. And when I started out, broke and convinced I wasn't any good to anybody, I was sure I'd never see it again."

But Ty came back—the hard way.

Next Month

The Distinguished Writer

Adela Rogers St. Johns

gives you more news of
this exciting young American

Tyrone Power

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

Great natural dignity and an infallible style sense make Mrs. Vanderbilt's handsomeness unforgettable. For a quick complexion "re-styling," she has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

"It makes my skin feel softer . . . look brighter and clearer," she says.

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*"so quick...
so easy
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Mrs. Vanderbilt has a
1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times weekly.

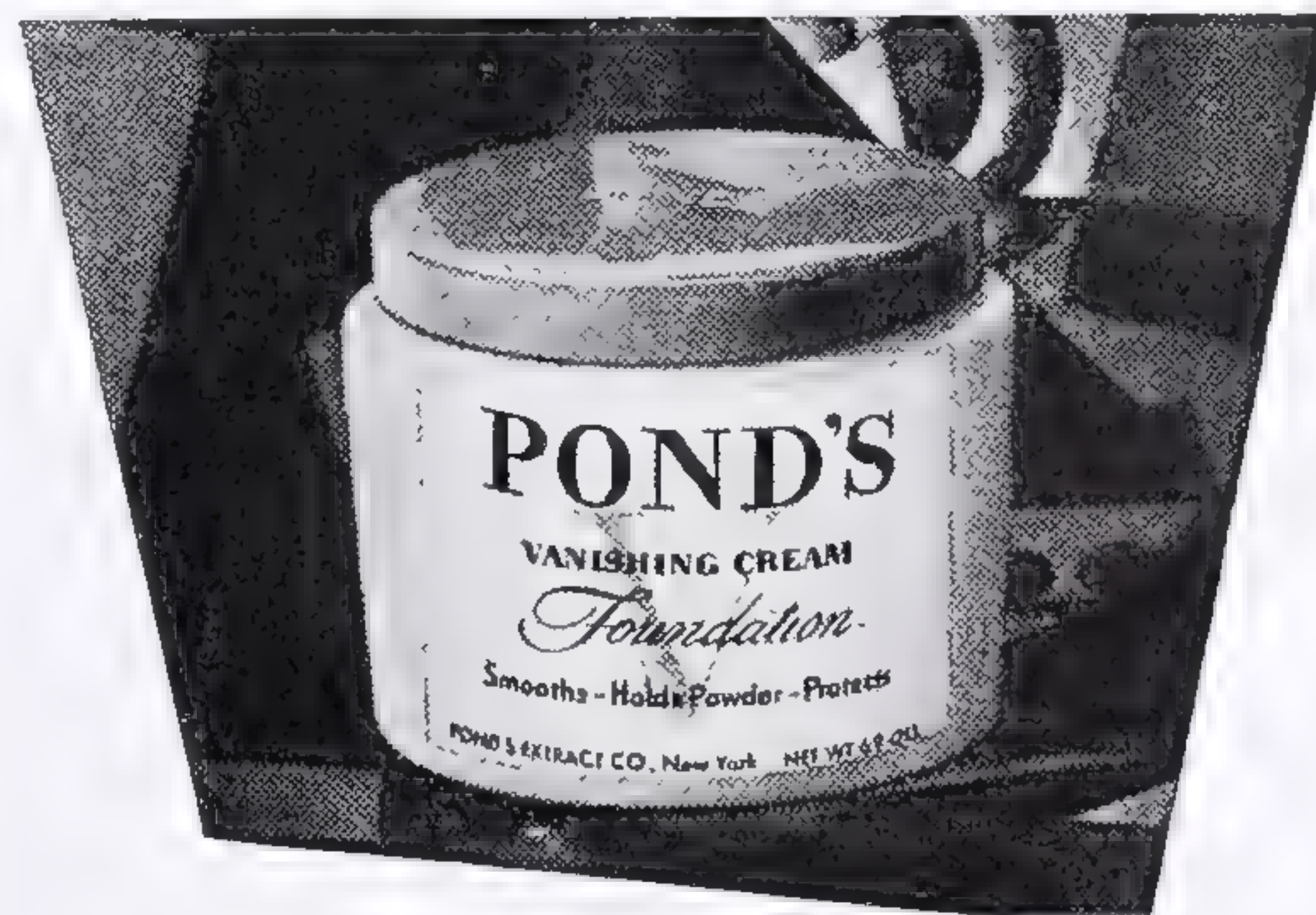
**Make your complexion look clearer . . .
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Beauty Spots



*Diana Lynn of "Our Hearts
Were Growing up"*

By Mary Jane Fulton

DIANA LYNN, the girl with the laughing blue eyes, was as wide awake as the morning sunlight streaming into her New York hotel suite as she told of her fun dancing the night before at the Stork Club. That's the way this slender and graceful nineteen-year-old movie heroine prefers to exercise—by dancing . . . Diana, in Paramount's "Our Hearts Were Growing up," is an accomplished pianist. Piano playing, she says, is a wonderful way to develop grace of hand movement. . . She takes good care of her hands, frequently massaging them with either a hand lotion or cream. On her long, graceful fingers she keeps her nails filed short and, when she uses nail polish, tints them with either a pink or rose shade. The light shades blend prettily with her fair complexion and honey-colored hair, which she shampoos often, and wears brushed into a simple, loose pageboy . . . Her trick for attaining a natural-looking cake make-up job is to match it to her skin tone. She says girls sometimes make the mistake of putting on too much of it and using either too dark or too light color. At the studio she learned how to dip the powder puff first in face powder, then to touch it to dry rouge. With the powder and rouge thus blended, it appears natural when lightly smoothed over her cake make-up. Because of her fair coloring, she uses a brown mascara and eyebrow pencil. . . Diana says she has found her whole expression has a happier look when she extends the brow line slightly upward at the ends with the eyebrow pencil. Then, so this artifice will not be too noticeable, she softly finger-blends it. . . For clear, sparkling eyes she recommends the daily use of an eyewash and lots of sleep. .

FRANCES GIFFORD, whose latest picture is "Army Brat," uses the side of the brush, instead of the front, when applying her mascara. With long, slow strokes she follows through much as a golfer continues the stroke upwards after the ball has been driven down the fairway. This is so the fine little hairs at the ends of the lashes will get the benefit of the mascara and will appear longer.

EVE ARDEN, busy Universal star, has found a way to give her hair a quick dry cleaning when a full-dress evening pops up and there is no time for a beauty shop appointment or even a quick wash-bowl shampoo. . . After a ten-minute session with a good dry shampoo, her hair is clean, fluffy and still in curl. A thorough brushing and the application of a hair tonic completes Eve's treatment.

**ANN
DVORAK**

REPUBLIC
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Corner on Happiness

(Continued from page 41) that I cried instead. And my husband was so upset because he thought he had hurt my feelings."

The Powells have one ironclad rule. They never harbor unpleasantness. "If you get them right out in the open quick they just aren't anything," she says. But they both believe that if you keep them in, by four o'clock you're apt to be really sore, by six you've dreamed up a lot of other things to be mad about and by seven you aren't speaking and it's too late.

Dick Powell's wife thinks the most wonderful thing about her husband is his appreciation. It doesn't matter how small a thing she does for him he notices it and tells her about it. It makes her so glad she has pleased him that she starts looking around for something bigger to do for him. And she herself is very appreciative of his tact and thoughtfulness.

If there is something he wants changed or something he wants her to do he waits until he has found a way to let her know without hurting her feelings. Before her marriage, she confesses, she had nothing but suits in her private wardrobe. She liked them and that was that. Richard never said a word about it but went to a favorite designer of hers and ordered her several lovely dresses. She hung them in the closet and now when he says, "Why don't you wear that pink thing tonight? You look lovely in it," she wears it. "What would you do?" she wants to know.

THE Powells' marriage didn't get away to a flying start as far as the breaks were concerned. June was working at the time and they lived at a hotel. They stayed until "their time was up," as the hotel put it. But June says candidly, "We got thrown out, just like anybody else does these days." She had been ill and their house was nowhere near completion. But she told the decorator to put in two chairs and a bed, for they were moving in regardless. While he hunted up the bed they lived on a friend's yacht. "It wasn't so bad," she says. "Sort of fun. And I learned to call the galley 'the galley' and not 'the kitchen,' but it was so cold." And then they moved into their half-finished dream house amid painters and carpenters and plumbers with literally a bed and two chairs.

So they have really watched their house come alive. And it is a lovely house. Spacious, yet simple and friendly. There are fruit trees in the front yard and flowers in irregular patterns. On the polished dark floor in the living room is a magnificent braided rug with warm reds in it. June's dressing room is the delight of her very feminine heart and although she brags about it and fusses about it, she doesn't want anyone to see it until it is finished to her satisfaction.

And it is more than a house. It is the Powells' home. Not Dick's. Not June's. A concrete sign of their mutual affection. For the brightness of the sun through the large glass windows, the yellow exterior, the chintz, are June. The copper, the books, the huge chairs in which she all but disappears are Richard.

The nursery they are building at the back belongs to the future. But they have a definite eye on that future. "Of course we want children," says Mrs. Powell, looking like a radiant child herself. "Until then I'm practicing raising them. Want to see?" And she introduced me to "Heathcliffe." Heathcliffe is a three-months-old red cocker spaniel. "I always knew my dog's name would be Heathcliffe even when I didn't know what kind of a dog he would be. Seems a bit big for this one but he'll grow up to it." And she confidently put him through his paces.

It would seem (Continued on page 120)



**Celebrated painter, John Collins,
shows how a blonde complexion
is glorified with original*
"Flower-fresh" shade of
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder**

Want to make your blue eyes seem bluer? Want to make your fair skin look richer, more radiant? Then smooth on Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" shade of Natural. With a whisper of pink, fresh as a bon-bon, it imparts a pearly-smooth finish to your skin. Masks tiny blemishes; clings for hours . . . it's the face powder *find* of the year. There are "Flower-fresh" Cashmere Bouquet shades to glorify all skin types.



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES

*Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

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Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES

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Background for Beauty

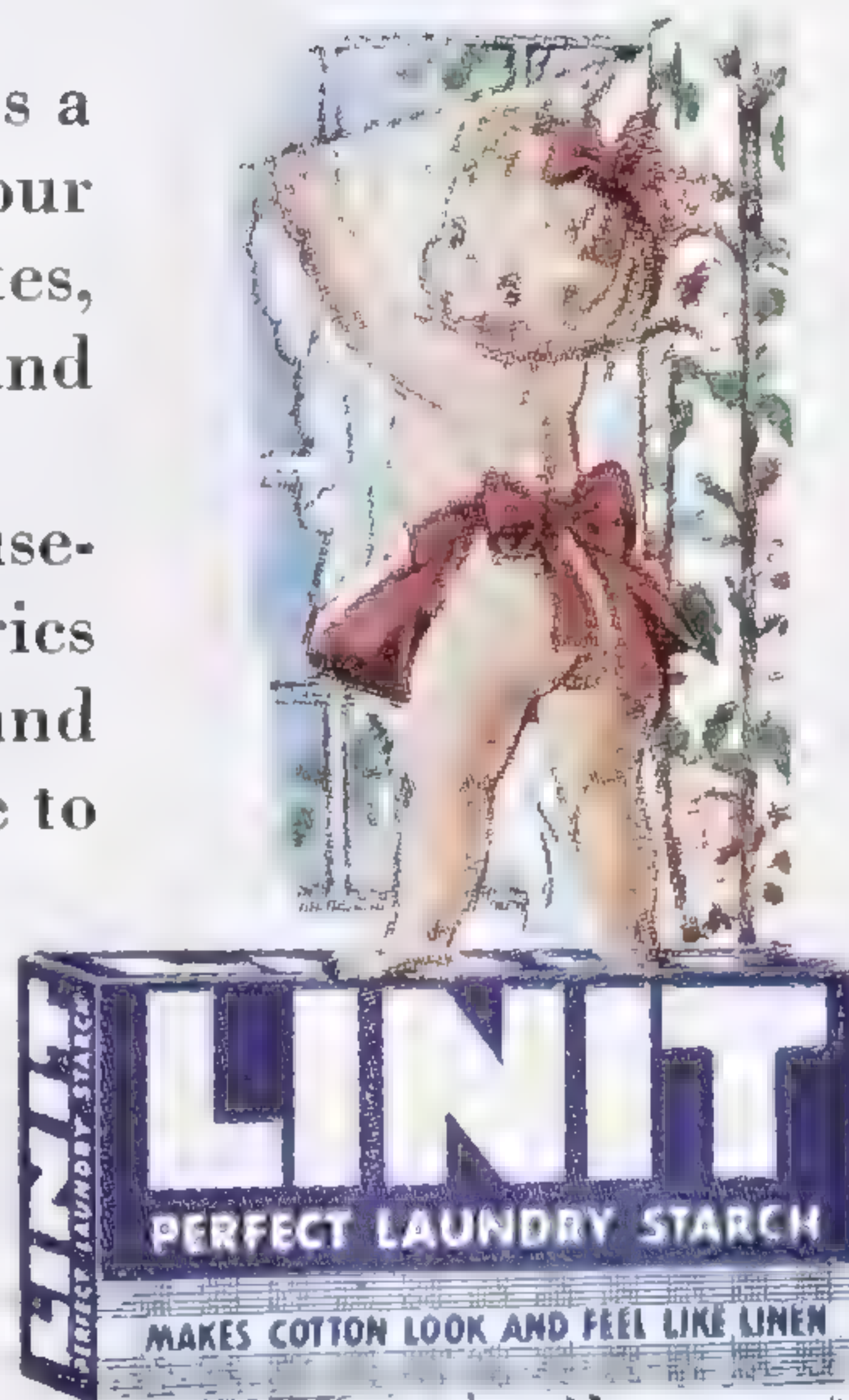
CRISP, snowy curtains dress up a room just as a freshly laundered jabot adds chic to your favorite suit. Dainty organdies, marquises, voiles and rayons take on new freshness and beauty when they are Linit-laundered.

Linit restores the original finish to all household and personal washables. It penetrates fabrics evenly and smoothly. Linit helps shed dirt and dust, keeps things clean longer. Linit is simple to mix, easy to use.

Sunny says: On every Linit package you'll find complete directions for starching sheets, shirts, table linens, lingerie ...and all washable fabrics.

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LINIT adds the "finishing touch".



(Continued from page 117) that what with being a top star at M-G-M, being a devoted wife, learning to run a house and training a dog she is a pretty busy girl.

Her answer to this: "Oh, no. When I'm not working I have loads of time. So I've been trying to find a hobby. A woman should have a hobby." She looked so solemn and old fashioned as she said it and so ponderous at the suggestion that it be china painting.

She changed like quicksilver to an animated small boy. "Well, drawing, anyway," she said.

She first thought of collecting silver but her husband pointed out that it could run into large sums of money and she might lose interest. So she tried first books and then knitting. "But I just can't knit," she admits. But one afternoon in her back yard she fell in love with a tall evergreen tree. She thought with longing what fun it would be if she could capture it on paper. She tried and when her husband came home that night he knew it was a tree. That did it. She bought all the paraphernalia she could lay her hands on and spent her days happily covered from head to foot with charcoal sketching everything that came her way, with a marked preference for her husband.

She sketched him at the dinner table and forgot to eat. When he was in bed with the flu, she sat daily at his bedside and did pictures of him. At last her model rebelled. He maintained that she was wearing out her hobby as well as him. So he agreed to sit for her an hour a day. No more, no less.

THE hardest thing for June since her marriage has been to remember that she is a motion-picture star. "I forget," she says simply. "I guess it's because being one isn't like what you think it will be." She thought for movie stars there were never any ordinary things to be done. "Like Richard having to put up the book shelves or fix the plumbing. Actually, it's just a regular normal life like any other where the wife works." Then she qualified that. "Except less social. We have been to only two parties since we were married. I think it's because our work takes a lot out of us along social lines as well as just hard work. I mean, you are making a picture, being interviewed, having your hair dressed or being sewn into a costume and talking to a thousand and one swell people all day, and when you get home you just want to relax and be alone."

June feels that sometimes it disappoints other people when she forgets she's a star. When they lived at the hotel she started off for work every morning in her favorite sweater and knee-length blue jeans. If someone stopped her for her autograph she felt apologetic and insisted on explaining to her admirer that she dressed this way just to go to work and they'd dress her all up at the studio. And if she felt they were upset by it she had an irresistible impulse to ask them to dinner and get all dressed up to make up for not seeming to be what they thought a star should be.

But she is what a star should be. She is wistful, joyous loveliness. She is a breath of freshness and sincerity. She will never quite grow up. And it brings a warm spot around your heart to think of a great American favorite lying on her tummy before the fire with her heels kicking in the air, gleefully worming out of her adored husband the secret of his Christmas present to her so that he will have to dash off first thing in the morning and buy one more little thing that will be a surprise, taking the best things she finds in her life and treating them with the reverence and hope and effort they deserve.

THE END

Runaway Bride

(Continued from page 37) they had heard from her daughter. She did not have the Kesters' number, and she did not even think of them, since Jeanne knew them so casually. She went to Twentieth Century-Fox and enlisted their help, and it was the studio that instituted the radio appeals to Jeanne—and which Jeanne never heard. The studio did not think of the Kesters either, but, anyway, the Kesters weren't talking. Young Jeanne, in enforcing her marriage plans, was being neither cruel nor deceitful, according to her own lights. To a girl who so truly believes God is love and that love is stronger than death, there could be no yielding that would permit love not to be stronger than her mother's appeals.

When to Jeanne the hallowed date of Dec. 31st appeared and she could stand before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament Church and have a nuptial high mass read to unite her life with Paul's, then only could she get in touch with her mother who had opposed this union. Mrs. Marshall Kester was her attendant, and Doctor W. L. Marxer, the Brinkmans' family physician was best man.

When the service was finished, like all newlyweds, they kissed.

Jeanne whispered, "Oh, darling, I shall never forget this moment."

"Beloved, I know you won't," Paul assured her. "You won't be able to, for I am going to see to it that it lasts forever for you."

PAUL gave Jeanne such a beautiful wedding ring. It is of platinum, carved between two bands to look like a vine that winds itself around bagette rubies and diamonds.

They had a wedding breakfast at nine in the morning. It included only the members of the wedding party and Paul's parents, but no relatives of Jeanne's were invited. Immediately, the studio moved in on the young couple and the demands of fame began. But Mr. and Mrs. Brinkman Jr. lived up to every request made of them. For three solid hours they stood still while cameramen snapped them. For another hour, they answered scores of reporters' questions. It was late afternoon before they were able to slip into Paul's convertible and drive, far out in the desert, to Furnace Creek Inn in Death Valley.

"People misunderstand all about Death Valley," Jeanne said in her eager voice. "Oh, it's so beautiful. The hotel has been cut out of a ledge of solid rock high up the side of one of the mountains. It seems to hang between heaven and earth and, stretching out before you as far as your eyes can see, is what looks like one gigantic lake. It really isn't water at all but borax, glistening in the sun, and all the mountains ringing around what's called Bad Water (which is below sea level and is the lowest spot in this country, and I guess in the whole world), are full of color—green for the copper in them, red for the iron, blue for the turquoise. The nights are very cold and the days so hot you want to loll around in the swimming pool. I just can't imagine a lovelier spot for any honeymoon and Paul and I had an absolutely perfect week there."

The reason they had only a week was because Jeanne was due back for a Sunday broadcast of "Seventh Heaven" with Tyrone Power. The role of Diane has always been Jeanne's favorite and once she and Lon McCallister had dreamed of playing Diane and Chico together. But the very fact that the radio people wanted Jeanne to be with Ty on his first return to civilian broadcasting showed her how

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Medical science warns that pale people—people who lack energy—may be victims of a blood deficiency

WE ALL KNOW people who seem always tired and "down in the dumps"—who look pale and unattractive. Yes, and very often their listless, letdown condition results from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency. Medical studies have indicated that thousands of men—as many as 68% of women—have this deficiency... have a Borderline Anemia!

It's your blood that releases energy to every organ, muscle, fibre. A deficiency in your blood—in which the red cells are too small or not rich and red enough—can sap your stamina and pep. Borderline Anemia means a lower efficiency of the red cells so essential to looking and feeling fit. Borderline Anemia can cause lack of color and reduced energy.

**Build up your vigor
by building up your blood**

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly. But when

you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast will help you build up your blood and your energy. Ask your druggist for genuine Ironized Yeast Tablets.

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of the blood — can cause
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Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

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romance! You'll adore it!



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dear, dear **DJER-KISS**
The World's Most Romantic Scent
By *Kerkoff*

very far her career had advanced. She was very happy over the chance, but even happier that Paul approved of it.

"You see, that is one of our big bonds," Jeanne explains. "An ordinary man might have complained that his wife was breaking off their honeymoon to return to her career, but Paul understands about such things. Why, he was as excited as I was that Sunday when we were driving back to town for the performance!"

All the way back to town, Jeanne had known Paul had some secret in store for her. It was the secret of their honeymoon home. He'd told her he'd got one for them, but where it was or what, he wouldn't reveal. Jeanne, knowing all about the housing shortage, would have been prepared for something quite dreary, except that she couldn't quite believe Paul would ever do anything drearily.

They drove along through Hollywood, into a section that is no longer smart, like Beverly Hills, nor chic like Brentwood, nor luxurious like the Valley estates. It was simply a neighborhood of nice, middle-class homes. Paul drove them along a very nice little street. The car began climbing. Jeanne saw that the street was about to end, and she looked, not too happily, at the rather dull dwellings on either side. They wouldn't be too bad, but still.

THEN, suddenly, right where the street did end, she saw a pair of high gates. They swung open, and there she and Paul were in what appeared to be a private park.

Before them, along a winding road, stood a big house with a wonderful, antique door, lighted on either side by gorgeous old carriage lamps. Beyond this big house, she saw, dotted here and there, two or three other houses, but they were all painted white, and all situated among flowers and lovely trees, and giving the air of having been there, most happily, for a long, long time. (Which is a most unusual and charming air for anything in brash Hollywood to give.)

Paul swept up before the carriage-

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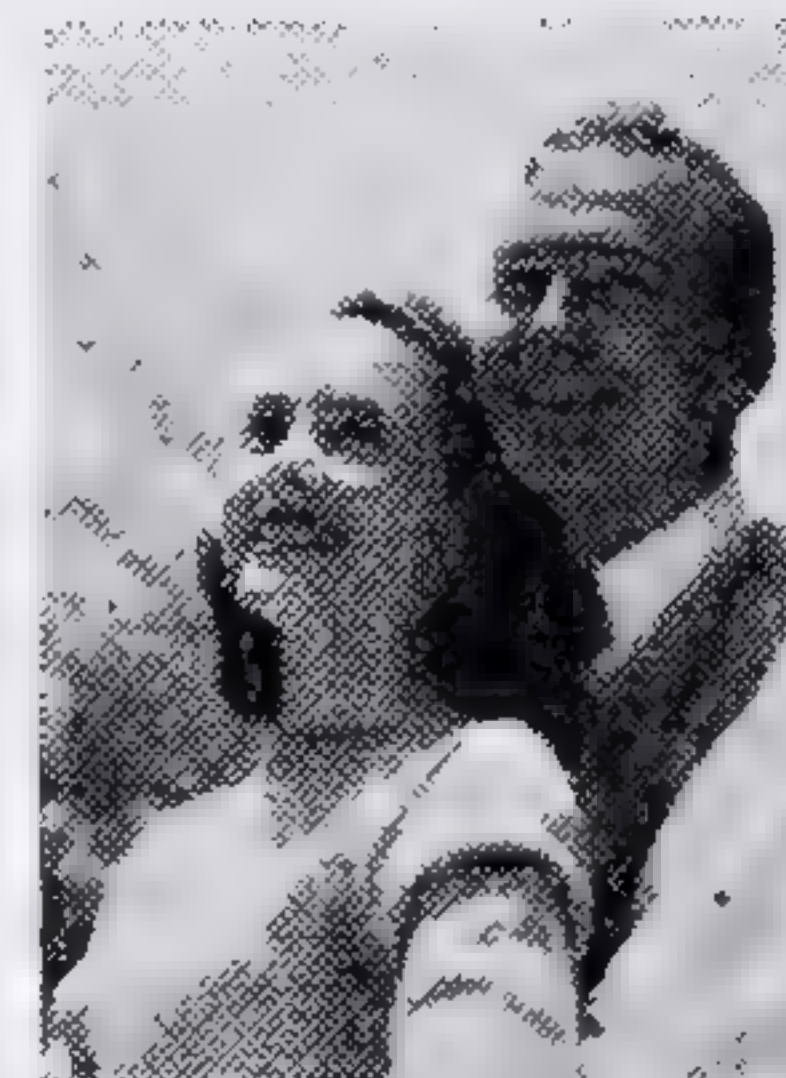
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lamp-lighted doorway. He swooped Jeanne up in his arms and carried her into a two-story room furnished in priceless antiques in flawless, glamorous taste.

"Your honeymoon home, Mrs. Brinkman," he cried. "The swimming pool, the tennis courts, the bridge trails are about a half mile away from here but still on the grounds."

"Oh, Paul," Jeanne gasped. "Is this for me? What are those other little houses?"

"Servants' houses."

"Not servants for us?"

"Yes, darling, everything's for us as long as we want it."

Now, actually, the estate belongs to Huntington Hartford, the attractive young heir to the great A & P fortune, who is a friend of Paul Brinkman's. But even before Hartford had bought it, it had been owned by the famous Irish tenor, John McCormack, so that it had always been, you see, a place where charming people had spent happy hours. Everything about it represents luxury and fine taste and romanticism, and Hartford, back in New York for months, had been delighted to loan it to his pal.

I went to interview her there when I got the facts of her love story. I wish I could tell you how very beautiful she looked in her slim, dreaming beauty, standing there in that exquisite room. I thought I had never seen a more lovely sight, that girl in that room, until Paul entered it. Then I knew his handsomeness was the final touch that was needed to complete the picture.

JEANNE and Paul began talking at once about the home they are building. Because they loved the Hartford estate so much, Hunt had sold them a piece of it. Their acreage is higher up on the mountain than his, up where they get more sun, and they have the most delightful plans for their house.

It will be, when finished, a California type of farmhouse, which means one story and rambling, and eventually it will be a sort of "U" shape, curved around a swimming pool. But right now, with building costs and building delays what they are, Jeanne and Paul are being both wise and gay—once again the characteristics of the bride. They are putting into work only one side of the "U"—"a kind of Curving L" Jeanne calls it, which will have in it a large living room, a large bedroom, a sunny, bright kitchen. No maid's room, you notice, no dining room. Not for now. That comes later, when things are more normal. The young Brinkmans can both cook, Jeanne so-so and Paul well. Temporarily, they'll take care of their own meals and borrow one of the maids from Hunt Hartford to do the cleaning up. But they are pushing very hard to get the house started and up because they want so much to be in a place of their very own, be it ever so unfinished.

Yes, they were most eager to talk about their future house, and about Paul's radio business which will undoubtedly thrive when the necessary equipment gets on the market. But when I asked them about the quarrel with Mrs. Crain, they grew quite silent.

Finally, smiling that gentle smile of hers, Jeanne said, "It's been pretty exaggerated. It was unfortunate it had to happen but . . ." She stopped and for the first time I noticed the firm set about her jaw.

She smiled again, after a moment, and said, "We saw Mother and Rita today, Paul and I, and it's going to be all right. Everything will be all right. You see, it has to be—since it's love that's involved, love on both sides."

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I had to leave it at that, finally, for there was a kind of stubborn serenity in Jeanne that no amount of questioning could shake. But as I left, I knew I had quite truly looked on the face of love—in Jeanne and in Paul, too.

It was more than a week before her mother and I could make our time coincide so that we could get together. In that week, Rita's birthday, which the sisters had always celebrated together, had come and gone. The sisters had been together that day, too, but it wasn't a threesome. It was a foursome, it being a luncheon party with Paul in a swank but noisy restaurant.

I said to Mrs. Crain, bluntly, "Well, how is it going?"

She echoed Jeanne's words, quite without knowing it. "It's going to be all right. It has to be." There was a long pause before she added, "If my little girl is happy, that is all that is important. She's going away on location next week in 'Margie' and it will be the first time that Rita and I haven't gone with her on those trips. Now Paul will go with her. Well, maybe that's the way it should be. Rita and I miss her very much. Naturally we do, but her painting smock and her books are still at home, and Jeanne says she will be home with us, every once in a while."

I thought of the Huntington Hartford house in that lovely private park, and of the priceless furnishings with it, and I mentally contrasted it with a pleasant but very simple little apartment which Jeanne had shared with her mother and Rita. The difference between the two does symbolize the growth and development of Jeanne Crain. She was a lovely child in the one environment. But now she is no longer a child. She is a celebrity and a beauty, a wealthy girl, through her own earning capacity, and now, through love, a woman. This instinctively, Jeanne has recognized. That faith in the eternal rightness of things that has always guided her led her to her love. And that same faith, I truly believe, will protect her love against any hazards that Hollywood can set up against it.

THE END



The songbird and the model—Martha Tilton and Jane Russell at Victory Clothing Drive, Northrup Aircraft

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Dreamboat Date Book

(Continued from page 45) is entirely another story in person. He is not one to be tagged as either "an-evening-at-the-movies" type or a "night-club hound." He likes 'em all, so you'll never know whether you're going to end up window shopping in Beverly Hills or bowling at the beach.

Calling for you in his snazzy beige Lincoln Continental, Bob is likely to have the top down. Don't wear a hat that's not going to blow well. Bob drives like the wind. (I'd been forewarned on this score.) Before you know it, you are off to the beach to watch the sun go down, the moon come up or to look at the pretty beach houses. You may eat at the beach and then be off to ride on the roller-coaster or you may reverse suddenly and join the "smart set" at La Rue, Somerset House or Romanoff's. Bob adores good food and will go miles to get it.

Later, Mocambo is definitely on the books because dancing and Mr. Walker get along together famously. He adores all kinds of dancing and performs with a neat, quiet, subdued proficiency characteristic of his reserved nature. Poles evidently hold a fascination for young Walker for he spends the greater part of his time dancing against a striped pole on the side of the dance floor in Mocambo. Bob insists that you dance in a very subtle fashion and only covers about six inches of floor every three hours. However, you'll dance till the music stops (especially if it's rumba music), held close in an enveloping grip.

In a casual way the professor-like looking Mr. Walker is a most attentive date. He couldn't be more polite and is always the height of sartorial splendor, looking more like a New York advertising executive than a movie actor. Conversation will run the gamut from talking about music to telling jokes, but the entire time he will peer at you through his "horn rims" as if you were the most intriguing woman in the world. Bob will stick close to your side, chuckling delightedly at anything amusing you might say. He will tease you, flirt with you, dance your feet off and completely charm you with his deceptive boyish ways.

On the way home a drive-in will prolong the evening for a space and he will say "Goodbye" as if it were for good. Then one day the phone will ring and his inimitable voice will ask, "Want to go to the fights or a movie tonight?" And you're on again.

NOW comes your chance with handsome, robust, talkative William Eythe. He is a bundle of energy, this Eythe, full of conversation, punctuated by roars of laughter, funny faces and a waving of hands. Be prepared to watch a constantly changing face and to laugh hard, for he's a real comic. Night clubs are not his meat, but if you do get him to venture forth on a dance floor, both you and the other dancers had better watch out. He covers ground faster than a quarterback in full swing—with great sweeping, swooping, dipping steps.

Actually you are more likely to end up bowling with Mr. "House on Ninety-Second Street" with his athletic figure garbed in wild, plaid sport shirts and tired-looking blue jeans.

Bill strides into restaurants ahead of you with short tousled hair falling over his forehead and his very wide shoulders swinging from side to side. If he hasn't been in the place before, he will modestly tell the Captain he is "connected" with Twentieth Century-Fox in order to get a decent table. To date Bill Eythe is like going out with a laughing tornado or a wild stallion. Learn from my experience—you

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need so much energy that you'd better get six good nights of sleep beforehand.

Hold your hat! It's your turn with Mr. Peter Lawford. And you are really in for something, as Peter is the original laughing boy. In his half-way English accent he'll ask you for a date and will arrive in his bright blue convertible Mercury either right on time or two hours late. He's a cute one, this Peter, succeeding in having so darn much fun himself that you can't help but follow along in the hilarity—and it's certainly hilarious!

Attend a pool party with Peter and the chances are you'll find yourself swimming fully clothed if Peter feels like stretching his muscles. At the beach you can sit and admire his "figgah" while he wrestles, cavorts and pulls gags, acting like a healthy, young colt who was fed an overdose of spinach. However, go to Mocambo with him and the sudden change is fantastic. The minute he enters a night club this youthful gentleman dons an amazingly sophisticated coat. Outdoors he is the boyish type, but indoors you had just better look to your laurels.

Peter has a roving eye plus an extraordinary kind of foolish sense of humor. His manner of expressing himself is, to say the least, novel, for he has collected a series of remarks and sayings capable of leaving you rolling on the floor or wondering what he's talking about. Get this boy wonder on a dance floor, but know the latest steps or you'll be a "dead pigeon." He rumbas like a dream in a completely unorthodox but fascinating way. Jitterbugging, Peter excels in, having spent hours in the dance halls where big name bands play.

GET set for the extraordinary—you're dating the "beautiful hunk of man"—Victor Mature! Vic wanders in and out of your evening with no apparent intention of sticking to one spot more than a few minutes. He hunches over the table and you, talking a blue streak and waving and calling to other people. You'll be a miracle woman if you get him to dance, but you might hear him sing under his breath. Don't be surprised at the colossal amount of food disappearing down his gullet, and hold onto your ham sandwich or before you've salted it, Victor will have it.

Probably the most exhausting date you could ever have would be with the "Man from Mars," Orson Welles. After an evening in the company of this verbose, enthusiastic man, you'll long for the peace and solitude of the far-distant planet he made famous. Your ear will be talked off, but at least by extremely intelligent conversation. His voice rising from his "Congress gaiter" shoes will hold you spellbound, for it issues forth with all the splendor of a Shakespearean actor. The stentorian tones may be disconcerting but once he smiles at you with a beguilingly child-like grin, the heavy air is lifted. Duck your head or the cigar smoke will blind you. Dance the samba with him and you'll be of the opinion that the dance should have stayed in Brazil. Just sit quietly and say "yes," "oh, really" and "you don't say" and you'll find yourself a colossal success.

Dates with Hollywood's married men lack romantic flavor, naturally. But many Hollywood husbands are stimulating, witty and attractive enough to be purely platonic treats.

Spend an evening in the company of "The Groaner" and your reaction will be to groan with delight. As you all know, Bing Crosby has an unequalled sense of humor, one exhibited under any and all circumstances. His rumba turns out to be the Mexican Hat Dance without the hat. He gives you a free concert by singing in your ear when he dances and even bursting into a few quiet strains during dinner.



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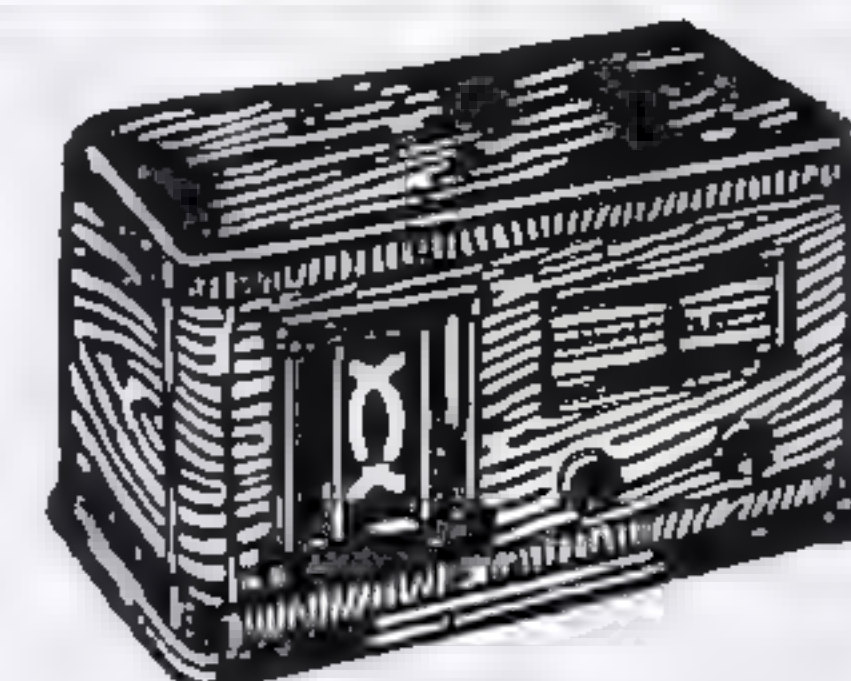
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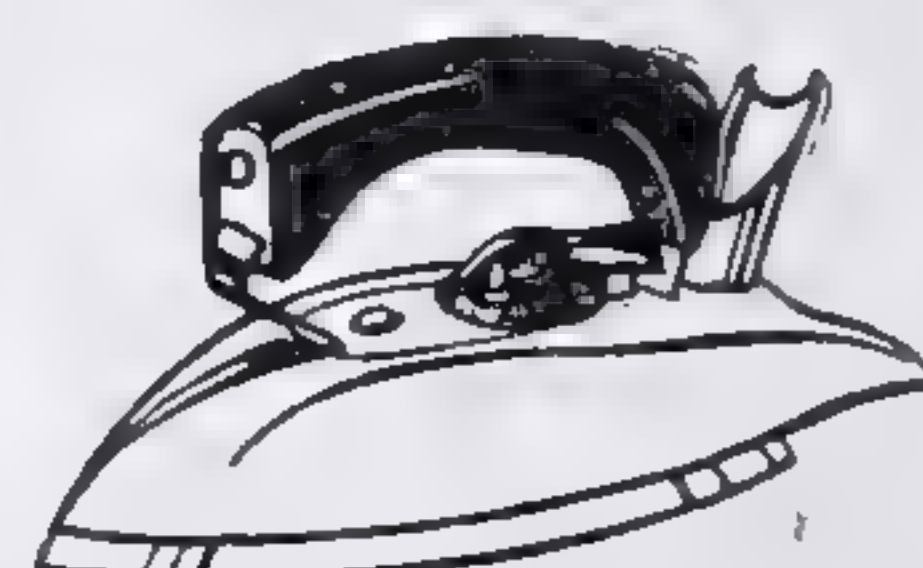
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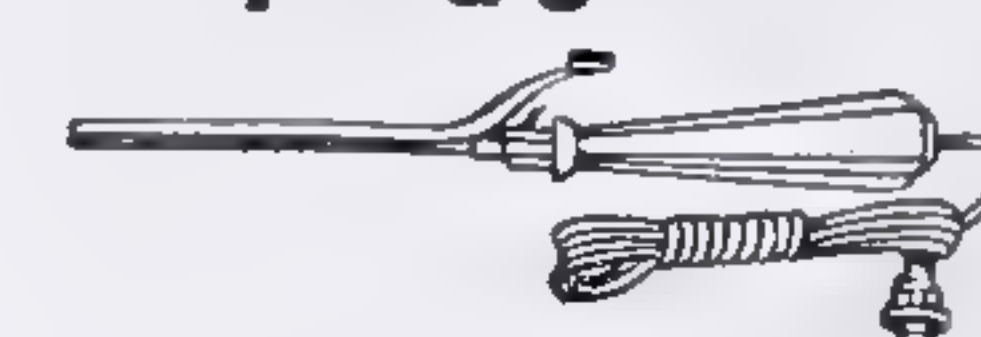


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Innuendos and limericks will heighten the conversation you may hold with Mr. Miniver, suave Walter Pidgeon. Here is the past master of the subtle, suggestive remark. A real fascinator, he leaves women gasping, thanks to his glib, smooth manner and delightful gallantry. Restaurants famous for their cuisine will serve as the locale, but be warned. If you order those tiny, sweet French peas, your meal will be vegetable-less for Walter adores them. Listen closely or the majority of his remarks and humor, both offered in a superbly clever manner, will pass over your head. Sharpen your faculties and wits and have fun.

Your next date? Errol Flynn, it shall be—the *Robin Hood* of the glamour boys, the devil-may-care man of filmland. Being alone with Mr. Flynn is almost an impossibility because he's so often surrounded. Date him and you date any number of gentlemen, some stag, others with dates. You may find yourself at a huge party given by Bruce Cabot or you may be the center of the round table full of men at Mocambo. Errol travels in a group known as the "wolf pack" and they stick closely together. He dances once in a blue moon, preferring to sit on the sidelines talking and watching. Greenish eyes will twinkle at you and a running line of flirtatious dialogue (a little on the corny side) will hold your attention. But don't underestimate Flynn's ability to discuss subjects other than drinking, dancing and gals. He's an extremely literate gent when he wants to be and he's no slouch at most any subject that comes up.

So the dreamboat date book is complete and you have the gayest of memories to tie up in blue ribbons and put away among your souvenirs!

THE END

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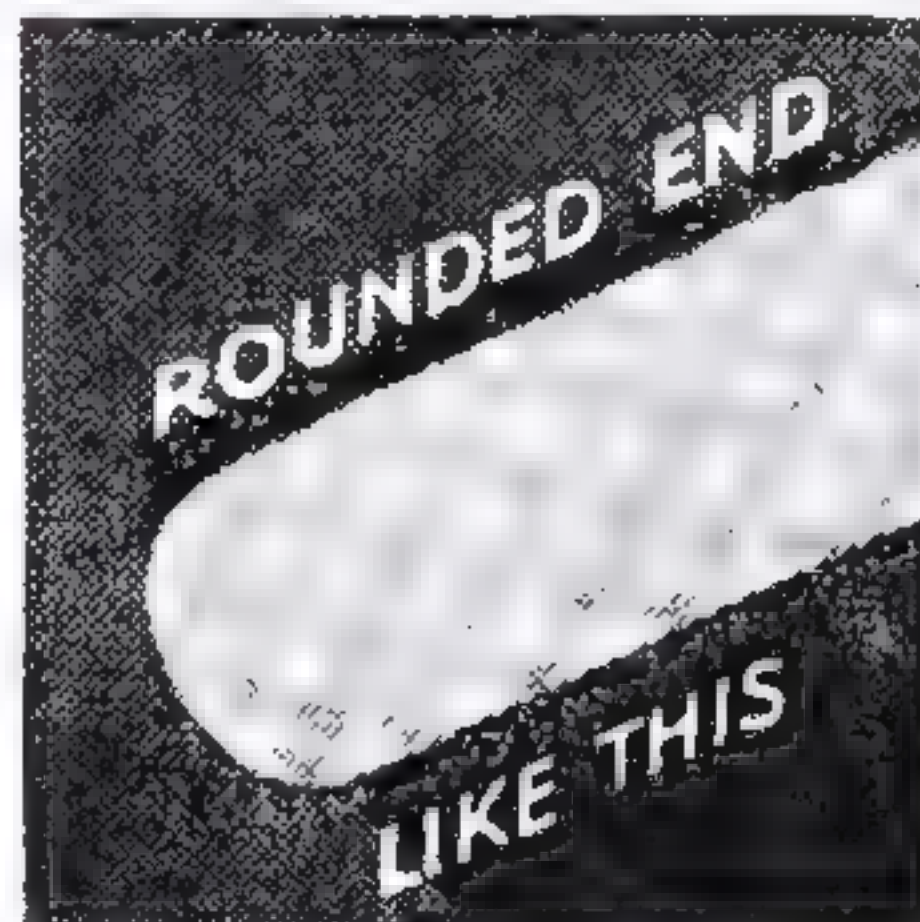
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SPELLBOUND



No small part of the success of this masterful Ingrid Bergman-Gregory Peck psychological thriller is the haunting musical score by Miklos Rozsa. Recreated on record by Al Goodman (Victor) it emphatically emphasizes the importance of movie music and the mood it helps sustain. This twelve-inch platter is further enhanced by a splendid arrangement of Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 for Piano and Orchestra on the reverse side.

FALLEN ANGEL



Linda Darnell's devotion to the coffeepot juke box in this Twentieth Century-Fox hit is understandable because the song and the singer are perfectly united. It's the dreamy ballad, "Slowly," carefully crooned by Dick Haymes. (Decca)

ABILENE TOWN



A western with a song more geographically associated with Broadway. "Snap Your Fingers" is the title and Bobby Sherwood's sizzling trumpet and orchestra (Capitol) give it the appropriate lilts.

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD



This movie based on the zany radio stunts has a potential hit tune in "If I Had a Wishing Ring" and it is blessed with a Tommy Dorsey recording featuring T.D.'s incomparable trombone (Victor). The companion piece is a lovely London import, "We'll Gather Lilacs," written by a former silent screen star, Ivor Novello.

DOLL FACE



Here's a merry musical with an overabundance of Hit Parade cinema candidates. Kate Smith (Columbia) selects two of them, "Somebody's Walkin' in My Dreams" and "Here Comes Heaven Again."

GIVE ME THE SIMPLE LIFE



Another movie musical enhanced with a delightful score. Dick Haymes platter previews "I Wish I Could Tell You" (Decca). Benny Goodman pairs it with the title tune, to make for one of the better records of the month (Columbia.)

DO YOU LOVE ME



Johnny Desmond, newest baritone entry in the swoon sweepstakes, who first gained recognition singing overseas for homesick fellow GIs, is now repeating his success for civilians. Hear him do things with the theme melody from this new Twentieth Century-Fox film. A corny ballad from the same production, "I Didn't Mean a Word I Said," is disked by Sammy Kaye, the juke box Edgar Guest. Instead of singing the lyrics, Kaye recites them and doesn't even bother to put his tongue in his cheek. (Victor)



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Come into the Kitchen, Darling

(Continued from page 65) a pale, lily-white hand, if I have to. But I'd be bored. Besides, it will be much more fun, I think, in my new life in my new house to be active and competent and vigorous and so perhaps find the new glamour.

As I see it, glamour from now on will not only act differently but will dress differently, too; for the new servantless world—let's face it—is bound to affect our clothes drastically. We can't very well teeter on spike heels, or trail chiffons in the kitchen. We will tend to low heels, I think, simple hair-dos that can be done in the morning and stay done, less make-up, no nail goo. And to cotton dresses that are gay, imaginative, tubbable and inexpensive. (Price never has had anything to do with making clothes attractive, but only the spending of imagination.) Cotton dresses like the divine cotton cooking things I love to put on when I come home after a rough day in the studio.

I doubt if there will be any more Paris, any more looking abroad for fashions. That world, too, is gone. And a good thing. The smartest girls in the world, for my money, are the girls who work in offices; with their slim figures, gay little hats, ears and eyes alert and alive, and huge bags containing everything you would need on a desert island, typewriters included.

So, my chickadees, here's to the glamour girl of today and tomorrow. Here's to the girl who can mix him a cocktail to perfection, cock him a dinner to remember (or let him cook one for her), give him a well-coordinated attractively cap-suled summary of Today's problems, tell him the latest quip and, in the same breath, that he's awfully nice.

You will not find her alone in Tomorrow's kitchen, which, like Grandmother's, will be the heart of the house—but will look, oh, so different!

THE END

WATCH

for

WILDE

Cornel will be with you

in an intimate at-home story

and a dashing color portrait

Next Month

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68)

of all, don't ever doubt the wisdom of innocence. If you could read some of the tragic letters that I receive you'd know the wisdom of your choice.

It is possible to stick to your ideals, yet have dates. Always plan your dates in a foursome or a sixsome. Never go out with a boy just for a drive. Insist that your evenings be planned; go bowling, go horseback riding, then go to the home of one of the girls for late sandwiches and coffee. Your mothers will be of great help if you will ask them to stand by. Let your mother insist that you be in at a certain time; have your family meet every boy friend you meet.

If every single minute you are to be with a boy is planned, and kept busy, your difficulty will be minimized. In other words, keep moving. Be gay, have fun, dance, take an interest in a man's plans for the future, but stay out of parked cars.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was married at seventeen to a boy who was twenty-one. Because of our youth and ignorance we were miserable together, a state that was made worse after our little boy was born. I divorced my husband a year ago and moved back to live with my parents, bringing my eighteen-months-old son with me.

Three months after my decree I met a fine fellow in the Air Corps. All the time he was based here we saw one another four and five times a week. He went home to be discharged after we had set our wedding date, engaged the minister, sent out invitations and I had purchased my trousseau. Three days before we were to be married, he was the honored guest at a farewell dinner party and dance given by his parents. After this affair, he and a girl he had known for years eloped.

Naturally, I am in a horrible emotional state. I feel that I am the laughing stock of my friends, having failed twice in a romantic way. I don't see many people because of my embarrassment, and I don't work because Mother doesn't want the responsibility of my son all day. I have wanted to leave my family, rent an apartment, secure an elderly woman to care for my son during the day, and get a job, but my parents are bitterly opposed to this plan. They say that I have caused them enough unhappiness without shaming them by living away from home.

I have had several nervous spells which required the attention of a doctor who advised that I see a psychiatrist. My parents scoffed at this notion, saying that such practice was sheer quackery. As my parents partially support me (my divorced husband helps a little), I must do as they say.

I think I could be all right if I were left alone to manage my life, but I don't know how to accomplish this over my parents' objection. I will appreciate anything you suggest, as I feel that a stranger's viewpoint would be helpful.

(Mrs.) Jessica H.

Dear Mrs. H.

First of all, it seems to me that each of us must face the fact that once a romance is over, it is as obsolete as the dodo. The thing to do is to collect oneself as rapidly as possible, accept the past as the past, and turn resolutely to the future. Certainly, you have had two unfortunate experiences, but you are now only twenty-one, barely on the threshold of life. Certainly at that stage you could not be considered a permanent romantic

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failure. So the point becomes: What are
you going to do with the future?

You write glibly about getting a job,
yet I'm very much afraid that you have
little commercial accomplishment to of-
fer. Since you were married at seven-
teen, you have obviously had no experi-
ence. Did you learn typewriting when
you were at high school? If so, have you
refreshed your mind on the technique?
Can you take shorthand? Do you know
anything about bookkeeping? About
operating a switchboard?

Nowadays, getting a job is not so
simple. You must have knowledge to
sell. My first suggestion would be this:
Study magazines for advertisement; of
home-improvement courses. Equip your-
self while you are living with your par-
ents to enter some commercial field. If
you aren't interested in the business arts,
perhaps you have artistic ability.

Regardless of the field you choose, you
must prepare yourself if you are to start
a new life for yourself and your son.

If you will occupy your mind, keeping
busy, keeping interested, I think your
nervousness will abate and your parents
will be only too glad to cooperate.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and a student in high school
with an interesting post-war problem in-
volving my brother who has come back
to us, safe and sound, after three and one-
half years in the Army, two of which were
spent overseas.

I have three brothers younger than my-
self, and this veteran brother, plus one
other, who is still in the Marine Corps.

Now I know we are supposed to be
thoughtful of a returned veteran, but I
think thoughtfulness goes just so far and
no farther.

My brother thinks everyone should be
up at six in the morning, even on Satur-
day and Sunday. He fumes over the way
I make the beds (his, included, because I
wanted to do him a favor), and every chair,
table and magazine has to be in perfect
order all the time. He says clothing should
be hung up the instant you take it off and
that a place for skates should be decided
upon and everything should always be
kept in its place.

It isn't bad enough to have someone yell-
ing at you all the time to police up a place,
but in addition to that, my brother thinks
I should be a female hermit. He tells
my mother that I am too young for dates
and that I should be at home every even-
ing. I had been going to movies with
boys for two years and I certainly never
did anything to bring shame on my fam-
ily. Now my brother is full of dark hints
about the minds of boys and their in-
tentions. He says all boys talk about girls
and that he doesn't want his sister to be
the butt of their remarks.

Now tell me, Miss Colbert, how does a
girl cope with a situation like this?

Ann Louise P.

Dear Miss P:

I imagine that there are a good many
families who are trying to live through
the martinet stage of a son's de-militari-
zation.

It is a difficult period, and one in which
great forbearance and a solid sense of
humor are needed. However, don't you
honestly think that he has some excellent
ideas? Surely you agree with him that
clothing should be hung up and that
skates should be put away properly.

Perhaps he could even teach you some-
thing about satisfactory bed-making,
since he has had to please a critical ser-
geant.

I think you will, in time to come,
look back at this adjustment period and



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laugh over it with your brother. Try to see his side of it; try to remember that he has been through a course of training so complex that by comparison it makes high school geometry seem as simple as a baby's abacus.

He means well in regard to your dates. You can be sure he has seen grim things happen to girls your age. Perhaps your mother can straighten him out on this.

But remember that he loves you or he wouldn't bother with trying to give you military training.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fourteen years old and in ninth grade at school. We girls have a club that meets once a week and once a month we have some sort of a simple little party. Last month we decided to invite our entire football team.

Our best player this year is a colored boy who is a very nice person and a lot of fun. You should hear him play a piano!

When we had everything set we voted on the member of the faculty who was to be invited to chaperone us. When we asked the teacher selected, he asked us for our guest list, which we showed him.

When he saw that we had invited our best football player and musician, this teacher simply said, "I will not chaperone a party where he is to be a guest."

Now, our problem is, what do you think we should do in a case of that kind?

Harriet G.

Dear Miss G:

Thank you so much for writing to this column about your problem, which is a very real, tremendously important one.

I do not feel that I am well informed enough on matters of school policy throughout the United States to give an opinion on the behavior of this teacher from the standpoint of instructions he may have received from his principal or his school board.

I can only say that I think he behaved badly when judged from a humanitarian standpoint.

I should be deeply grateful to other teachers throughout the United States, if—busy and hard pressed as they are—they would write to this column, telling how they have solved a similar problem. Perhaps, by comparing notes, we shall arrive at a happy method of using Christian principles in scholastic life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Do you imagine that there are about twelve girls in America, between the ages

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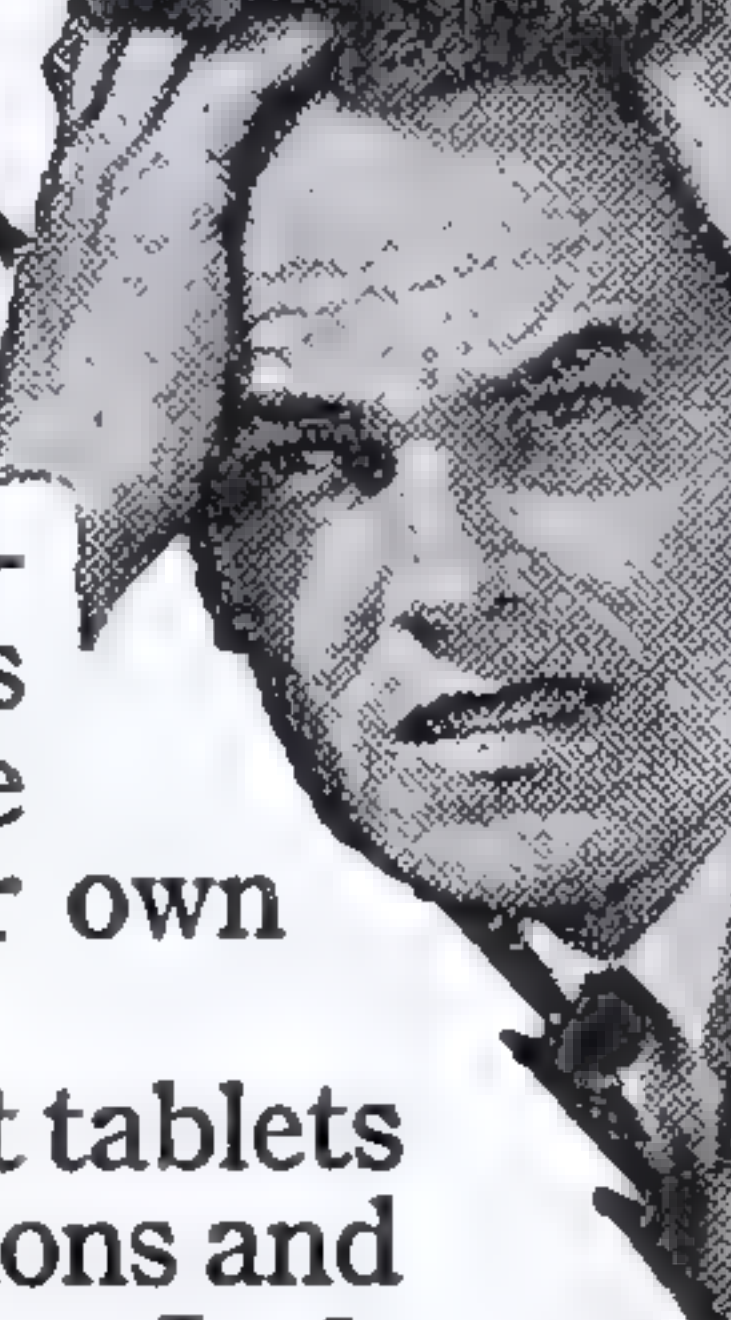
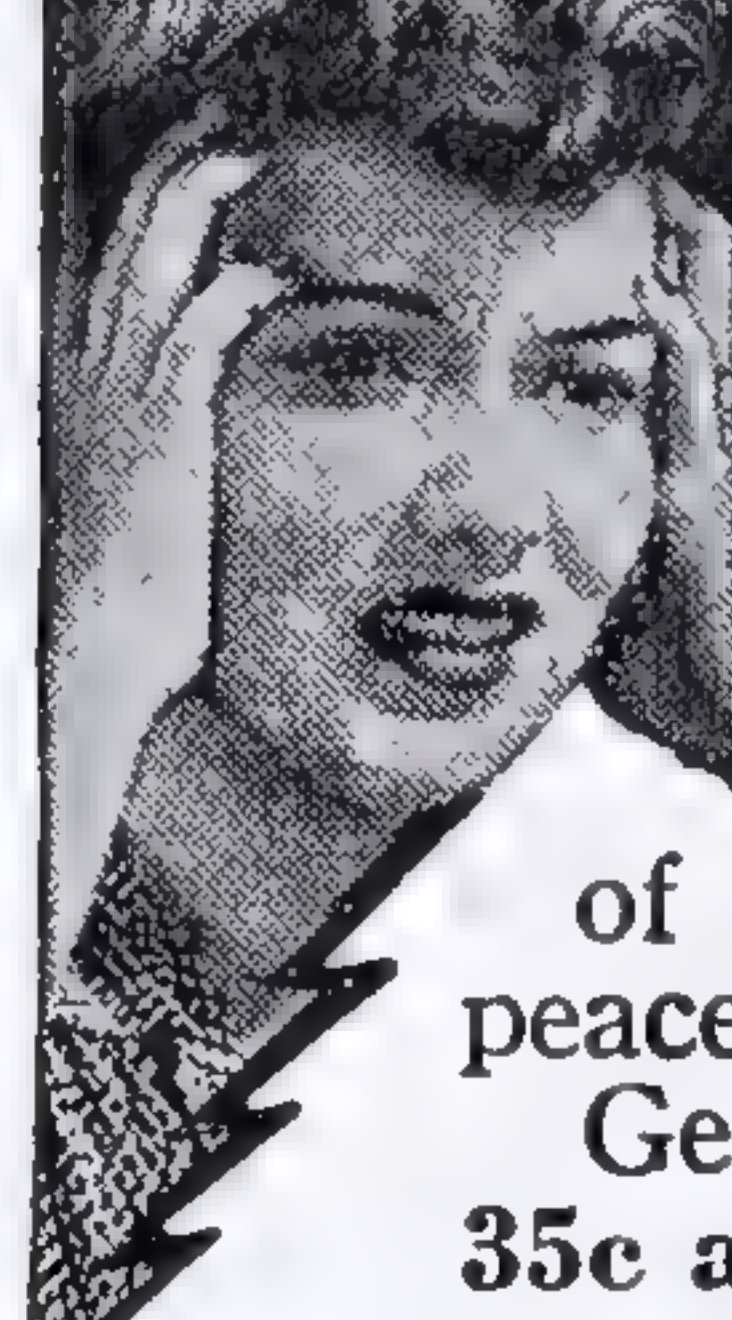


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of thirteen and sixteen, who would like to have English pen pals?

We are a group of girls who would like to exchange letters with American girls so that our two groups of young persons could get to know one another better.

Best wishes.

(Miss) Doris Wilson
6 Colenso Street
St. George's Road;
Hull, E. Yorks,
England

Dear Miss Wilson:

I am quite sure that you will soon receive many letters from American girls.

Surely some fine and lasting friendships should result from this hands-across-the-sea correspondence.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am wondering what you think of an elderly lady of fifty-five years thinking of enrolling in a dramatic class.

Please be frank and if you feel like saying there's no fool like an old fool, I won't be insulted. To tell the truth, I almost think so myself. I have been interested in the world of make-believe from the time I was a mere child, but in those days parents didn't usually approve.

The desire still haunts me and I know it always will. I have inquired about the university dramatic class in my town and have been told there is no age limit. However, I do think it would be rather difficult for me at first to become accustomed to mingling with younger folk. I fear they would think I have queer ideas for one my age.

Mrs. George S.

Dear Mrs. S:

First, I want to assure you that I don't look upon fifty-five as "elderly."

Adeline de Walt Reynolds, one of the most successful interpreters of grandmother roles in Hollywood, didn't start her career until she was a grandmother. Beethoven's finest work was composed after his fiftieth birthday. There are endless examples of the successes of men and women whose abilities didn't come to full flower until after the mid-century mark. By all means, enroll in the dramatic class and enjoy it to the full. I prophesy that the younger people will welcome you eagerly. There are few plays in which there are no mature roles, and one seldom finds college girls who want to enact matronly characterizations.

I should like to offer you, in closing, a verse that I have always liked. It is an excerpt from "The Old Player" by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Call him not old, whose visionary brain Holds o'er the past its undivided reign. For him in vain the envious seasons roll Who bears eternal summer in his soul."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of thirteen and just finished having a dreadful fight with my mother because she does not understand me.

When I graduate from high school, I will be eighteen years old, and at that time I want to become a taxi driver. I have chosen to be a taxi driver because they have very interesting adventures, meet exciting people, get to see the trains come in, and take people to lovely parties. They also make very good money, and with my money made from taxi driving I am going to buy a ranch out west in Arizona or Montana and cater to the dudes.

My mother says that I should take a secretarial course in school because she absolutely forbids me to be a taxi driver when I am eighteen.

Sharon Lee P.

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Dear Sharon-Le :

Ah, would that all the woes in the world were as easily assuaged as yours, and all the tears as readily dried!

I have been accused, in the past, of siding too resolutely with parents when the interests of children collided with the viewpoints of elders. However, in your case, I must champion your cause. If a girl, at thirteen, doesn't yearn to be a taxi driver, or a big game hunter, or an actress, or a famous writer, or a tight-rope walker in a circus . . . that girl simply has no imagination.

Your mother, if she were discerning, would say to your dream, "Of course, darling. Taxi driving is a fascinating pursuit. By the way, have you read 'The Book of Naturalists' by William Beebe? You might find it interesting."

You would be happy in your young dream; your imagination would be fed. Who knows what is to happen in five long years!

Of only one thing am I quite certain: In five years the chances are fifty to one that you will have lost interest in taxis except as a means of getting you and some wide-shouldered senior to a school dance. In the meantime, keep your dream and don't argue about it.

Claudette Colbert

(In a recent issue of Photoplay my column carried a letter from Marguerite C., a telephone operator, who was deeply discouraged over the fact that she was working late hours to the detriment of her social life. I asked that other girls working nights write to me, telling how they had solved the problem. I was overwhelmed by the sincere, helpful response. Some of the suggestions are printed below.)

A nineteen-year-old telephone operator writes:

"There are sixteen of us who pal around together at work. We have birthday parties for each other after work, each contributing fifty cents toward a gift. We take turns having the parties at our homes. Sometimes these parties don't begin until ten-thirty, but we have a grand time."

Several of the letters suggested that Marguerite C. was missing some of the fun of her job: Norma H., wrote "I love to take calls and use my imagination as to what the subscriber looks like and what he thinks about while he's waiting for his call to be completed."

Mrs. Isabell B. made a suggestion: "I have a pet peeve: I hope someday the movies will stop showing telephone girls chewing gum and talking foolishly. Telephone operators haven't time to 'listen in,' to 'answer back,' or to chew gum."

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



DON'T NEGLECT BLEMISHES*

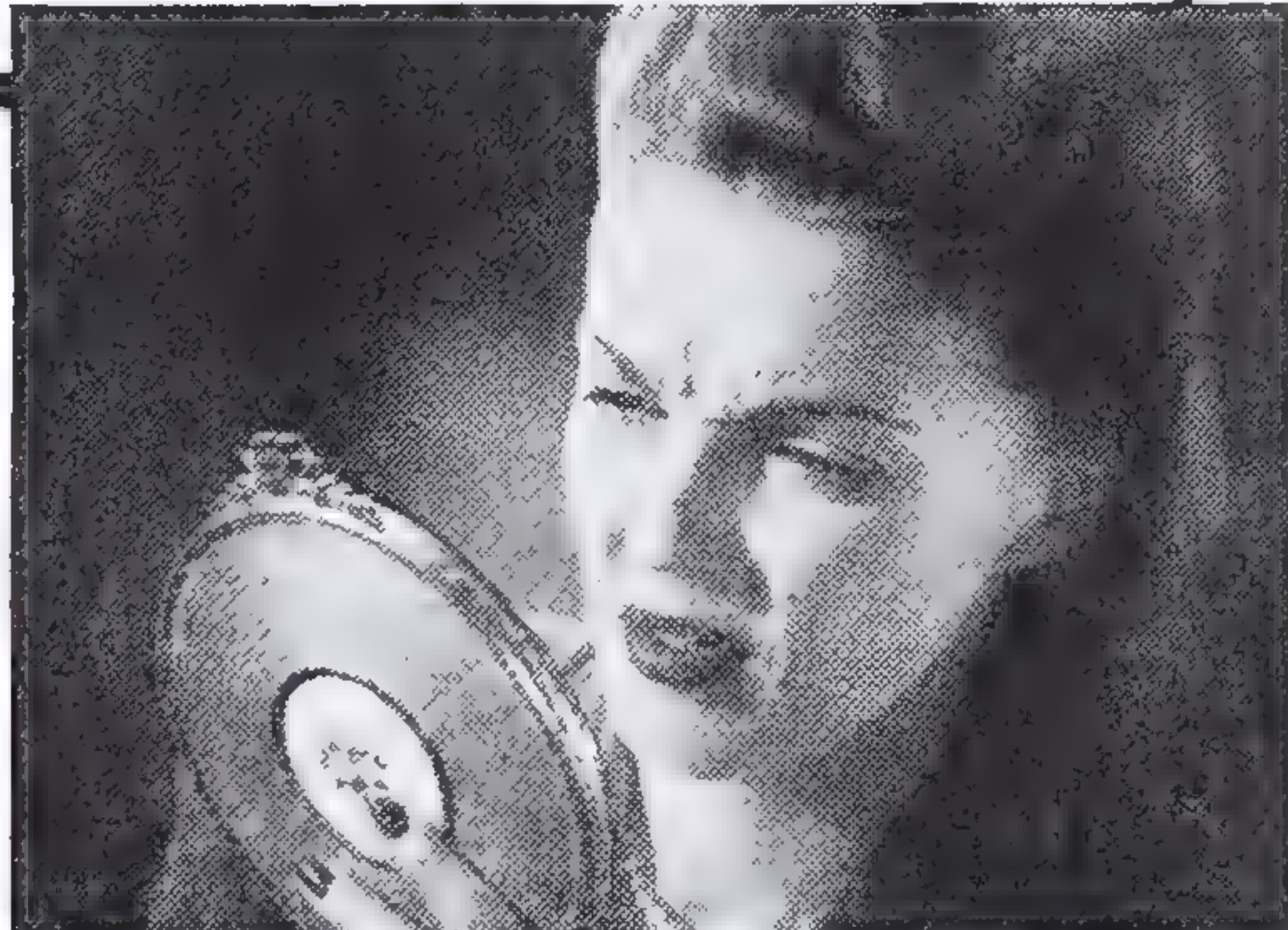
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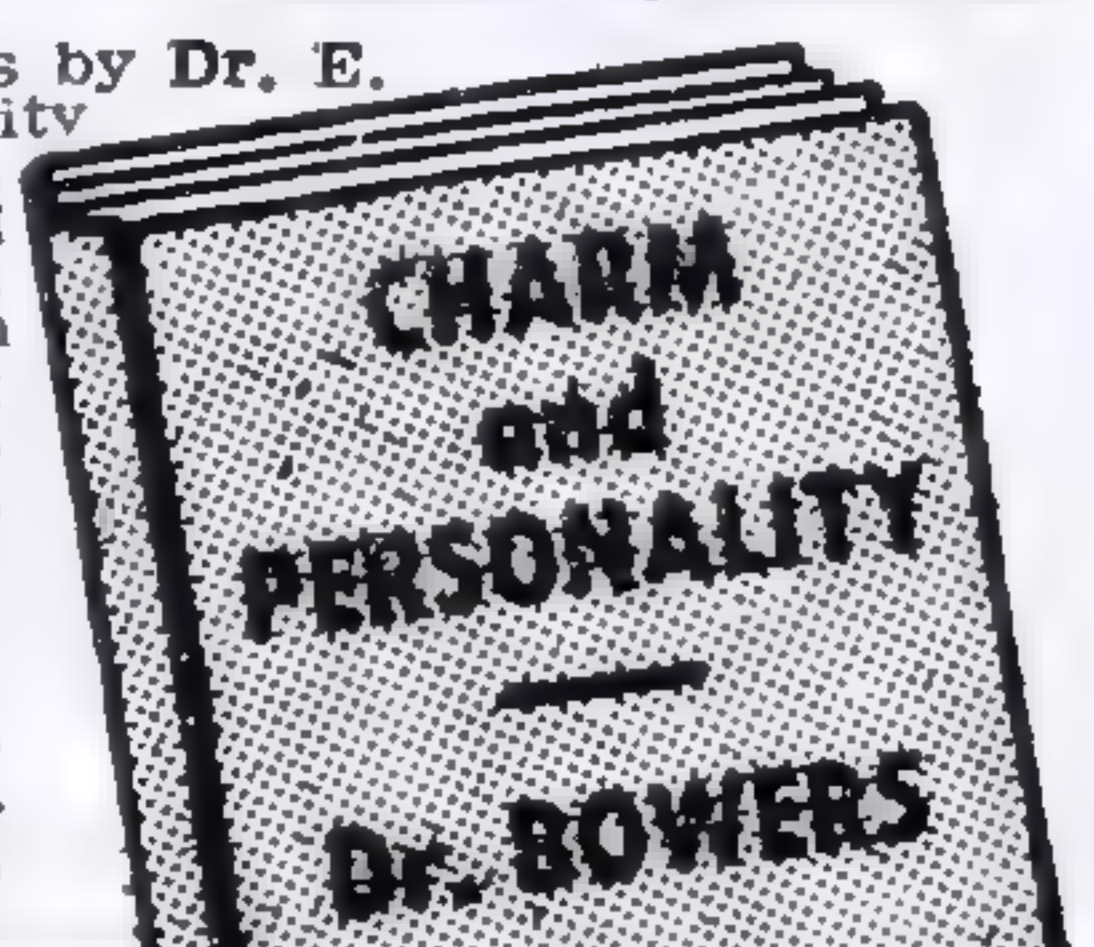
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 26)

train going to New York. He follows her to the apartment of Penny Singleton, where she's going to stay, and from then on tries to become an integral part of her life. Hayward gives a smooth, charming performance, and you'll find him more likable than ever.

Marie Wilson is very cute as the not-so-bright but very popular blonde who's also living with Penny until the latter's husband returns from the war, and Penny herself is excellent. The picture has rich moments of comedy as well as emotional scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: A familiar but effective theme.

✓ Junior Prom (Monogram)

THIS catchy musical offers plenty of easy-to-take entertainment for both youngsters and their parents. The story concerns the teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their candidates.

An excellent showcase for some skillful young talent, the revue stars a youthful crooner, Freddie Stewart, who makes the most of his chances, June Preisser who's an eye-catching acrobatic dancer, Judy Clark, Noel Neill and Warren Mills, with Frankie Darro and Jackie Morgan doing a thorough trouping job.

The picture features the swing music of Eddie Haywood and his orchestra, Abe Lyman and his band and the currently popular brand of jive by Harry "The Hipster" Gibson.

Your Reviewer Says: It gives with a good beat.

Best Pictures of the Month

Gilda

Dragonwyck

Sentimental Journey

The Seventh Veil

Shock

Best Performances

Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford
in "*Gilda*"

Gene Tierney, Vincent Price
in "*Dragonwyck*"

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in "*The Seventh Veil*"

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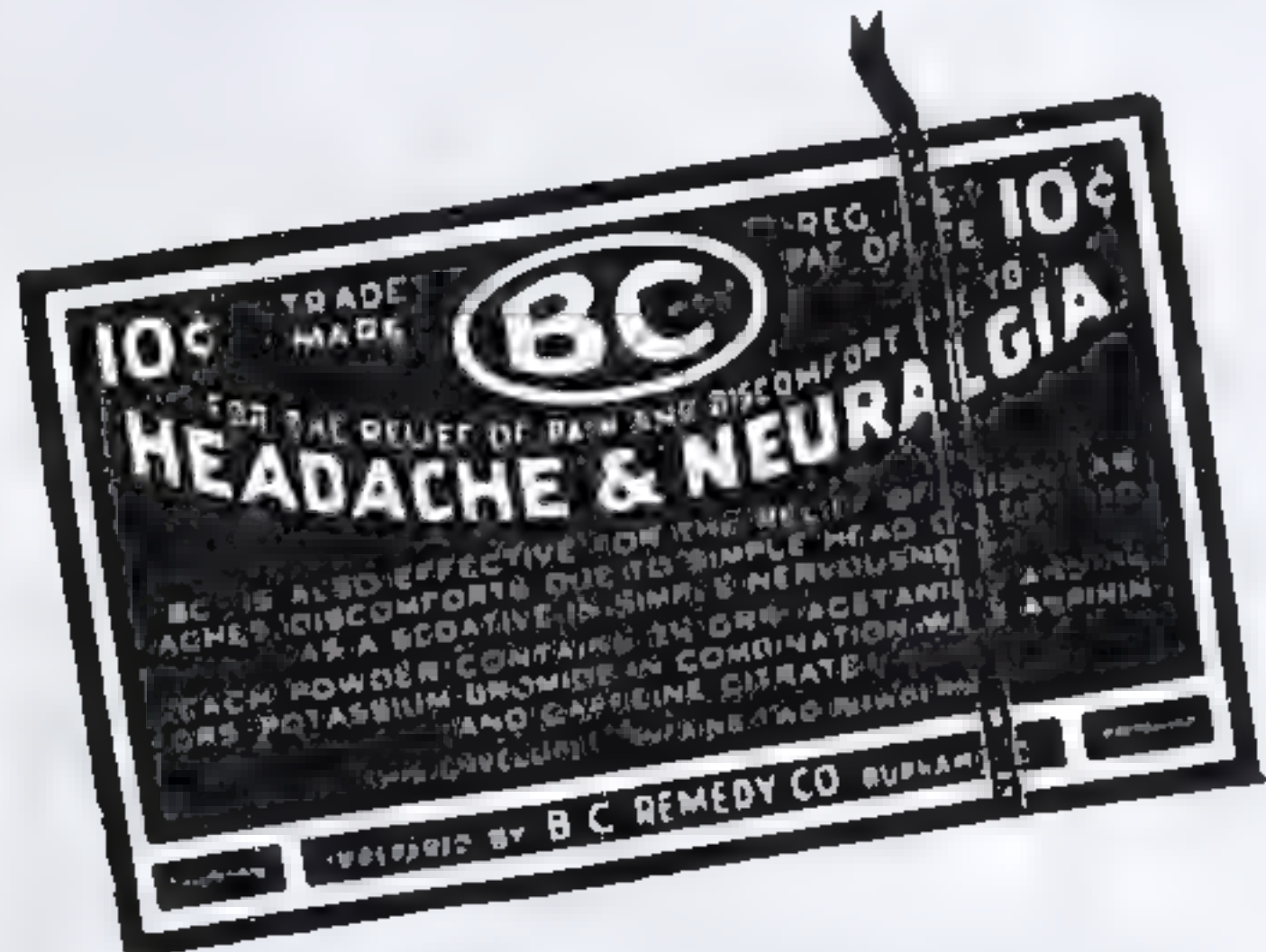
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BLACKHEADS

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✓ **Bad Bascomb (M-G-M)**

THE teaming of two veteran scene-stealers, Margaret O'Brien and Wallace Beery, is a natural, and the results are rich in laughs. As an outlaw of the old West, escaping certain death by Federal agents, Beery pretends piety and joins a caravan of Mormons heading for Utah. The Indian fight is a nifty.

Beery has never been more rugged, nor his pint-sized charmer more colorful. Marjorie Main plays Margaret's grandmother with vehemence, and J. Carrol Naish, as Beery's bad lieutenant, is a solid menace. Marshall Thompson and Frances Rafferty make a romantic duo.

Your Reviewer Says: For Beery and O'Brien fans.

✓ **The Madonna's Secret (Republic)**

NOW murder invades artistic circles, and the result is a good, tense, exciting whodunit. Francis Lederer is the artist whose models have an unfortunate habit of getting themselves murdered. When model Linda Stirling is found dead, her sister Ann Rutherford begins posing for him, hoping to find the murderer. What almost happens to Ann, happens to wealthy Gail Patrick, who also is interested in Lederer and poses for him.

Edward Ashley turns in a very good job as the dramatic critic who starts the police on their investigation, and we feel that he should have better roles. John Litel as the police lieutenant and Leona Roberts as the mother provide strong support for the leads. It's a skillfully done story that we think you'll enjoy.

Your Reviewer Says: Guess who?

✓✓ **Shock (20th Century Fox)**

CARRYING no marquee names, still something exceptionally different in whodunits is this story of a girl who sees a doctor kill his wife and then is treated for shock by the killer. Skillfully handled, it is suspense from beginning to end.

Vincent Price is excellent as the criminal psychiatrist who wants to destroy his hysterical patient because he knows she has seen the murder. Lynn Bari plays his nurse and partner in crime, and Anabel Shaw the tortured young victim. Special credit goes to John Davidson as an insane sanitarium patient, Frank Latimore as the lieutenant husband of the shock patient, Reed Hadley and Michael Dunne.

Your Reviewer Says: A super-thriller!

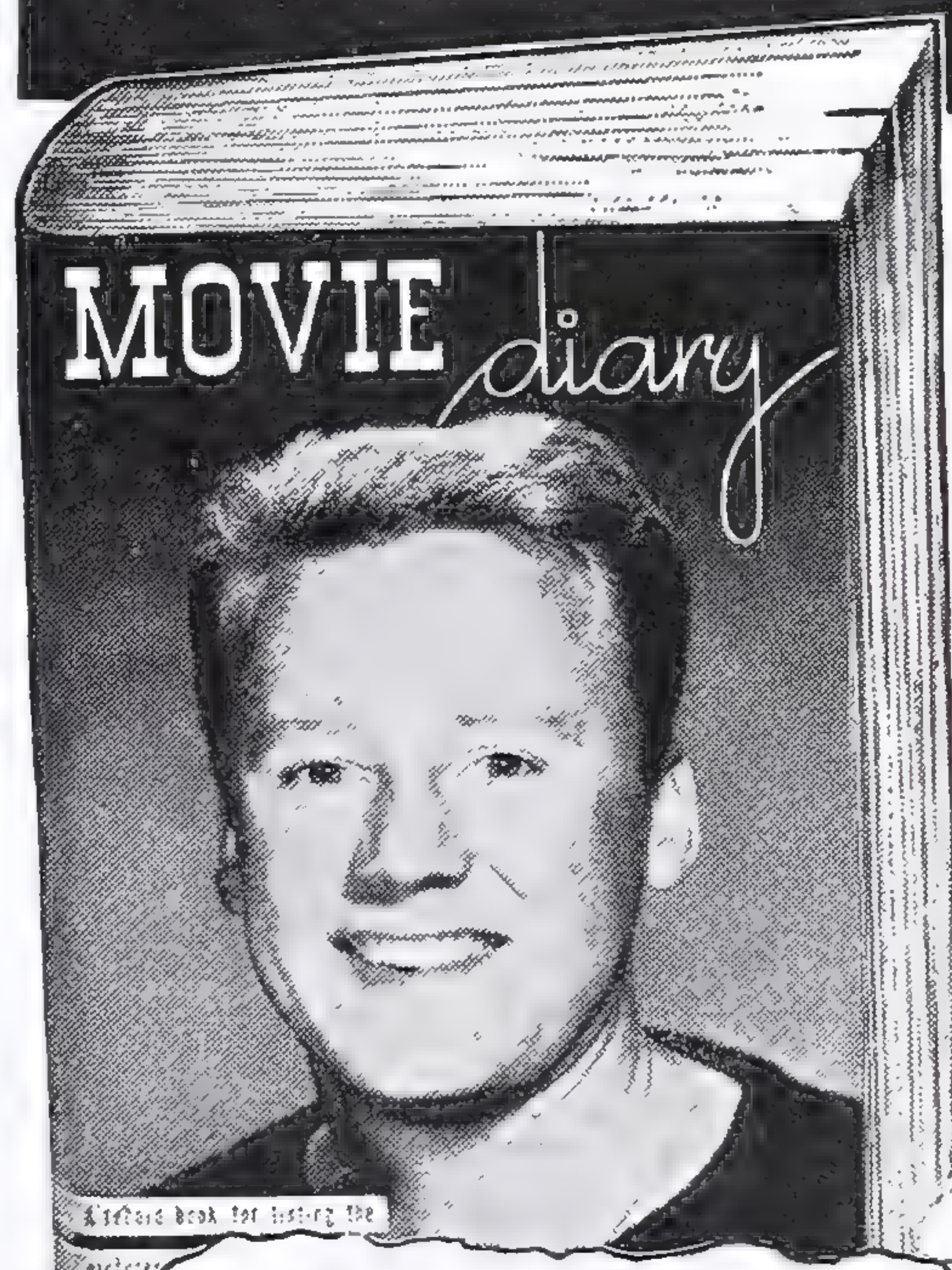
Riverboat Rhythm (RKO)

EVER since Leon Errol did his first rubber-ankle routine, his pattern in film making hasn't changed much. These redundant reels carry him, trying hard, into a weak-kneed farce in which, as an impoverished showboat captain, he pretends to be a Southern colonel. No sooner is he goateed than he's gunnin', and finds himself in the center of a shootin' feud.

Frankie Carle and his orchestra make musical sense as part of the river-boat's retinue, and Walter Catlett as the colonel whom Errol impersonates is a solid supporter to the star. Others vainly trouping are Jonathan Hale, Marc Cramer, Glenn Vernon and Joan Newton.

Your Reviewer Says: This one's no joke, son.

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**DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION**
Just rub it on the gums

✓ Tarzan and the Leopard Woman (RKO)

IF you're a Tarzan fan, then this latest in the series is definitely for you, for it's one of the best to date. This time, Tarzan (played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller) and Brenda Joyce get all involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stranger cult, and one thing happens after another with a rapidity that never allows interest to flag.

Acquanetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men, and her machinations keep the plot developing. Johnny Sheffield as Boy is growing up and quite able to hold his own in the fight scene with Tommy Cook. Cheetah the chimpanzee is our favorite actor in the picture, and gets plenty of laughs for himself. Edgar Barrier is the heavy, and Dennis Hoey the British commissioner.

Your Reviewer Says: We liked it.

Meet Me on Broadway (Columbia)

ANOTHER backstage musical, rather hackneyed, but you'll find it pleasant fare. Fred Brady is the theatrical producer who tries to break into the legitimate big time by staging an amateur show in a country club. Marjorie Reynolds is his singing and dancing star, but the material given her is none too good.

Once Brady lands the country club show, he gets involved with Jinx Falkenburg while trying to get her father, Gene Lockhart, to finance a Broadway production for him. Naturally Marjorie suspects his attentions to Jinx, so she gets herself involved with Loren Tindall. Spring Byington as the ex-vaudevillian socialite is very good and Allen Jenkins gives his usual comedy performance as Brady's songwriting pal.

Your Reviewer Says: You've seen it before.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

ABILENE TOWN—Levey-UA: A Western to end all Westerns, this one is set in 1860 and has all the fixtures: Ann Dvorak, the barroom queen with heart of gold, Randy Scott tough and noble, thousands of people getting killed, cattle stampedes—oh, you know. If you like Westerns. (Apr.)

✓✓ **ADVENTURE**—M-G-M: Even if this is not the best vehicle in the world for the return of Clark Gable, it is one you won't want to miss, for Gable is as wonderful as ever, with Greer Garson as a librarian intellectual who falls hard for the seafaring guy, and then changes her mind twice. Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell give fine support. (May.)

ALLOTMENT WIVES—Monogram: Kay Francis tries very hard to be a bad lady racketeer out to trim service-wives of their insurance and allotments, and Paul Kelly of Army Intelligence poses as a newspaperman to track her down. You might like it—it's also got Otto Kruger, Gertrude Michael and Teala Loring. (Feb.)

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There is no magic about *The Common Sense Way* to an alluring figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

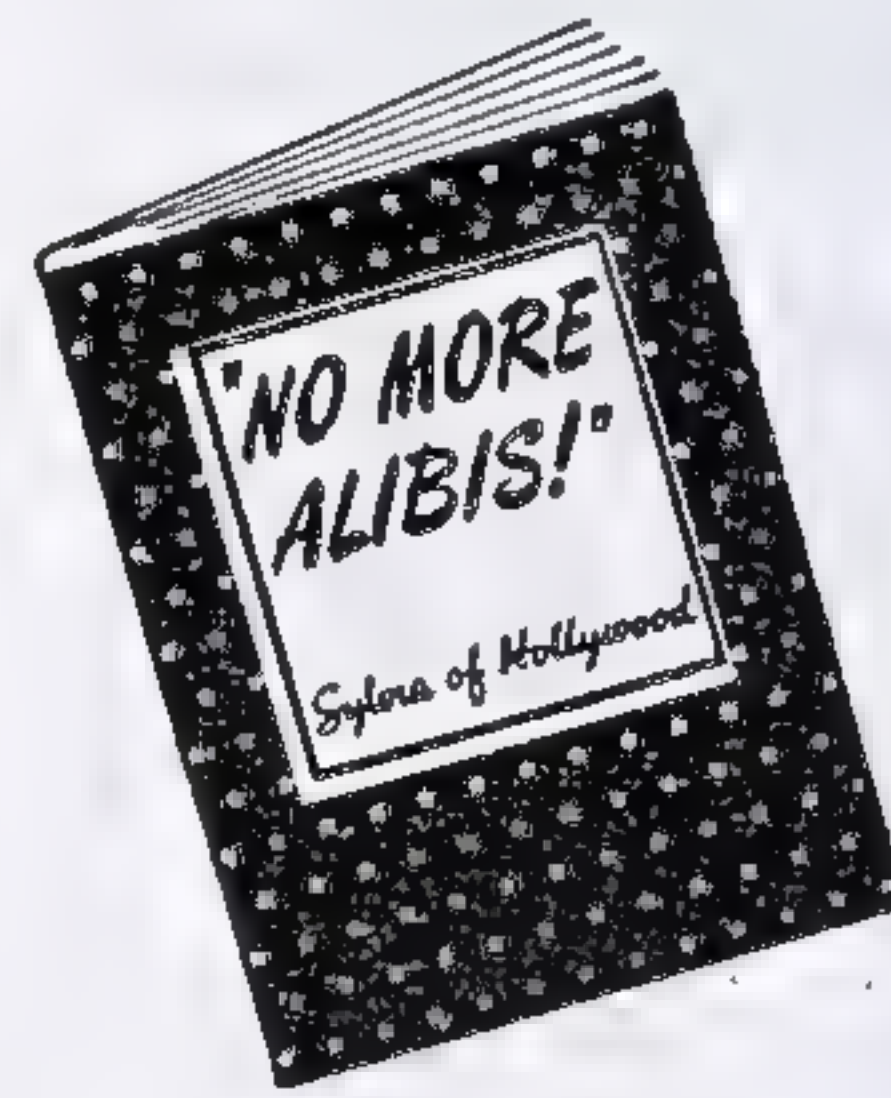
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SAYMAN SALVE

ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL—Republic: Music is crowding the old Western right off the screen, but with Roy Rogers doing it, fans won't mind, though our guess is the kids would prefer more action. Dale Evans sings, as does Estelita Rodriguez and, of course, Gabby Hayes is present. (Mar.)

ANGEL COMES TO BROOKLYN, AN—Republic: The travel between heaven and Hollywood is quite busy lately, and this particular musical fantasy didn't quite strike our fancy, though it might yours. The spirit who tries to help some kids crash show business is Charles Kemper. Kaye Dowd, Robert Duke and David Street are the kids. (Mar.)

BECAUSE OF HIM—Universal: Deanna Durbin again turns to comedy, in a tale reminiscent of many others, about a waitress in search of a stage career, and her efforts to wangle it using New York star Charles Laughton and playwright Franchot Tone. Pleasurable, and Deanna still sings. (Apr.)

BEHIND GREEN LIGHTS—20th Century-Fox: William Gargan as a hardboiled yet honest police officer, Carole Landis as the love interest, Mary Anderson as a gangster's wife, murders, melodrama, all in one evening's routine in a police station, actually hangs together with a novel viewpoint to make a pretty good little B picture. (Apr.)

BELLS OF ST. MARY'S THE—RKO: Another "Going My Way," not quite as good, perhaps, in plot, but crowded with tenderness and gentle humor. Bing Crosby scores again as the priest who takes over the run-down parish school guided by Mother Superior Ingrid Bergman, and the solutions to their everyday problems brings warmth and pathos to the screen. Aided beautifully by Joan Carroll, Martha Sleeper, Bill Gargan and Una O'Connor. (Feb.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Two Cities-United Artists: Noel Coward fans will greet and love again this gay satirical tale of a jealous ghost, Kay Hammond, who for a time completely bewilders her ex-husband, played with marvelous British humor by Rex Harrison, and also his second wife, ditto by Constance Cummings. But the outstanding fun is supplied by the local seance-er, Margaret Rutherford, who induces the ghost to return from the spirit world. (Feb.)

BLUE DAHLIA, THE—Paramount: A tough mystery drama about a veteran, Alan Ladd, who finds his wife, Doris Dowling, has been untrue. He fights the other man, Howard da Silva, thus providing someone else with a fine alibi for murdering Miss Dowling. Alan tries to find the murderer since he's under suspicion himself. Veronica Lake has a small but effective part. (Apr.)

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—Golden-UA: If you're a woman loyal to Tom Breneman's radio program, you'll probably like this picture, showing a genial master of ceremonies who finds time to patch up romances and be kind to old ladies. You'll also see Hedda Hopper, Spike Jones, Andy Russell, King Cole trio, Bonita Granville, Eddie Ryan, Billie Burke and Zasu Pitts. (Apr.)

CAPTAIN TUGBOAT ANNIE—Republic: How Annie has changed since Marie Dressler first brought her to the screen with Wally Beery! She's pretty mellow now, and Jane Darwell does the best she can with the sticky story, but it doesn't seem like Annie any more. With Edgar Kennedy, Charles Gordon and Pamela Blake. (Mar.)

CORNERED—RKO: Dick Powell in his second tough-guy role gives a convincing portrayal, not helped greatly by the story, which, however, has plenty of action to make up for it. We guarantee at least two scenes will make your spine tingle in Dick's search (as a discharged British flier) for the Nazi responsible for the death of his French wife. Walter Slezak's villainy and Micheline Cheirel's motives will have you guessing too. (Feb.)

CRIMSON CANARY, THE—Universal: Murder and music get mixed up in this slight story of five ex-veterans who form an orchestra but must disband when the girl singer is murdered. It's not very good, but Lois Collier, Noah Beery Jr. and John Litel are in it. (Feb.)

DAKOTA—Republic: The good old Wild West is here again with John Wayne encountering swindler Ward Bond, and loved by his true-blue beautiful wife Vera Hrubal Ralston. We've seen more rugged Westerns, but we think you'll like it if you're in the mood, especially since Mike Mazurki and Walter Brennan help out. (Feb.)

DALTONS RIDE AGAIN, THE—Universal: Those bad Daltons ride high with Alan Curtis as a Robin Hood sort of character stealing only for noble purposes. Martha O'Driscoll supplies the romantic interest, and the good little cast is rounded out by Kent Taylor, Lon Chaney, Jess Barker and Noah Beery Jr. (Feb.)

DEADLINE AT DAWN—RKO: Against a background of murder and the necessity of solving it before dawn, a charming love story develops between Bill Williams and Susan Hayward. Bill gets drunk with Lola Lane, later finds her dead, and since he is suspect, seeks the murderer. Suspects are Joseph Calleia, Marvin Miller, Jerome Cowan and Paul Lukas, all good portrayals. (Apr.)

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✓**DETOUR—PRC:** A pretty good little picture about a boy who tries to get his sweetheart a continent away only to be buffeted by fate in a most unusual way. Tom Neal is fine, and so are Ann Savage and Edmund MacDonald as Neal's opposition. Has a definite appeal. (Mar.)

DETOUR TO DANGER—Planet: On sixteen millimeter color film, somewhat blurred in spots, Planet productions organized for the use of small groups who want good clean entertainment. John Day and Nancy Brinckman make this a pleasant enough film, blending romance and suspense at a swank summer resort. (Apr.)

✓**DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID—Bogues-UA:** A peculiar picture that doesn't hang together very coherently, nonetheless this will undoubtedly be popular, with Paulette Goddard as the vivacious chambermaid in the home of possessive Judith Anderson and the son who hates her, Hurd Hatfield. Francis Lederer is the valet, and Burgess Meredith figures in it as an eccentric old codger. (Apr.)

DICK TRACY—RKO: If it isn't the most popular comic-strip detective (if not quite as square-jawed), brought to life by Morgan Conway! We loved Mike Mazurki as *Splitface*, and Anne Jeffreys tries to make ever-faithful *Tess's* patience believable. But we warn you not to have such a concrete idea of *Dick's* appearance that this will disappoint you. (Mar.)

FEAR—Monogram: What a lot of awful things can happen from an innocent little check! The money-lender being killed and the depicting of Peter Cooksons' resultant mental torture is all right, we suppose, but why, oh why, don't the movie-makers stop trying to solve things by dreams? (Mar.)

FRONTIER GAL—Universal: Another good old Western, but this was almost too much for us, with more crockery thrown and broken than we've seen yet. We do like Rod Cameron and Yvonne De Carlo but don't think they're quite ready to star, especially without anything sensible to do. But lots of people will love it. (Mar.)

✓**GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Small-UA:** Dennis O'Keefe as a dumfounded scientist trying to keep his pretty wife Sheila Ryan from knowing about his mix-up (quite innocent of course) with Marie McDonald (*Gertie* of the garter) is not very funny. We hear the story shocked our grandmothers, but it didn't shock us. (Mar.)

GUY COULD CHANGE, A—Republic: Alan Lane starts chasing women to assuage his sorrows after his wife dies in childbirth, letting his child, Twinkle Watts (who quite daunted us), run wild. Jane Frazee, who loves him, leaves when she sees how far he has fallen, but when he realizes his child needs his care, the way is paved for a reconciliation. (Apr.)

✓✓**HARVEY GIRLS, THE—M-G-M:** When a Harvey Restaurant opened in the West in 1860, Judy Garland took the same train as the pioneer-waitresses to marry her correspondent fiancé. Discovering John Hodiak wrote the letters as a game, Judy joins the girls and has all sorts of experiences before her feud ends in true love. The music is wonderful and the people fun. They include Angela Lansbury, Preston Foster, Virginia O'Brien, Ray Bolger and Kenny Baker. (Mar.)

HOW DOOO YOU DO?—PRC: Of all the silly claptrap and ridiculous goings on, this takes the prize! Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, isn't funny to us, nor is the music fun, nor the cast very lucid—which also includes Harry Von Zell, Cheryl Walker and Ella Mae Morse. So, frankly, we can dooo without it. (Feb.)

✓**I RING DOORBELLS—PRC:** This newspaper office setting provides some spirited dialogue with Anne Gwynne playing girl friend to Robert Shayne's reporter. We were disappointed in the not too accurate transition from the book, but liked it anyway. Cast includes Roscoe Karns, John Eldredge and Pierre Watkins. (Apr.)

✓✓**KITTY—Paramount:** This rags-to-riches, Pygmalion story, set back in an Eighteenth century of striking contrasts, stars Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland, both finely cast. There is intrigue and lavishness to delight the senses and the eyes; the story-interest holds to the end. You will also like Patric Knowles, Cecil Kellaway and Constance Collier. (Feb.)

✓**LAST CHANCE, THE—Praesens:** A story of refugees and prisoners of all nations, speaking in many tongues, fleeing the Nazis is this out-of-the-way film made in Switzerland, important in its appeal for racial tolerance. It is different and artistic, and has English subtitles to help you along. John Hay, Ray Reagan and Luisa Rossi are good, though unknown to American audiences. (Feb.)

✓✓**LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN—Fox:** Readers of Ben Ames Williams's book will like this faithful transition to the screen, enhanced by color. Gene Tierney does the best job of her career as the psychologically over-possessive woman who disarranges so many lives. Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain are excellent. An outstanding treat. (Mar.)

✓**LETTER FOR EVIE, A—M-G-M:** Marsha Hunt, a shirt factory secretary, slips a note in a large-sized shirt, envisioning a big handsome soldier. The note reaches Hume Cronyn by mistake, a very funny yet pathetically timid little GI. Pamela Britton is Marsha's roommate and John Carroll the soldier for whom the note was intended. It's cute. (Mar.)

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MASQUERADE IN MEXICO—Paramount: Well, we didn't like Arturo de Cordova or Patric Knowles; we thought Dorothy Lamour and Ann Dvorak miscast, everybody seemed to be whirling with inactivity, and the music, singing and dancing were only fair. Outside of that the Mexican setting, we're happy to admit, was interesting. (Mar.)

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S—Paramount: This interesting and unusual picture is the story of interwoven lives, held together by a woman (played by Lillian Gish) who runs a boarding house for medical students. It's tender and emotional, and you'll like Sonny Tufts in a new kind of role, Billy de Wolfe, Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield. (Mar.)

MY REPUTATION—Warners: By far Barbara Stanwyck's best work since "Double Indemnity," this is an adult and intelligent picture of one woman's fight for her love against a convention-bound town, and even against her own young sons. Her strait-laced mother Lucile Watson, her lover George Brent, her friends Eve Arden and John Ridgely, are flawlessly interpreted. (Apr.)

OUTLAW, THE—Howard Hughes: At long last Jane Russell's first picture appears, and we're sorry but we were disappointed. We liked her leading man Jack Beutel (who could be another Alan Ladd) much better. The picture is a unique kind of old West tale and has a strange, fascinating attraction despite many ridiculous moments. Walter Huston turns in a brilliant job, and Thomas Mitchell is in it too. (Feb.)

PILLOW OF DEATH—Universal: *Inner Sanctum* comes to movies with ghost-ridden houses, seances, murders, and Lon Chaney a very suspected attorney. Brenda Joyce is his pretty secretary, J. Edward Bromberg a spiritualist and Rosalind Ivan a delight as an Englishwoman. The pillow, incidentally, was used for smothering. (Mar.)

PORTRAIT OF MARIA—Mundales—M-G-M: A Mexican good-will picture with Dolores Del Rio playing an Indian girl who meets a tragic end. Pedro Armendariz tries to defend her from the over-moral and vindictive villagers. English is dubbed in, and the dialogue sometimes pretty silly, and perhaps foreign film fans will enjoy it best. (Apr.)

PURSUIT TO ALGIERS—Universal: Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, inevitably *Sherlock and Watson*, this time sacrifice a vacation (they never get one, do they?) to escort a monarch safely back to the Balkans midst villains and imposters, but of course everything finally comes out all right. (Mar.)

ROAD TO UTOPIA—Paramount: Bing and Bob have never been so relaxed and enjoyable, as a pair of vaudeville hams headed for Alaska where Dorothy Lamour has gone to reclaim her father's mine. The boys pretend to be crooks while chasing the villains, Douglas Dumbrille and Jack LaRue. We howled with laughter. (Mar.)

SAILOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—M-G-M: Cute as anything, but sometimes too cute. June Allyson as the bride-in-a-hurry and Robert Walker as her eager groom are just right for their roles, and are amusing in their first experiences with marital bliss. The film just misses being a tremendous hit, but it's still cute. (Mar.)

SAN ANTONIO—Warners: Errol Flynn in another Western is his usual charming self, turning out a nicely restrained performance as the fearless, cleverer-than-anybody hero, tracking down cattle rustler Paul Kelly and winning beautiful Alexis Smith. And all in Technicolor, too. (Feb.)

SARATOGA TRUNK—Warners: Ingrid Bergman shows how complete and superb an actress she is by giving us an entrancing *Cléo*, emotional, beautiful and a hussy. Gary Cooper plays the Texas cowboy whom Ingrid tries to renounce for a marriage of wealth and revenge. The story is unbalanced, but colorful, and if you don't care for Flora Robson in it, you won't be able to help admiring Florence Bates's characterization. (Feb.)

SCARLET STREET—Universal: The same characters from "Woman in the Window" try it again, and it's still good but not quite. Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, Dan Duryea and Rosalind Ives make the dark tale live, and we think you'll be intrigued, fascinated and repelled at the same time. (Mar.)

SHADOW RETURNS, THE—Monogram: Kane Richmond, nephew of the police commissioner, assumes the *Shadow* disguise in order to solve a series of murders which are baffling all the city's police force. Barbara Reed is the object of his love, Tom Dugan isn't. (Apr.)

SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES—Columbia: How tired we are of women psychiatrists, career women trying to avoid love, and Rosalind Russell (who can be so good) acting coy. Nevertheless, this may intrigue you, and we promise you'll like Lee Bowman, Adele Jergens and Charlie Winninger. It could be better, but we've certainly seen worse. (Mar.)

SING YOUR WAY HOME—RKO: This little movie mainly has Marcy Maguire, a peppy youngster, singing her way home to America from liberated France. Anne Jeffreys for romantic interest, Jack Haley for comedy, and Donna Lee, a fifteen-year-old prima donna. (Feb.)



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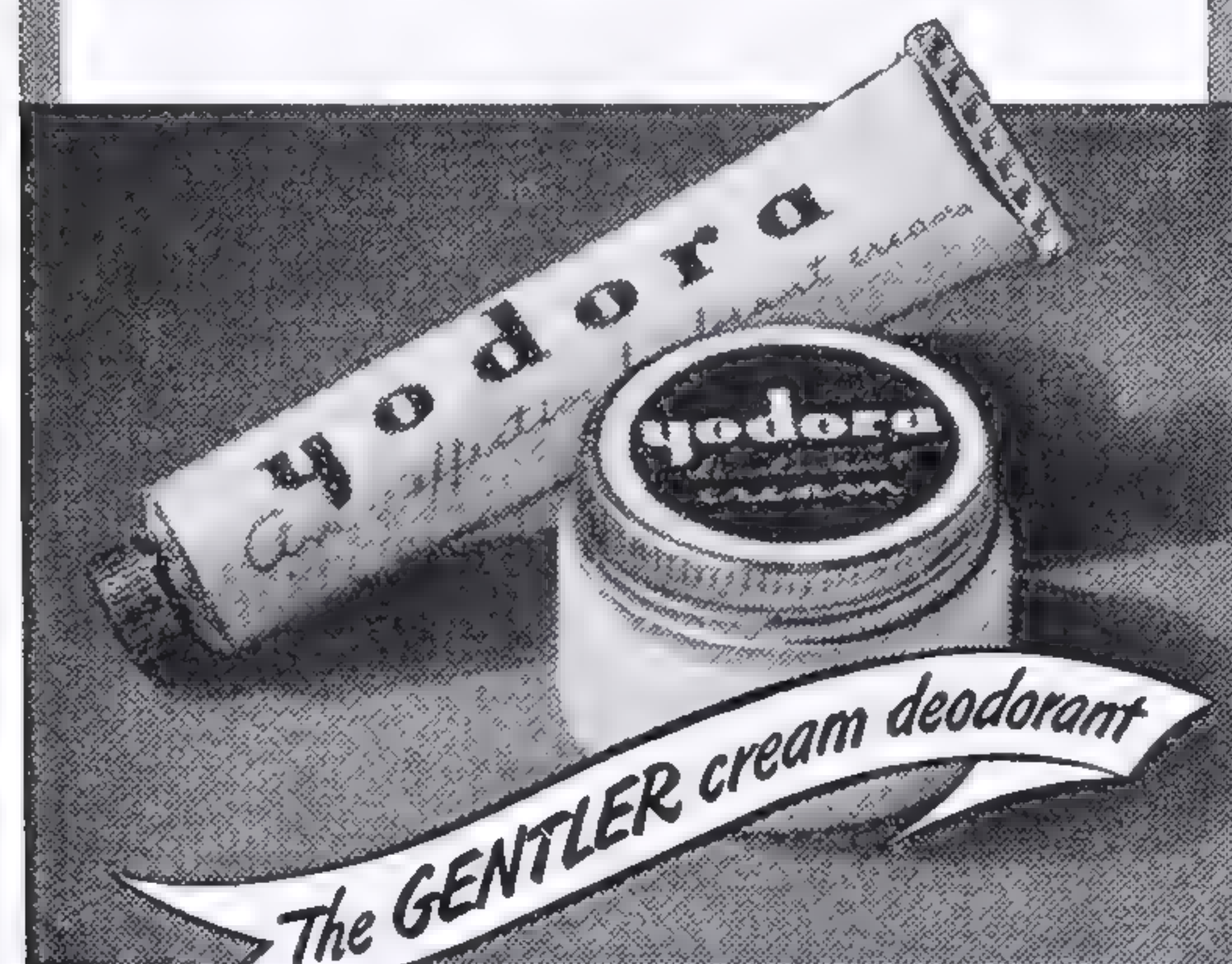




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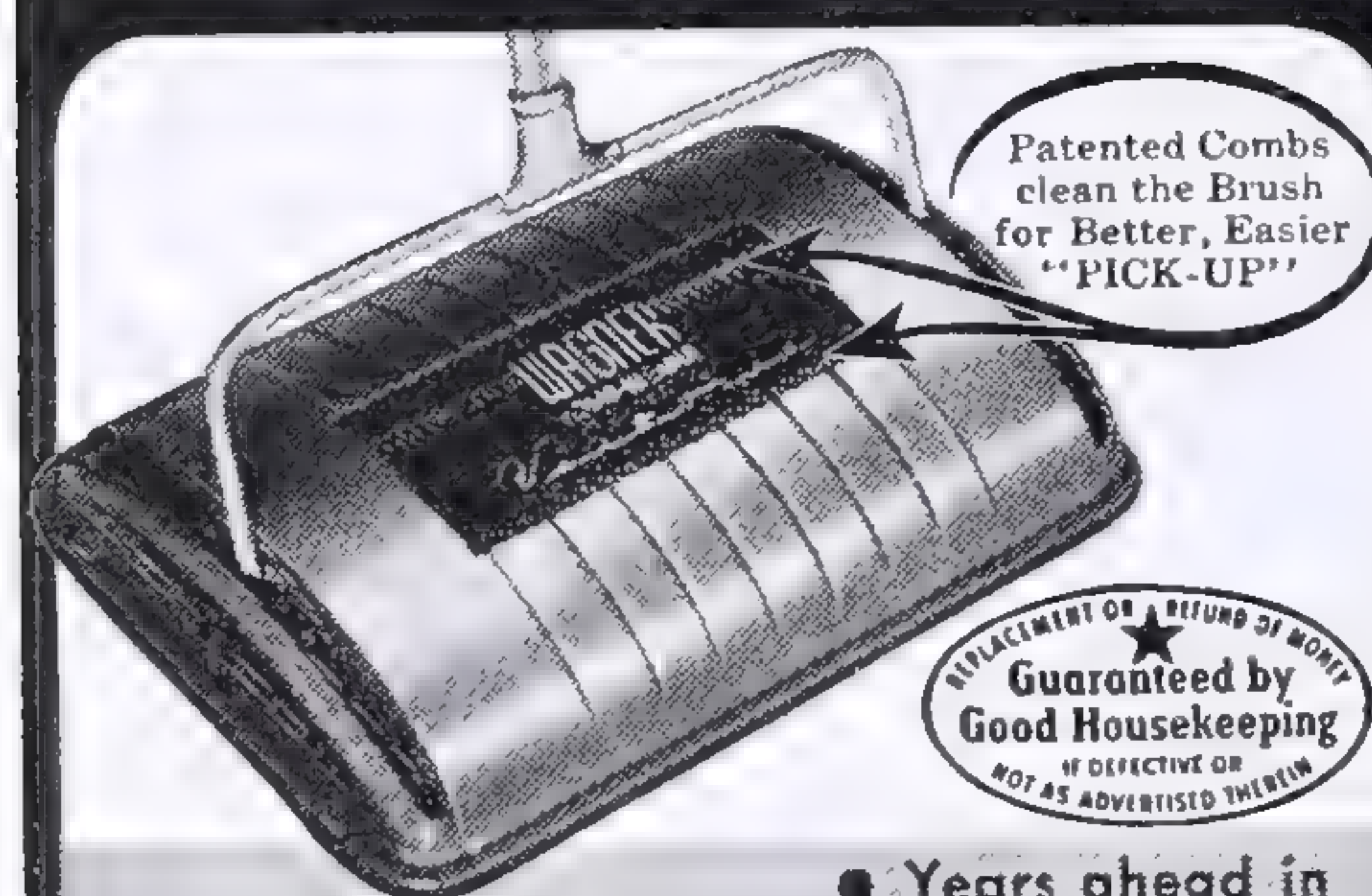
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✓✓**SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE**—RKO: This exciting murder mystery has a wonderful cast, headed by Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire and George Brent. The story doesn't always hang together, but what mystery does? The psychological twist in this case is a murderer who can't bear physical imperfections in people. Elsa Lanchester, Sara Allgood and Kent Smith lend good support. (Mar.)

STRANGE VOYAGE—Signal: Eddie Albert and some service men formed Signal Pictures to make an independent production and we respect their effort. This is about a curious adventure, a boat, and death. We thought Eddie good, and the picture interesting though not a strictly "Hollywood" job. (Mar.)

SWING PARADE OF 1946—Monogram: Gale Storm's the attraction of this opus—she acts, sings and dances most charmingly. Besides that, the picture is full of specialties: Connee Boswell, Louis Jordan and Will Osborn's music, the Three Stooges, Dance Director Jack Boyle in a number with Gale; and playing opposite her, personable Phil Regan. (Apr.)

✓✓**TARS AND SPARS**—Columbia: At last the Coast Guard gets a musical for itself too, this one featuring the superb dancing of Marc Platt, pretty Janet Blair singing, and bright people like Jeff Donnell, Alfred Drake and Sid Caesar, with a cute story woven around Janet's mistaking Drake for a big war hero. (Apr.)

✓**THEY MADE ME A KILLER**—Paramount: Robert Lowery, innocently implicated in a robbery, attempts to track down the clues that will free him, aided by his loyal girl, Barbara Britton. The plot is neatly developed, has good suspense. Lola Lane, Edmund MacDonald and Frank Albertson round out the cast. (Apr.)

✓✓**THEY WERE EXPENDABLE**—M-G-M: A little late and a little too long, this is nevertheless a fine picture with many gripping action shots of the gallant job the little PT boats did in the war. John Wayne and Robert Montgomery are perhaps somewhat too noble, but as history this film is great. Also with Donna Reed and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

TIGER WOMAN—Republic: Kane Richards sleuths Adele Mara, who killed her husband for his insurance and then her boy friend Robert Fraser because he tried to back out. It resembles "Double Indemnity" and isn't so bad. (Mar.)

✓✓**TOMORROW IS FOREVER**—International: We recommend this one highly. It is a tragic drama of a young wife, Claudette Colbert, whose officer husband, Orson Welles, never returned from World War I. Befriended by her employer, George Brent, she eventually marries him, becoming contented. Later Orson returns, unrecognizable at first, and the handling of this problem, we feel, is admirable, the characterization superb. (Apr.)

✓**UP GOES MAISIE**—M-G-M: Ann Sothern continues her good-hearted blundering, this time as secretary to personable George Murphy, inventor of a helicopter. Hillary Brooke is the villainess. *Maisie* is always welcome with us. (Mar.)

✓✓**VACATION FROM MARRIAGE**—M-G-M: Quite the cutest thing to come from London, produced by Alexander Korda, is this story of a rather dull English couple who become worldly wise through their separate services in the Navy, and of their comical reunion after three years apart. Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr are delightful. (Mar.)

✓**VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount: A fairly exciting Technicolor Western, Joel McCrea in the title role, plays opposite pretty Barbara Britton, the Easterner who's come west to teach school. Brian Donlevy as the bad rustler, Sonny Tufts as Joel's weak pal, Fay Bainter and Henry O'Neill are all excellent. (Apr.)

✓✓**WALK IN THE SUN, A**—20th Century-Fox: This is a touchingly beautiful "war-incident" story that went right to our heart. The male cast includes fine performances by Dana Andrews, Dick Conte, George Tyne, Sterling Holloway, Huntz Hall and many others. It tells of a lone platoon in a single action: Reaching and taking an objective. Perhaps it came a little late, but it's definitely worth seeing. (Apr.)

✓✓**WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?**—M-G-M: That delightful corporal and his fast talking pal, respectively played by Robert Walker and Keenan Wynn, are back to bring you an hour of chuckles and laughter, especially in the boys' frustrated attempts to get to Paris. Jean Porter is the French girl, and Chill Willis the sergeant. (Feb.)

✓**WHISTLE STOP**—Nero: For George Raft fans only, this gloomy tale never managed to really arouse our emotions. Raft is a no-good who eventually reforms for the sake of Ava Gardner, gets framed by Tom Conway, is eventually saved through the destruction of his strange friend Vic McLaglen. (Apr.)

WOMAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Republic: Nancy Kelly, surviving a bus wreck, believes she has inherited an ancestor's curse of witchcraft, and not until some dire things happen is she freed of her obsession. With John Loder, Ruth Ford and little Jeanne Gail, all good. (Apr.)

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SEND NO MONEY. Simply mail a photo or clear snapshot which will be returned in good order. When your Photo Ring arrives, pay the postman \$4.49 plus a few cents postage. LIFETIME GUARANTEE OF SERVICE. MADE TO SELL FOR \$7.50. Mass production and direct sales to you make this value possible.

Send in a Paper Strip with your ring finger measure for correct size.

FISK INDUSTRIES, Dept. 125
Fisk Building, 250 W. 57 St., N. Y. 19

\$4.49
All Federal Taxes Inc.

How long since a man kissed your hair?

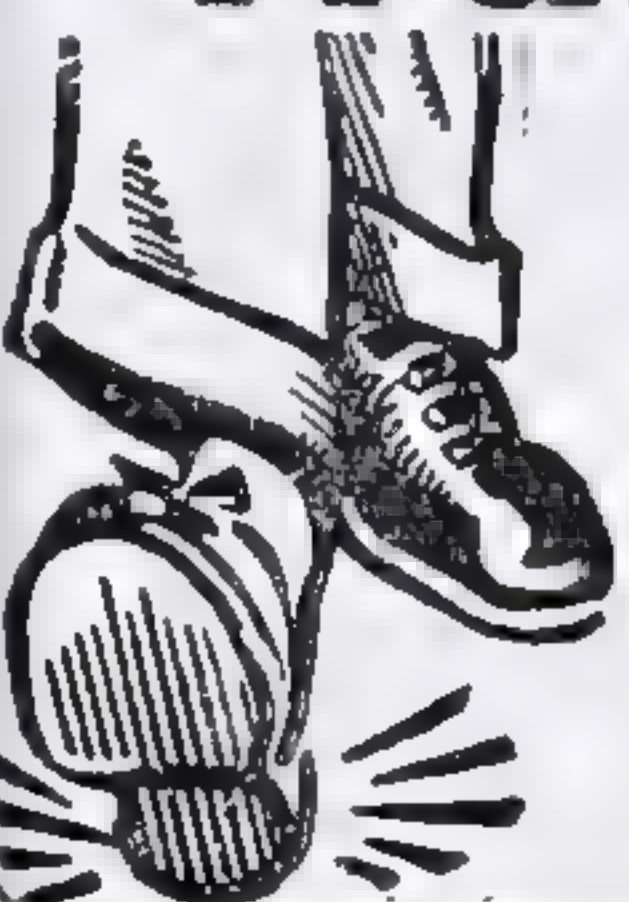


EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today.



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

Walk A Lot?



Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on feet and in shoes. Makes such a difference in foot comfort. Relieves tired burning—helps keep perspiring feet dry, odorless—prevents discomfort of sweaty, clammy stockings. 25¢—35¢—50¢. At all druggists or send for FREE sample. Write Allen's Foot-Ease, Suite 225, P.O. Box 156, Buffalo, New York.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Freckles

Write for FREE BEAUTY FOLDER

● It tells a delightful story about Stillman's Freckle Cream. More than just a freckle cream... makes skin lighter... feel softer... smoother. Over 32,000,000 jars have been purchased at drug and cosmetic counters in the last half century.

A postal card brings this interesting story to you.

THE STILLMAN CO.
Dept. C AURORA, ILL.



Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

SINCE 1889

Casts of Current Pictures

BAD BASCOMB—M-G-M: Zeb Bascomb, Wallace Beery; Emmy, Margaret O'Brien; Abbey Hanks, Marjorie Main; Bart Yancey, J. Carrol Naish; Dora, Frances Rafferty; Jimmy Holden, Marshall Thompson; Elijah Walker, Russel Simpson; Luther Mason, Warner Anderson; John Fulton, Donald Curtis; Annie Femont, Connie Gilchrist; Tillie Lovejoy, Sara Haden; Lucy Lovejoy, Renie Riano; Hannah, Jane Green; Governor Winton, Henry O'Neill; Elder Moab McCabe, Frank Darien.

BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, THE—Columbia: Robert of Nottingham, Cornel Wilde; Lady Catherine Maitland, Anita Louise; Queen Mother, Jill Esmond; Friar Tuck, Edgar Buchanan; The Regent, Henry Daniell; Fitz-Herbert, George Macready; Robin Hood, Russell Hicks; Will Scarlet, John Abbott; Sheriff of Nottingham, Lloyd Corrigan; Mother Meg, Eva Moore; Little John, Ray Teal; Allan-A-Dale, Leslie Denison; Lord Mortimer, Ian Wolfe; King, Maurice R. Taubin.

DRAGONWYCK—20th Century-Fox: Miranda, Gene Tierney; Ephraim Wells, Walter Huston; Nicholas Van Ryn, Vincent Price; Dr. Jeff Turner, Glenn Langan; Abigail, Anne Revere; Magda, Spring Byington; Katrine, Connie Marshall; Bleeker, Henry Morgan; Johanna, Vivienne Osborne; Peggy O'Malley, Jessica Tandy; Elizabeth Van Borden, Trudy Marshall; Count De Grenier, Reinhold Schunzel; Tabitha, Jane Nigh; Cornelia Van Borden, Ruth Ford; Tom Wells, Scott Elliott; Tompkins, Boyd Irwin; Countess De Grenier, Maya Van Horn; Mr. MacNabb, Keith Hitchcock; Doctor, Francis Pierlot.

GILDA—Columbia: Gilda, Rita Hayworth; Johnny Farrell, Glenn Ford; Ballin Mundson, George Macready; Obregon, Joseph Calleia; Uncle Pio, Steven Geray; Casey, Joe Sawyer; Captain Delgado, Gerald Mohr; Gabe Evans, Robert Scott; German, Ludwig Donath; Thomas Langford, Don Douglas; German, Lionel Royce; Little Man, S. Z. Martel; Huerta, George J. Lewis; Maria, Rosa Rey.

HOODLUM SAINT, THE—M-G-M: Terry Ellerton O'Neill, William Powell; Kay Lorrison, Esther Williams; "Dusty" Millard, Angela Lansbury; "Sharp," James Gleason; Father Nolan, Lewis Stone; "Fishface," "Rags" Ragland; "Three Finger," Frank McHugh; "Eel," Slim Summerville; Father O'Doul, Roman Bohnen; Cy Nolan, Charles Arnt; Mike Flaherty, Louis Jean Heydt; Uncle Joe Lorrison, Charles Trowbridge; Lewis J. Malbery, Henry O'Neill; Dave Fernby, Wm. "Bill" Phillips; Father Duffy, Matt Moore; Rabbi Meyerberg, Trevor Bardette; Reverend Miller, Addison Richards; Buggsy, Tom Dugan; Maggie, Emma Dunn; Trina, Mary Gordon; Sam, Ernest Anderson; Ed Collner, Charles D. Brown.

JUNIOR PROM—Monogram: Freddie, Freddie Stewart; Dodie, June Preisser; Addie, Judy Clark; Betty, Noel Neill; Jimmy, Jackie Moran; Roy, Frankie Darro; Lee, Warren Mills; Tiny, Murray Davis; Mrs. Rogers, Mira McKinny; Miss Hinklefink, Belle Mitchell; Prof. Townley, Milt Kibbee; Mr. Forrest, Sam Flint; Uncle Daniel, Charles Evans; Tony, Hank Henry and Abe Lyman and Orchestra, Eddie Heywood and Orchestra, Harry (The Hipster) Gibson, The Airliners.

LITTLE GIANT—Universal: John Morrison and Tom Chandler, Bud Abbott; Benny Miller, Lou Costello; Ruby, Brenda Joyce; Hazel, Jacqueline De Wit; Uncle Clarence, George Cleveland; Martha Hill, Elena Verdugo; Mom Miller, Mary Gordon; President Van Loon, Pierre Watkins; Pullman Conductor, Donald MacBride; Gus, Victor Kilian; Mrs. Hendrickson, Margaret Dumont; O'Brien, George Chandler; Secretary, Beatrice Gray.

MADONNA'S SECRET, THE—Republic: James Harlan Corbin, Francis Lederer; Ella Randolph, Gail Patrick; Linda "Morgan" North, Ann Rutherford; John Earl, Edward Ashley; Helen North, Linda Stirling; Lieutenant Roberts, John Litel; Mrs. Corbin, Leona Roberts; Hunt Mason, Michael Hawks; Mr. Hadley, Clifford Brooke; District Attorney, Pierre Watkin; The Riverman, Will Wright; Miss Joyce, Geraldine Wall; Lambert, John Hamilton.

MEET ME ON BROADWAY—Columbia: Ann Stallings, Marjorie Reynolds; Eddie Dolan, Fred Brady; Maxine Whittaker, Jinx Falkenburg; Bob Storm, Loren Tindall; Sylvia Storm, Spring Byington; John Whittaker, Gene Lockhart; Deacon McGill, Allen Jenkins; Dwight Ferris, William Forrest; Grannis, Jack Rice.

REBECCA—Selznick-UA (re-issue): Maxim de Winter, Laurence Olivier; Mrs. de Winter, Joan Fontaine; Jack Favell, George Sanders; Mrs. Danvers, Judith Anderson; Major Giles Lacy, Nigel Bruce; Col. Julian, C. Aubrey Smith; Frank Crawley, Reginald Denny; Beatrice Lacy, Gladys Cooper; Robert, Philip Winter; Frith, Edward Fielding; Mrs. Van Hopper, Florence Bates; Coroner, Melville Cooner; Dr. Baker, Leo G. Carroll; Chalcroft, Forrester Harvey; Tabbs, Lumsden Hare; Ben, Leonard Carey.

RIVERBOAT RHYTHM—RKO: Matt Lindsey, Leon Errol; Belle Crowley, Dorothy Vaughn; Midge, Joan Newton; Col. Witherspoon, Walter Catlett; John Beeler, Glenn Vernon; Edward Beeler, Jonathan Hale; Lionel Beeler, Marc Cramer; Ezra Beeler, Harry Harvey; Penelope Beeler, Florence Lake; The Sheriff, Emory Parnell; Mantan, Mantan More.

(Continued on page 146)

Twurl HOME PERMANENT COLD WAVE



RAPID-20-60 MINUTES

(Depending on type of hair)

- TWURL Cold Wave Permanent creates soft, lovely, natural looking curls.
- Gives a long-lasting, lustrous wave—a shining halo of loveliness.
- Cuts grooming time to a minimum.
- Easy to re-style hair—quickly and pleasantly—in any preferred hair-do.
- No frizzy, kinky hair annoyance.
- The perfect wave for children's hair.
- Newest type covered curlers with aluminum wire centers insure firmer curls.

Complete Kit—money refunded if not satisfied. • If your dealer does not have TWURL... use coupon below. **\$200** Plus 30c Fed. Tax

Beauty Research Laboratories, Inc. Dept. P
1531 West 25th Street • Cleveland 13, Ohio

Please mail TWURL Permanent Cold Wave Kits—Price \$2.00 each, plus 30c Federal Tax. Enclosed find \$..... [check or money order]. Postage and packing prepaid.

Name _____
Street and Number _____
City _____ State _____



NEW dry SHAMPOO!

CLEANS HAIR IN 10 MINUTES WITHOUT WATER

- No soap—no rinsing—no drying
- Removes oil, dirt, hair odors
- Retains wave; restores sheen
- Grand between water shampoos
- Ideal during colds or illness

MINIPOO

30 Shampoos with Mitten \$1.00 plus tax



A head-turner par excellence — Linda Darnell, starred in "Centennial Summer"

PERSONALITY

Pastscripts^{*}

P.S. Every girl follows the letter of the beauty law, but the one who pays attention to the pastscripts is the stand out. If you're well groomed, you're already doing these things. If not —

Do This Once a Day...

Apply lip oil to your lips to keep them soft and shining. Pat skin oil or cream in the area around the eyes to guard against the first faint signs of age. Buff your nails—Linda Darnell never misses a day. Grandmother relied on the buffer to keep her nails pliable; today we're copying her. Use a light short stroke to avoid overheating. You wash your face several times daily; one of those times, scrub it. The Darnell method: Use a stiff complexion brush, massage 'round and 'round with gentle suds for at least ten minutes; rinse three times. Feel the difference? Your face is really clean!

Use the all-important facial mask. Linda does it this way: Spread the mask generously over the face and neck, let it dry, rinse with warm water, then with cold. Good-bye to blemishes; hello to a smooth, stimulated skin. Scrub your hands with a hard brush, paying special attention to the knuckles. Then lather them extravagantly with a bleaching cream. Give your hair nets and turbans a soap-and-water bath; a dry-cleaning fluid rinse for the inside of your hats. Even though your hair may be spotlessly clean, your grooming can be permanently ruined by unfastidious hair coverings.

Do This Once a Week...

Do This Once a Month...

Before shampooing your hair follow Linda Darnell's cue and have a hot-oil steam. See that the broken ends of your hair are trimmed to keep your coiffure in shape. Take a salt bath. Million-dollar spas specialize in this toning-up process; you can do it at home. A handful of salt rubbed briskly all over the body, followed by a warm shower, then a cold bracer and you emerge exhilarated and alive. Make a date for an excursion. It may be a brisk two-hour walk or a game of tennis; but it must be in the open air and your pace must be fast. Force yourself the first time; then watch how you plan for the second month's maneuver!

Change your hair-do—and a new, drastically different coiffure should be your choice. Buy yourself a new outfit—of a type you always insisted you "couldn't wear." Treat yourself to a big bottle of perfume—and use it lavishly.

Follow these "extras" faithfully and you'll find yourself a head-turner par excellence. What's more, your own mirror will start turning your head!

Do This Once a Year...

Beauty Workshop by Betty Sanford

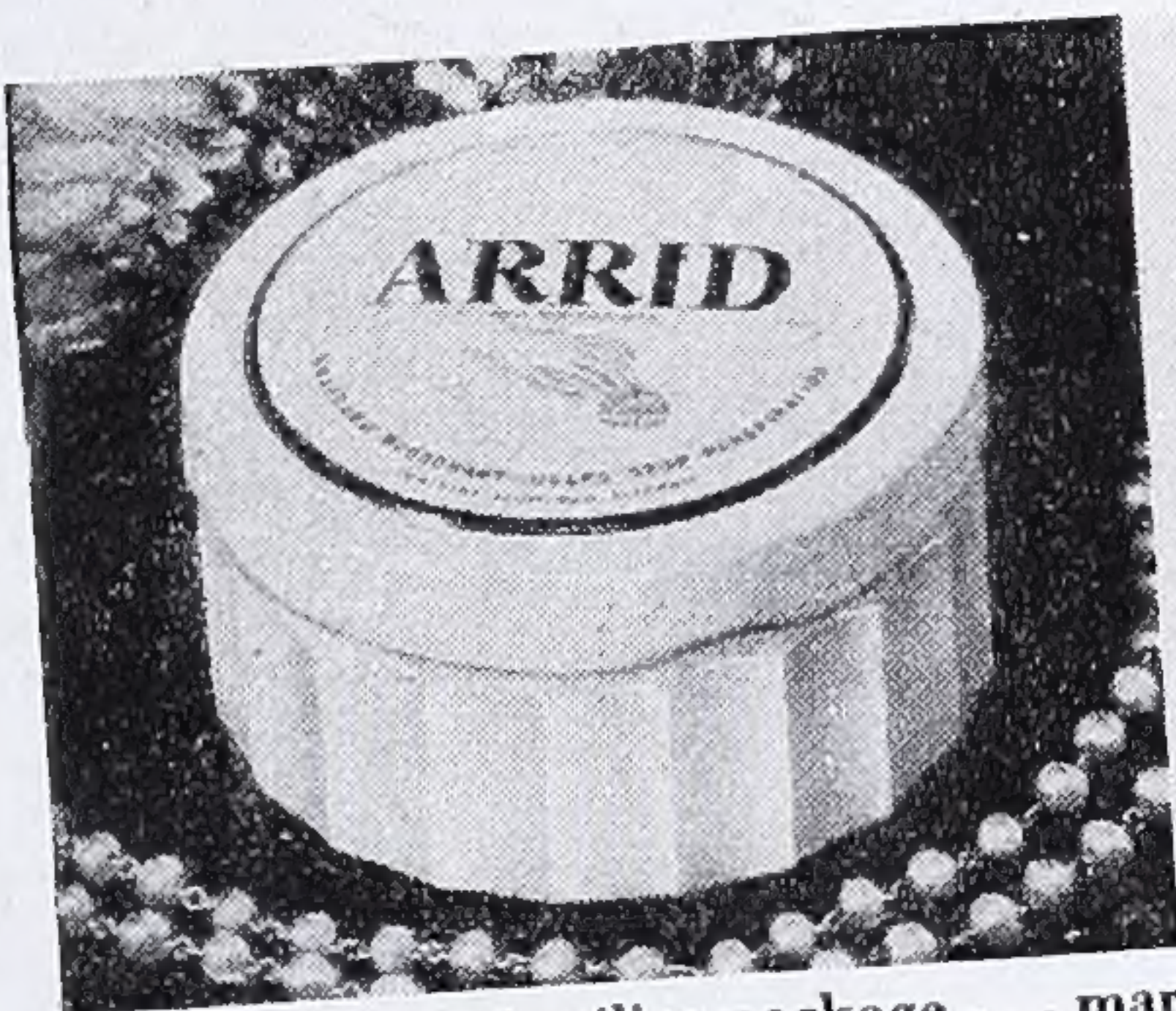
For lovely You... new Improved

POSTWAR★ARRID

No other Deodorant
stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely! ¹

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you the maximum protection possible against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any sort... liquid or cream... meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!



The New Look for Summer
 The superb wide skirt... for graceful dancing! The wide midriff waistband... to make your waist divinely slim! The cami-sole blouse of white eyelet embroidery, to make you look so beguiling! And Arrid, to keep you looking that way. Use Arrid daily... No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!

★ In the same familiar package... marked with a star above the price

Only safe, gentle Arrid

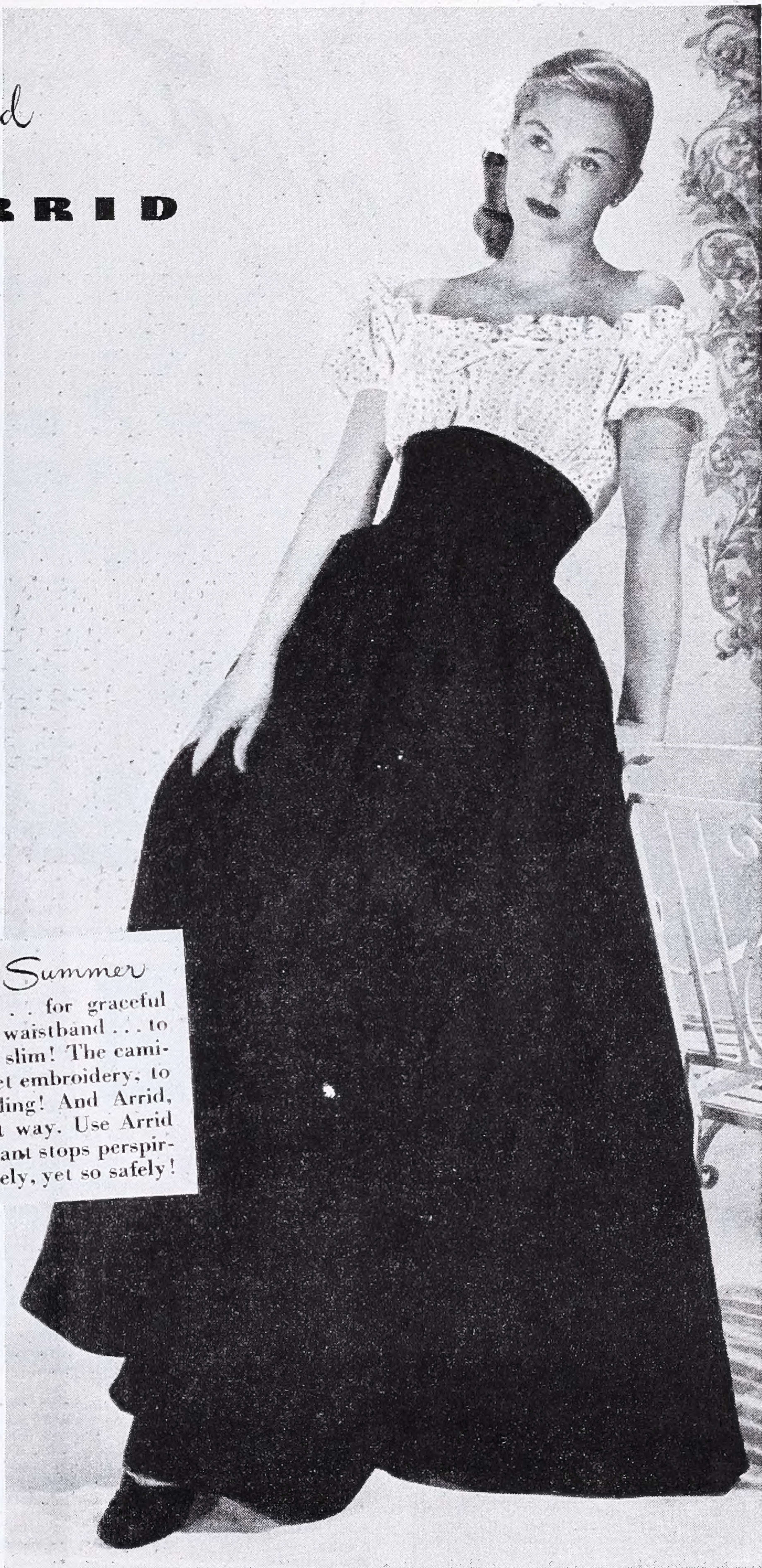
gives you this thorough protection

1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely. ¹
2. Nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. Does not rot clothes. Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. Safe for skin. Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry!

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid:

Grace Moore • Beatrice Lillie • Carol Bruce
 Jane Froman • Diana Barrymore • Jessica Dragonette



THREE IMPORTANT FASHION NOTES! The bare-shoulder look of the new drawstring neckline. The perky look of the new puffed sleeves. The immaculate look of clothes protected by daily use of the new, improved Arrid. Arrid is nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

ARRID... nearly twice as effective
 in stopping perspiration
 as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) Based on tests of leading and other deodorants

PARFUM

Nonchalant

by

VARVA

The
devil-may-care
fragrance!

Parfum \$1 to \$15 ...
Toilet Water \$1, 2.50, 4.50
Bubble Foam, Bath Powder,
Sachet, Face Powder,
each \$1 ... Talc 55¢ ...
At your favorite drug and
department store.
(all prices plus taxes)

Also in lasting,
lasting "Follow Me"



Varva, Empire State Bldg.
New York 1, N. Y.

FREE! your chance to
be a **Model**



A year's contract
with famous
HARRY CONOVER
MODEL BUREAU
plus two weeks at
WALDORF HOTEL, New York,
all expenses paid—57
other prizes in free con-
test you can win!

ALL TYPES needed—every girl or woman can enter—whether sophisticated type, college girl, home girl, motherly type or glamour girl. A "plain Jane" who photographs well has a better chance to win than a non-photogenic beauty.

PURPOSE of contest—to more quickly acquaint you with Models' Special Make-up and Lipstick, the only make-up and lipstick endorsed by famous New York models like Candy Jones, Bettina Bolegard, Francine Counihan, and others.

RULES

1. Get Models' Special entry blank at Drug or Department Store.
2. Fill in completely. Print name and address clearly.
3. Enclose with your picture (a snapshot will do) and a Models' Special make-up or lipstick box-top (or facsimile) and mail to Models' Special Cosmetics, 165 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
4. Judges are Harry Conover, famous New York model maker; Bradshaw Crandall, noted illustrator; V. Huntington Howland, Editor of Cover Girl Magazine; and Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor of Fawcett Publications. Decision of judges final. Entries will be judged and prizes awarded for photographic qualities in the entrant which in the opinion of the expert judges offer best possibilities for success as a model. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No photographs returned.
5. All persons in United States, its territories and possessions, may enter—except employees of Models' Special Cosmetics, its Advertising Agency and their respective families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.
6. Contest closes May 31, 1946. Entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.
7. Winners will be notified by registered mail. A complete list of winners will be published.

THE NEW MODELS' SPECIAL Make-up and Lipstick are so amazingly better that we're sure, once you try them, you'll use them always. So we are offering this 58-prize contest as a special inducement for you to try both today.

And the contest is so easy—nothing to write, no work to do. Just send in your photograph (read simple rules below). And the 58 valuable prizes include the following:

FIRST PRIZE . . . year's contract with famous Harry Conover Model Bureau in New York and two weeks at the Waldorf Hotel with all expenses paid.

SECOND PRIZE . . . a shiny new 1946 Chevrolet Sedan.

Eight Regional Prizes . . . a complete, new spring wardrobe of your choice . . . 48 State Prizes . . . a complete beauty outfit in a fitted case.

CANDY JONES, famous model urges

**CLIP THIS
REMINDER COUPON NOW!
Mail it with your entry for FREE
BEAUTY ANALYSIS**



Models' Special Cosmetics
165 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

Enclosed is entry blank, snapshot and box-top (or facsimile). Send me, FREE, Personal Beauty Analysis telling me how to dramatize my best features.

Name
Address
City

So enter now—to win. Read the rules, clip the reminder coupon below, and get the free entry blank at your Department or Drug Store!

(Continued from page 143)
land; Ben, Ben Carter; Norris, Jason Robards; Town Clerk, Ferris Taylor; Clay, Larry Wheat; Thomas, Paul Brooks; Azalea, Lillian Randolph and Frankie Carle, his piano and his orchestra.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—20th Century-Fox: Bill, John Payne; Julie, Maureen O'Hara; Donnelly, William Bendix; Dr. Miller, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Judson, Glenn Langan; Lawrence Ayres, Mischa Auer; Hitty, Connie Marshall; Wilson, Kurt Kreuger; Ruth, Trudy Marshall; Mrs. McMasters, Ruth Nelson; Martha, Dorothy Adams; Agnes, Mary Gordon; Miss Benson, Lillian Bronson; Mrs. Deane, Olive Blakeney; Detective, James Flavin; Chaparron, Mary Field; Clerk in Toy Shop, Byron Foulger; Toy Hawker, George E. Stone; Floorwalker, John Davidson.

SEVENTH VEIL, THE—Sydney Box-Ortus-Universal: Nicholas, James Mason; Francesca, Ann Todd; Dr. Larsen, Herbert Lom; Peter Gay, Hugh McDermott; Maxwell Leyden, Albert Lieven; Susan Brook, Yvonne Owen; Dr. Kendal, David Horne; Dr. Irving, Manning Whaley; Nurse, Grace Allardyce; Parker, Ernest Davies; James, John Slater; Conductors, Arnold Goldsborough and Muir Mathieson.

SHOCK—20th Century-Fox: Dr. Cross, Vincent Price; Elaine Jordan, Lynn Bari; Lt. Paul Stewart, Frank Latimore; Janet Stewart, Anabel Shaw; Stevens, Michael Dunne; O'Neill, Reed Hadley; Mrs. Hatfield, Renee Carson; Dr. Harvey, Charles Trowbridge; Mr. Edwards, John Davidson; Dr. Blair, Selmer Jackson; Hotel Manager, Pierre Watkin; Miss Penny, Mary Young; Maid, Cecil Weston; Clerk, Charles Tannen.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN—RKO: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Jane, Brenda Joyce; Boy, Johnny Sheffield; Lea, Acquafetta; Lazar, Edgar Barrier; Kimba, Tommy Cook; Commissioner, Dennis Hoey; Mongo, Anthony Caruso; Corporal, George J. Lewis; Zambesi Maidens, Iris Flores, Lillian Molieri, Helen Gerald and Kay Solinas; Superintendent, Doris Lloyd; Caravaneer, Robert Barron; Soldier, Marek Windheim; Silk Merchant, King Kong Kashey; Tongolo, Louis Mercier; Ivory Merchant, Georges Renavent.

WELL GROOMED BRIDE, THE—Paramount: Margie, Olivia de Havilland; Lt. Briggs, Ray Miland; Torchy, Sonny Tufts; Captain Hornby, James Gleason; Rita Sloane, Constance Dowling; Mr. Dawson, Percy Kilbride; Wickley, Jean Heather; Mitch, Jay Norris; Buck, Jack Reilly; Goose, George Turner.

YANK IN LONDON, A—Corporation Ltd.-20th Century-Fox: Patricia, Anna Neagle; Maj. David Bruce, Rex Harrison; Sgt. John Patterson, Dean Jagger; Duke of Exmoor, Robert Morley; Housekeeper, Dame Irene Vanbrugh; Mrs. Patterson, Jane Darwell; Sgt. Benji Greenberg, Elliot Arluck.

YOUNG WIDOW—Stromberg-UA: Joan Kenwood, Jane Russell; Lt. Jim Cameron, Louis Hayward; Peg Martin, Penny Singleton; Gerry Taylor, Faith Domergue; Peter Waring, Kent Taylor; Mac, Marie Wilson; Aunt Cissie, Connie Gilchrist; Sammy, Norman Lloyd; Aunt Emeline, Cora Witherspoon; Willie, Steve Brodie; Bill Martin, Richard Bailey; Bob Johnson, Robert Holton; Navy Lt., Peter Garey; Marine Lt., Bill Moss; Army Lt., Bill Murphy.



Joan Leslie gives grown-up advice to Clare Foley in "Janie Gets Married"

**No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so
easy to manage!**



MAYTIME can be a gay time when you're a Drene Girl! For, when you Drene your hair, you reveal all its natural beauty . . . all its enchanting highlights!

"I use Drene," says glamorous Cover Girl Margaret Finlay, "because the camera demands my hair be radiantly clean." Drene brings out all the natural brilliance . . . as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair, as all soaps do. And

Drene completely removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it.

Under studio lights, Margaret is the picture of Spring with her gleaming hair swept up into large curls. Try this hair style at home or ask your beauty shop to do it. You'll marvel at the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

FOR DATES AT HOME, Margaret combs her silken, shining hair into demure little-girl curls. "It's fun to fix your hair in any style after a Drene shampoo," she says. Today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage. Margaret ties her top curls back with a narrow ribbon bow.



Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action**

Learn your **ABC's**

*I did, and
I like 'em*



A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

*All the Benefits of
Smoking Pleasure*

**ALWAYS
BUY**

CHESTERFIELD

The RIGHT COMBINATION of the WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS—Properly Aged